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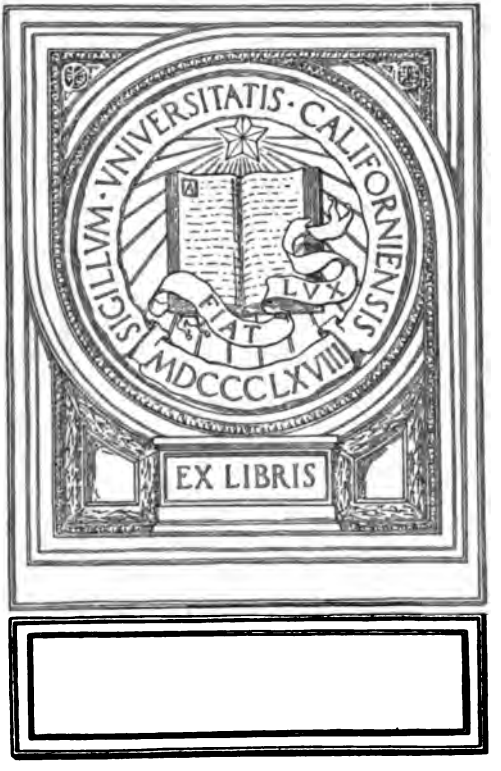

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

TWENTY-SIXTH PRESIDENT of THE UNITED STATES.

A TYPICAL AMERICAN

BY
CHARLES EUGENE BANKS
AND
LEROY ARMSTRONG

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTERS BY
GEN. JOSEPH WHEELER AND
OPIE READ

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175 Dearborn Street ∴ ∴ Chicago

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ROOSEVELT.

Who goes there? An American!
Brain and spirit and brawn and heart.
'Twas for him that the nations spared
Each to the years its noblest part;
Till from the Dutch, the Gaul and Celt
Blossomed the soul of Roosevelt.

Student, trooper and gentleman
Level-lidded with times and kings,
His the voice for a comrade's cheer,
His the ear when the saber rings.
Hero shades of the old days melt
In the quick pulse of Roosevelt.

Hand that's molded to hilt of sword;
Heart that ever has laughed at fear;
Type and pattern of civic pride;
Wit and grace of the cavalier:
All that his fathers prayed and felt
Gleams in the glance of Roosevelt.

Who goes there? An American!
Man to the core — as men should be.
Let him pass through the lines alone,
Type of the sons of Liberty.
Here, where his fathers' fathers dwelt,
Honor and faith for Roosevelt!

GRACE DUFFIE BOYLAN.

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INTRODUCTION BY GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER.

It is no flattery to say that Theodore Roosevelt possesses to a remarkable degree the best characteristics of the "typical American." He is learned, cultured, progressive and brave, an athlete, sportsman, ranchman, author, orator, politician, statesman and soldier.

I first knew this distinguished gentleman when, in April, 1889, he appeared in Washington as one of the three commissioners of Civil Service.

He came with the high reputation acquired as leader in the New York Assembly at the age of twenty-three, as a prominent champion of reform and opponent of Blaine at the Chicago convention when only twenty-five; as a candidate for mayor of New York city when barely twenty-eight, receiving as he did a larger percentage of votes than had ever before been polled by a Republican candidate, and as an author with

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more distinction than is usually enjoyed by a man then only thirty years of age.

Mr. Roosevelt was solicited to accept an appointment as Civil Service Commissioner on account of his long and relentless warfare on political jobbery and corruption. He was a civil service reformer and an intense opponent of the spoils system. He entered upon his duties with vigor and raised the office to one of very great importance, and by his persistent efforts constantly enlarged and increased the power and usefulness of the commission, never losing an opportunity to press upon President Harrison extensions and improvements which he regarded as advisable and important.

He seemed to carry with him a certain momentum in his progressive policy, and as he himself expressed it: "There is no shell separating the commission from the outer world. All is perfectly open." His policy and administration of the commission was often opposed and severely criticised by both his own and the opposing party, but in every case he promptly took the public into his confidence, gave all the facts to the press, and invited the most searching inquiry. This open, honest candor acquired the confidence

of the country and kept him in the public eye during his entire six years of this duty.

When Mr. Cleveland became President, Roosevelt insisted upon a revision of the Civil Service rules, and procured an order from the Democratic President which added some thirty thousand positions to the classified service, bringing the total number of offices under the control of the commission up to 85,135.

Mr. Roosevelt devoted himself to showing Southern Congressmen (substantially all Democrats) that they were receiving a full share of the public patronage. I had many talks with him upon this subject, and he took especial pains to go over the records and point out the localities from which the appointees came, and he often had much to say regarding his Southern ancestry, showing in a way which he could not hide that his Southern relations and the Southern people in general had a very warm place in his big heart.

Feeling that he had accomplished the purpose for which he accepted duty in the Civil Service, he, after more than six years of labor, resigned to take upon himself the burden of duty as Police Commissioner in the city of New York.

When in the legislative assembly he had been chairman of a committee which investigated the New York Police Department. His report showed that he had very decided views upon this subject, and his study of the subject while in the legislature in a measure prepared him for this new duty.

He was nothing unless vigorous and forceful. Many were loud in praise, but he seemed to heed them not. To those who denounced him, he said: "I am placed here to enforce the law as I find it. I shall enforce it. If you don't like the law, repeal it."

I met Mr. Roosevelt at his office, and he showed the same enthusiastic devotion, and delighted to explain his efforts toward reform and good, honest government.

When Mr. McKinley became President he selected Mr. Roosevelt as his Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Here was a new field of operations for his tireless energies. He had already written a history of the navy of the United States, and this had required a research into the archives at Washington, and into the reports of the British and French officers and the logs of British and French ships, all of which was an excellent edu-

cation for the high position to which he was so suddenly called.

Mr. Roosevelt in this history of our navy says: "There were no better seamen in the world than the American Jack; he had been bred to his work from infancy, and had been off in a fishing dory almost as soon as he could walk. When he grew older he shipped as a merchantman, or whaler, and in warlike times, when our merchant marine was compelled to rely pretty much on itself for protection, each craft had to be handled well; all that were not were soon weeded out by a process of natural selection of which the agents were French picaroons, Spanish buccaneers, and Malay pirates. It was a rough school, but it taught Jack to be both skilful and self-reliant."

In June, 1897, in addressing the naval cadets he repeated Washington's warning: "To be prepared for war is the most effectual means to promote peace," and with great emphasis he uttered these words:

"All the great masterful races have been fighting races. Cowardice in a race, as in an individual, is the unpardonable sin."

About this time, a year before our clash of arms with Spain, he said: "The enemies we may

have to face will come from over the sea; they may come from Europe, or they may come from Asia. Events move fast in the West; but this generation has been forced to see that they move even faster in the oldest East. Our interests are as great in the Pacific as in the Atlantic, in the Hawaiian Islands as in the West Indies. Merely for the protection of our own shores, we need a great navy; and what is more, we need it to protect our interests in the islands from which it is possible to command our shores and to protect our commerce on the high seas."

He early became impressed that war with Spain was inevitable, and to prepare for it he infused life, vigor, snap and energy into every branch of the service.

He hastened the work upon new ships and repairs on old ones. He encouraged recruiting the navy to its full strength and increased the supply of coal at every station. He personally inspected the war-vessels and neglected nothing which would add to naval efficiency.

Senator Cushman K. Davis said:

"If it had not been for Roosevelt we would not have been able to strike the blow that we did at Manila. It needed just Roosevelt's energy and promptness."

The records of the Department, February 25, 1898, show this confidential cablegram from Roosevelt to Commodore Dewey: "Order the squadron, except *Monocacy*, to Hong-Kong. Keep full of coal. In the event of declaration of war with Spain your duty will be to see that the Spanish squadron does not leave the Asiatic coast, and then offensive operations in Philippine Islands. Keep *Olympia* until further orders."

I saw Mr. Roosevelt many times during this trying period and like all others with whom he came into contact, I was deeply impressed by his earnest, convincing arguments.

When war was actually declared, he said:

"My work here is done. I must get into the fight myself."

It would extend the scope of this article too far for me to more than allude to the correspondence between our distinguished Secretary Long and Assistant Secretary Roosevelt, in which he was urged to withhold his resignation and remain in the Department where he was doing such valuable service; but he had determined his course of duty, and in May we find him with a commission for himself as lieutenant-colonel, and with a

colonel's commission for the then almost unknown Dr. Leonard Wood, *en route* to Texas to raise what was popularly known as Roosevelt's Regiment of Rough Riders, and officially as the First Regiment of United States Volunteer Cavalry. He only demanded good arms for his men and the chance to get them against the enemy. The rest to be left in his hands.

When it became apparent that the troops at Tampa would compose the first expedition of active operations, Roosevelt, then far off in Texas, burdened the telegraph lines with dispatches until orders reached him to go with his fine regiment and become a part of the cavalry division which I commanded at that place. Learning the hour of his arrival, I met him with staff-officers at the train, expecting that the regiment would need much after their long journey. Roosevelt, Colonel Wood and other officers were all in fine spirits, and assured me they had everything and that they would be comfortable in the cars that night. The next day I put them into camp, and in an hour the entire regiment was out upon drill.

It was here that it was my privilege to enjoy my greatest intimacy with this young officer.

This was very close, as their brigade commander, General Young, was at Lakeland, thirty miles distant, with his other two regiments, and, therefore, the Rough Riders reported direct to me, their division commander.

Both Roosevelt and Wood urged me to frequent inspections, to be present at their drills, to examine into their equipment and administration, and they frequently came to me, generally together, laying before me their methods of drill, discipline, etc. They were anxious to be assured if their methods were the best, and that they be corrected if any change or improvement could be suggested. They had tactics and army regulations constantly in hand, and I was surprised to see how thoroughly they had become informed upon all that pertained to their duties as regimental commanders.

June 7 came, and with it Admiral Sampson's telegram: "If ten thousand men were here, city and fleet would be ours within forty-eight hours. Every consideration demands immediate army movement. If delayed, city will be defended more strongly by guns taken from fleet."

It was in the quiet darkness of night that an officer of General Shafter's staff came to my tent

with orders from Washington for us to embark at daylight the next morning at Port Tampa, distant nine miles from our camp. Immediately all was activity. Roosevelt and Wood were before me in a few moments, received their orders, and in an incredibly short time their regiment, with all its equipments, was by the side of the railroad, ready and waiting for the cars. Soon after daylight Port Tampa was reached, and we were soon on shipboard, the promptness with which the Rough Riders were embarked being largely due to the indomitable push of the young lieutenant-colonel. The delay at Port Tampa until June 17 was caused by the false report that Spanish war-vessels threatened the course we were to sail.

On June 20 we reached Daiquiri, Cuba.

On the morning of the 22d the navy, with steam and naphtha launches towing large strings of boats, commenced landing our troops.

General Shafter put Lawton's division and Bates' brigade before us.

We felt this keenly, and knowing that the purpose was to get ashore promptly, we commenced landing with our own ship's boats, rowed by our men.

Roosevelt's energy and push helped very much in this effort, and before night we had landed 964 officers and men of the cavalry division.

Siboney is on the ocean and is nine miles nearer Santiago than Daiquiri.

On the 22d General Lawton was ordered with his division, about five thousand strong, to march upon and capture the enemy at Siboney, so that the remainder of the troops and supplies could be landed at that place.

Lawton reached Siboney on the 23d, but found that the enemy had already evacuated that place and had taken the road toward Santiago.

At noon on the 23d General Shafter had not heard from Lawton and he ordered the commander of the cavalry division, with the 964 men of his command, to proceed to Siboney and put his advance close to the enemy.

The division commander ordered Young, Wood and Roosevelt forward and hastened on in person, and finally found the enemy stationed on the Santiago road between two and three miles from Siboney. He reconnoitered the Spanish position and after dark returned to Siboney. Before daylight these 964 dismounted cavalry-

men were *en march,* and at a little after seven they attacked, and after a severe fight defeated a large Spanish force under Lieutenant-General Linares.

This was Roosevelt's first experience under fire, and his superb conduct immediately established him as a brave and intrepid soldier.

The official report of the division commander said: "The magnificent and brave work done by the regiment, under the lead of Colonel Wood, testifies to his courage and skill. The energy and determination of this officer had been marked from the moment he reported to me at Tampa, Florida, and I recommended him for the consideration of the Government. I must rely upon his report to do justice to his officers and men, but I desire personally to add that all that I have said regarding Colonel Wood applies equally to Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt."

On July 1, on account of the sickness of General Young, his brigade fell under the command of Colonel Wood, and the Rough Riders' regiment was commanded by Colonel Roosevelt during the San Juan battle and in all the engagements which terminated in the surrender of the Spanish army.

My endorsement upon Colonel Roosevelt's report contained these words: "Colonel Roosevelt and his entire command deserve high commendation." I also recommended and requested that a gold medal be awarded him for his gallantry at San Juan.

The conduct of Colonel Roosevelt was brave and soldierly. He was always at the front, always active, always caring for his men and always solicitous in attending to every duty.

In August we sailed together upon the *Miami* for Montauk Point. He had become colonel of the regiment, and his excellent discipline and administration upon shipboard deserved high commendation.

I saw much of him on the voyage, which lasted something over a week. I many times repeated that his party would immediately seek him as their candidate for Governor of New York, and that his wonderful civil career, supplemented by his short but very brilliant record as a soldier, would cause the American people to finally elect him to the highest office within their gift. This expression of mine was published very generally in the papers just after we landed, and I think this view was very general among

those who had followed Colonel Roosevelt's career from the time he entered public life.

The first prediction was verified three days after we landed by a formal tender of the nomination for Governor.

His distinguished career in that high position is familiar to the people of the entire country, and especially to those of the Empire State.

His reluctant consent to accept the office of Vice-President is fresh in our memory.

The fearful tragedy which caused the death of William McKinley, the most loved of all our Presidents, is constantly before us. We see it in emblems of mourning everywhere, in every city, town and hamlet in our land. We see it in the sad faces of our people in all walks of life.

We realize the extent of our country's loss when we contemplate the perfect public, as well as private, life of this great and good man.

We appreciate it also when we see the prosperity of our country during all the period of his administration, and especially in the preservation of our prestige as a nation and the glorious record of our arms on both the land and sea. And in all the nation's sadness no one has felt the bereavement more than he who must bear the

burdens and responsibilities which, in a sudden and unexpected moment, have been thrust upon him. That this new duty will be honestly, wisely and well performed those who know Theodore Roosevelt cannot for a moment doubt, and I believe that the dying moments of our martyred President were made more tranquil by the thought that his efforts for the glory, prosperity and happiness of our country would be continued by his successor with wisdom, courage and determination.

A TYPICAL AMERICAN.

Roosevelt represents the entire American nation. He is the first President of the New United States. His antecedents make him the typical American. He inherited no prejudices. He owes party allegiance to no political machine. A hero before the election, he is now an inspiration to every American boy. Though born in New York, the entire country claims him. His mother was from Georgia, and he himself was a cowboy in the West. One of his uncles was a commodore in the Confederate navy, and he recently remarked that more than half of the Rough Riders were the sons of men who fought in the army of the South. It would be difficult to find a man so "geographically universal." For the first time in our history a man of letters is at the head of the Government. Nearly all of our Presidents have been strong and graceful writers on economic subjects—some of them have made startling phrases and have dealt in

periods that would put to shame the literary hack; but Roosevelt is an all-round literary worker. He is prepared to write anything, on any subject—adventure, philosophy, international law. His education is thorough; he represents the college student and the college athlete. He is of the new and the old. While he reveres the traditions of his grandfather, he recognizes the force of his brother. With him old things have become new. He is the epitome of David's strength. Old things may have been wise for that day, but new things represent our power this day. If the man who is struggling on the hill-side will only stop to think of this fact it may be of advantage to him. We revere the past, but tradition may have hampered us. America, the most progressive of nations, may have been hampered by tradition.

For their day our forefathers were unquestionably wise. To them the Constitution was a dead-set faith. At that time man's vision extended only to the limit bordering his lands. Beyond that was dark experiment. Shrinking within the limits of a narrow shell, "hands off" was the nation's watchword. Broad-minded Jeffersonism did not comprehend the entire

world. It did not gather the spreading force of geography. Isolation was his watchword and the national cry of his successors. "Hands off" they said, and our Congressmen were on that platform elected. Europe smiled, and we contented ourselves with what they condemned as our narrowness.

Years passed, and we had a merciless war. Premiers said, "I told you so." There was no hope for America. With the hot wax of impulsiveness, she had sealed the letter of her doom. Germany, believing in the failure of all republics, gathered herself into a sardonic laugh. England, though a monarchy—the father, the mother of all modern republics—cried "Long live the queen," and yet mourned for us. Our war came to an end. In one part of the country there seemed to be chaos. Senators said, "We have failed." But out of that chaos came order. Up arose leaders of men who declared that secession had been a failure. They joined the Government without having changed their principle of the rights of States. Upon that platform they were elected, and the world of mankind was forced to declare that history had been baffled. The old order of things, the kings and queens,

said they, were sleeping. Soon they will wake up. Rome taught us that such a thing could not be. Ancient Egypt declared its failure. Modern France laughs with us. The French revolution was a failure. Therefore this thing cannot stand. They called it a thing. They had lost sight of immortality. The assassin lifted his weapon as if to prove that monarchy was the only enduring form of government. Presidents sank down to die, but the Government still lived. Office may be ephemeral, but the people are eternal. The crown did not know this. They said that the scepter was God's word. We have taught the world that this is wrong. The people are immortal. The death of McKinley proved the ever-enduring life of his nation. Before the day of enlightenment such a death would have meant chaos. The education of man means the eternal element of society. Presidents die; the country lives.

But confidence is the essence of prosperity. Without confidence we are unsteady of gaze, fixing cross-eyes upon uncertainty. With confidence we are strong, and Roosevelt gives us strength. They said that he was lacking in dignity and he became the most dignified of men.

They said that he might not be executive, and one word put the nation at rest. They acknowledged that he was brave, but they said that bravery was not wisdom. The bravest were the wisest men of Rome. Bravery, sobered with responsibility, is the most conservative ruler. They did not know this at first but they know it now. Roosevelt is a patriot, and of such is the safe statesman composed. Men who stood closest to him were astonished. He surprised his most intimate friends. They had not taken into account his devoted study of governments. Now they wonder at our short-sightedness. While riding in a carriage toward the McKinley house, Roosevelt pointed to a large building and remarked: "There is the future President for all time." It was a public school. Some of the men who were with him did not understand this, but some of them did; and one man, a Congressman, reached over and took his hand. To Roosevelt old men came and centered their hope. They felt that American institutions were safe. In him they knew was centered the entire country. At Canton were men of every party. For the first time in the history of the States there was no political creed. America was united

against sorrow—against the world. At the steps of the house of woe the new President spoke words which must appeal to every American. "Boys"—he did not say "gentlemen," he did not say "fellow citizens," he said "boys," for his mind had flown back to a time when he was fighting for his country—"Boys, we must stand together. We have met at the bier of one whom we loved. He was the product of the entire country. We are the product of all the country. He loved us and we loved him. Among you I see men from Texas and men from Maine. Is it not a glory to know that we are all as one? They predicted that this could not be. We have shown them their error. I have one word to pledge you —that we are all of us American citizens. My life and my work belong to you. I am not your ruler but your friend in council. I ask no higher honor than to serve my country. The North and the South have passed away, and we have become as one. These soldiers that you see are but the expressive force of a State—Ohio. They are the sons of the men who followed our dead chieftain to the war. Some of them were on the other side. Let us honor them, for they are representative of our country. Among you occasionally I catch

the glimpse of a countenance which I saw in battle—at a time when we charged up a hill. And to you I would extend my love and my sympathy. The nation has called upon us to do our duty. Let us do it. To public life there is due a sort of compliance. Let us conform; but at the same time let us remember that to you and your bravery is due our greatness to-day."

The mournful dirge began and the President stood upon the steps. Sorrow *en masse* had gathered in the street. The President had nothing more to say. He had said enough. He had told us all what was needed. We knew that McKinley was dead; those who stood there in that throng told us that. We knew that our country was living. And that is the reason that those who followed McKinley to the tomb knew that the flag could not be pulled down. We were there to bury a tender sentiment; we were there to shed the tears of a nation—to weep with a devoted wife and mother—but to stand firm with a man who himself stood firm with a nation.

And this book gives the life of that man. Never before has it been written. And to it do I gladly subscribe my name.

OPIE READ.

CHAPTER I.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

SKETCH OF HIS LIFE — MARKED CHARACTERISTICS OF THE MAN — A PRODUCT OF THE AGE — BLOOD OF HEROES IN HIS VEINS — IN AN AGE OF MATERIALISM HE STANDS AS THE GREAT EXPONENT OF THE VIRTUES — HIS FIRST HISTORICAL WORK — AMBITIOUS TO DO DEEDS RATHER THAN CHRONICLE THEM.

Restless as the sea his forefathers sailed to reach the new world; active as the soil that answered to the tickling of their hoes with bursts of golden laughter; fearless as the native chiefs who fought European encroachment on their domains with a savage valor worthy of the ancient Greeks; patient as the mothers who reared children in a wilderness where danger and death lurked on every hand, and with a soul as broadly sympathetic as the missionaries who led the way for the pioneer into the new world, Theodore Roosevelt, the twenty-sixth President of the United States, stands to-day the embodiment of Americanism. He is as much a product of the laws underlying all life as is the air we

breathe or the country we inhabit; as much the result of the combination of harmonious forces as the battle-ship *Brooklyn* or the *Constitution* of the United States.

Born to ease and luxury, President Roosevelt has lived a life of constant toil and struggle; heir to a delicate body his indomitable will has transformed it to a sinewy frame, wherein his active mind, bent on the conquest of evil, is supplied with an unfailing host ready at all times to fight for his ideals.

What these ideals are he has made plainly apparent. The one trait of his character that stands out preëminent above all others is absolute frankness. In all his public life he has made no secret of his plans for the general good. Sincerity is the keynote of his nature. Having satisfied himself as to the truth of any matter he immediately takes the whole country into his confidence, relying on the good sense of the people for support in his battle for its establishment. As his life's motto he seems to have taken that comprehensive ritual of a brave man's creed enunciated by Shakespeare: "Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in, bear't that the opposer may beware of thee." He must be sure

of his ground before he espouses any cause, but once he has made the decision there is no thought of surrender. He is as great in defeat as in victory, because he fights for the truth in all its nakedness, and, while he may not succeed in his undertaking, the principle for which he battles remains impregnable.

Among all the famous characters that make American history a continuous story of romance and adventure, none can compare with Theodore Roosevelt in purposeful action. From the day he first entered Harvard College to the day he stood up in Buffalo and, with eyes dim from grief, declared his intention of carrying out the policy of his murdered chief, he seems never to have rested. In college he was not only a diligent student, but the leader in all manly sports and pastimes. He wrestled and boxed, ran races and played football with the same tense earnestness that he gave to his studies. He could never bear to remain in second place in any adventure, and had his full share in the gay rout that keeps alive the humanity of young men getting the foundations of an education.

No sooner was he out of college than he plunged into active work. The son of wealthy

parents, he might have lived a life of idle luxury, letting his less fortunate fellows get on as best they could. The path was well beaten before him. Four generations of economy and thrift had placed him and all those with whom he was on intimate terms, beyond the need of toil, and the rosy gate of pleasure stood open before him. But the ways of the drawling and effeminate imitators of foreign degeneracy were as impossible to him as the ways of a trained ape would be to a royal Bengal tiger. He was the owner of a spirit that would not let him rest. His whole being demanded action, and his reason would be satisfied with nothing less than action to some good end. He plunged into literature and in less than two years completed a most incisive work, the "History of the American Navy in the War of 1812." This work was published before he was twenty-four years old, but young as the author was it bears the stamp of a finished historical investigator. For the period which it covers it is looked upon in the Navy as the final word, and a copy is kept in every ship's library.

But to be simply a chronicler of noble thoughts and heroic deeds could not satisfy a man of Theodore Roosevelt's fiber. He had

already gained a broad and firm grasp on the main threads of American history, and the ambition to be an actor in the growth and development of this great nation, even as his fathers had been before him, took possession of him, and he at once became active in the affairs of his State.

Mr. Roosevelt early developed a liking for politics. He had descended from a long line of merchants, but his paternal ancestors for four generations had always taken an active interest in public affairs, and had served their city and State as aldermen, assemblymen and Congressmen. But in Theodore Roosevelt all the ambitions of his race seem to have crystallized in the one thought of country. In his philosophy, to be a free man under a free government is the nearest approach to earthly happiness. He became a hunter of wild beasts almost as soon as he was able to sight a rifle, and took as much pride in the trophies of the chase as any old viking would have done. The floors of his house at Oyster Bay are strewn with the skins of bears and mountain lions, as well as many of those of smaller though not less ferocious animals, slain by him in their native fastnesses. Horns of stag and moose decorate the halls, and sea-turtles are

the playthings of his children. He delights in overcoming things worth while, just to emphasize the supremacy of man's genius. The same dominant spirit that sends him alone through the forest on the trail of a panther spurs him into the thick of the fight during a political campaign, and keeps him there until the reforms he promised from the rostrum are achieved in legislative halls or he is altogether overthrown.

In his treatment of political questions Mr. Roosevelt's methods exhibit much of the shrewdness of his merchant ancestors. He believes in honest goods, but not in mixing his silks and satins with the cheap prints in the show-window. He believes in woolen as an every-day costume. He can see no hope in the reform that has not a practical basis. In his essay on "Americanism" he says: "There are philosophers who assure us that in the future patriotism will be regarded not as a virtue at all, but merely as a mental stage in the journey toward a state of feeling when our patriotism will include the whole human race and all the world. This may be so; but the age of which these philosophers speak is still several æons distant. In fact, philosophers of this type are so very far advanced that they

are of no practical service to the present generation. It may be that in ages so remote that we cannot now understand any of the feelings of those who will dwell in them, patriotism will no longer be regarded as a virtue, exactly as it may be that in those remote ages people will look down upon and disregard monogamic marriage; but as things now are and have been for two or three thousand years past, and are likely to be for two or three thousand years to come, the words 'home' and 'country' mean a great deal. Nor do they show any tendency to lose their significance. At present treason, like adultery, ranks as one of the worst of all possible crimes."

This utterance gives an insight into one distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt. He states his position with absolute frankness. The dream of a millennium is nothing to him unless you can prove that it is practical and can be brought about at once. "Let us get hold of things as they are," is his motto, "and when we have them straightened out we will try something else. Let us stick close to the thought that we are Americans, first, last and all the time. We may not be so polished as our neighbors across seas, but we have certainly as good timber

in our construction and can never be so great, or useful, or happy in any other country as we can in our own." In the same essay quoted above he says: "One may fall very far short of treason and yet be an undesirable citizen in the community. The man who becomes Europeanized, who loses his power of doing good work on this side of the water, and who loses his love for his native land, is not a traitor; but he is a silly and undesirable citizen. He is as emphatically a noxious element in our body politic as is the man who comes here from abroad and remains a foreigner. Nothing will more quickly disqualify a man from doing good work in the world than the acquirement of that flaccid habit of mind which its possessors style cosmopolitan."

That Mr. Roosevelt is didactic to a degree one must admit; but that he is here expressing his actual beliefs cannot be questioned. That is one of the things even his enemies admire. His words are an utterance of himself, and whether they be true or false in themselves, they are true to him. It is complimentary to his judgment that while he has been speaking and writing in this vein for more than twenty years he has never yet had to recede from his position, although he has

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MR. ROOSEVELT'S RESIDENCE AT OYSTER BAY

often been worsted in battles for his ideals. But whether he wins or loses, he fights on. It has mattered not to him whether the foe was the fierce cougar of the Rockies, the fetish-maddened Indians of the Bad Lands, the corrupt officials of a municipality or commonwealth, or the Spanish oppressors of Cuba; once he was arrayed against them there was no talk of quarter. Fortunately for him he has generally been on the winning side. In his physical encounters this has been almost invariably the case. On the trail, in the forest, and in camp and field his adherents have always proved faithful. Although an aristocrat by birth and education, he has the true spirit of *camaraderie,* and generally makes firm friends of his associates in chivalric adventure. But politicians are of different metal. In a political campaign there is always the personal equation to be considered, and the "Fighting Teddy" of the frontier who could always depend upon his body of rough plainsmen or daring mountaineers to stand by him to the death, has more than once been forced to "drink his bitter beer alone" at the end of an unsuccessful attack upon the organized forces of the spoils system in his native city and State.

But this sturdy, laughing, playing, working, fighting descendant of the first Americans has never recognized defeat. If he has suffered from reverses, the world has never known of it. Always upright, forceful, aggressive, he has never changed front once in his remarkable career, which has been meteoric. He had not been one year out of college before he was a member of the general assembly of New York State. During his two years' term he fought every attempt of his colleagues to wrong the people in any way. At first they laughed at him. What did this student, fresh from the walls of a university, know of politics; he would soon be glad to lay aside his ideas of purity in government and adopt a less arduous way to the favor of the people. But he disappointed them, and his opposition was so constant and hearty that they were at last obliged to yield to him in many things. During his term he secured the passage of the civil service law in New York, a measure that has been the sword and shield of all those who since have been engaged in the work of purifying the politics of the State.

Following his retirement from the assembly he became chairman of the New York delegation

to the Republican National Convention. In national politics he was as uncompromising as he had been in the State. He demanded that everything should be open and above board. He believed in strict adherence to party, but he believed the party should be worthy of that fealty. He wrote articles for the magazines, made speeches before clubs and societies in all parts of the city, became a ranchman in the Bad Lands, ran for Mayor of New York city, was for six years Civil Service Commissioner under President Harrison and President of the Police Board of New York city from 1895 to 1897. Upon the election of McKinley he was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy and carried his activities into the duties of the office in such a way as to attract the attention of the House and Senate.

Then came the sinking of the *Maine* in the harbor of Havana, and there broke upon Washington a wave of demand for war that was irresistible. The fiery spirit of Roosevelt led him at once to resign his office and seek active duty in the field. Wisely selecting for his assistant an old friend, Dr. Wood, who was a military man, he proposed the formation of that unique regi-

ment of cavalry which has since become famous as the "Rough Riders," and at Las Guasimas and San Juan hill won for himself and his followers an enviable place in history. His military career was marked by the same dash, the same energy, the same demand for justice, the same comradeship that have distinguished him from childhood. He ate and slept with his men, and when the Government failed to furnish supplies at Santiago he had money cabled him and fed his half-starved regiment of American Gascons at his own expense.

He came back from Cuba to meet with an ovation in New York and was almost immediately elected Governor of that State. His acts in this office will be recorded elsewhere in this volume. His nomination and election to the Vice-Presidency and his unlooked-for and tragic elevation to the Presidency followed swiftly. Amid the tears of grief for his predecessor he quietly took the oath of office and on September 14 he became President of the United States.

This in brief is the record of the man Roosevelt. He is now something more. In his person is embodied the will of the whole people. He is no longer a partisan fighting for the tenets of

party; he is no longer a citizen representing only himself in the body politic. He is the head and front of all citizenship, the repository of the hopes and fears and aspirations of eighty millions of people, the first citizen of the United States of America.

CHAPTER II.

BIRTH, LINEAGE AND BOYHOOD.

DESCENDED FROM GOOD OLD HOLLAND STOCK, HIS ANCESTORS AMONG THE EARLIEST AMERICAN PIONEERS — DELICATE IN HEALTH, HIS MASTERFUL SPIRIT WINS FOR HIM A STALWART FRAME—EARLY DEVELOPS THE QUALITIES OF A LEADER.

Over east of Broadway, east of Fourth avenue, and extending from Tenth as far north as Twenty-third street, was formerly the aristocratic portion of New York city. Men of fortune lived there, and built for themselves homes of a certain old-fashioned and substantial style which is a comfort to look upon even yet. In that quarter little of the change that the rest of the city knows has intruded. The fashionable families, and those of the rich, have moved farther up town; but the good old houses remain, and they are still tenanted, for the most part, with a population as respectable, if less modest, than the original inhabitants of the quarter.

It was the region which old Peter Stuyvesant's descendants chose for their homes; and

their church and their park still remain unmolested by the modern tyranny of change.

In that substantial and presentable part of the city Theodore Roosevelt was born. His father's home was No. 28 East Twentieth street, a mansion inherited from an earlier generation. There the lad spent his boyhood, and there was his little world till the larger activities of adult life gave a broader field for his powers.

So far as racial origin is concerned, Theodore Roosevelt is one-quarter of pure Holland blood. The Scotch, Irish and French Huguenot strains, with fully three hundred years of American residence, complete the heritage that birth has bestowed upon him.

His far ancestor, Nicholas Roosevelt, a great-great-great-great-grandfather, was an alderman of the city in the years 1700 and 1701. The son of that founder of the house in America was John Roosevelt, a merchant; and he served as a member of the city government through the long years from 1748 to 1767, when the city had ceased to be New Amsterdam, and was become an English provincial city, named in honor of the Duke of York. He was prosperous, and laid the foundation of those fortunes which have

never been dissipated, though they have never risen to the magnitude offensive in American eyes. The wealth and opportunity seem always to have been used with moderation, and a sense of fellowship with those allied members of the community from which it was drawn.

Cornelius C. Roosevelt, son of John. was also a merchant, and was honored by election to the city legislature from that district which had always been regarded as the domain of the notables. He succeeded to office in the troubled times following the Revolution, and bore his full share in restoring the shattered fortunes of the city. He served as an alderman in those days when good government was the ruling motive; and he occupied the office from 1785 to 1801. A rather curious incident in the life of the family was that father and son occupied chairs in the selfsame chamber for two years; for James Roosevelt, also a merchant, and the grandfather of Theodore, had established a home just across the ward line, and became a member of the council in 1797. He held that place for two years, and was again elected in 1809.

The family had advanced in importance in those years, for James J. Roosevelt, son of the

ROOM IN MR. ROOSEVELT'S HOUSE AT OYSTER BAY

former, was an alderman in 1828-29-30, and was sent to the State Legislature in 1835, where he remained until the campaign year of General William Henry Harrison—1840. And after that he was elected to Congress from the district which had known him and his fathers for four generations.

His son was Theodore Roosevelt, one of the foremost citizens of New York. He was lawyer, judge and philanthropist, a man of strong character and sunny disposition, with a very sensible plan for the bringing up of boys and girls. He insisted on plenty of outdoor air, plenty of exercise, and such sports as developed them physically. He was a most patriotic man in the Civil War period, and in later years established the many newsboys' homes which have been so helpful to a class that needed judicious assistance.

This was the father of President Roosevelt; and he was wise enough to send his children to the public schools, where they learned the lesson of mingling with their kind, and of taking the place to which comparative abilities entitled them. There were four children—two being boys. Elliott Roosevelt, the brother of

Theodore, was the stronger and more vigorous of the two. In the early years he was in large measure the guardian and champion of his brother; for though the latter was aggressive enough, he lacked the robust qualities which are so much needed in that democracy of youth, the playground.

As the children grew older they were given educational advantages beyond the scope of former teaching, and learned in private institutions —among other things, somewhat of the responsibility that comes with position and wealth. It was by no means a supercilious arrogance that was ingrafted on the life of the lads. The old Dutch stock had advanced to a premium, even before the Civil War; but the spirit of this family was not so much for exclusiveness and hauteur as for sterling quality, and a constant preserving of relations with the world.

They were members of the Dutch Reformed church, and all the children were brought up in strict conformity with its usages. They attended the services, and while the sermons are described as very long in those days of Theodore's youth, there was altogether too masterful a hand upon him and his fellows to permit their escaping.

And Mr. Roosevelt has not yet departed from the traditions or the church of his fathers. The relation begun when he sat in the high-backed pews of the old church on the "East Side" continues unbroken to the present; and wherever he has an opportunity to attend the services of that denomination, he faithfully observes his obligation.

It was a matter of regret to his parents that Theodore was of delicate physique. He had the sturdy spirit of all the vigorous ancestors who had gone before, and with it presented a more volatile quality than is usually found in the phlegmatic Hollander. It was as if he had caught up the strain of his race back in the centuries when Van Diemen sailed, and when William of Orange battled and won. But he lacked the physical force to support his purposes. Throughout boyhood he suffered in comparison with his fellows, so far as muscular powers went.

As Theodore passed from boyhood into youth he seemed more and more resolved to overcome that handicap of a delicate frame; and his effort turned to developing the strength which he so much desired, and which it seemed nature had intended to deny him.

Possibly the courses of his development were aided by nature in that period of his life when he advanced toward maturity. In any event, he was successful. The sickly youth became stronger. He suffered unnumbered defeats, but never for once was his resolution chilled or his purpose altered. He would be strong. And as he attained the age of preparation for college, he was fully the physical equal of young men of his years.

In study he was from the first almost a model scholar. Walter Scott was a dullard at school; and General Grant graduated pretty nearly at the foot of a class of forty-four. Neither could study; and it seemed neither could learn. They developed great talents later—though in vastly different lines; but this lad, destined for a splendid intellectual activity in his manhood, found books to his liking, and progress in his studies both easy and delightful.

One of the events in his boy-life was the acquaintance with Edith Carow, a girl of nearly his own age, and a companion in school as well as in the social intercourse that came with his added years. They were great friends, with a charming romance that continued from the time they were

children until he left his New York home to enter upon life at Harvard College. They had been together while at school; and in those days which seem so far away now they had taken their games to the greensward of Union Park, and had played there day after day together. Her home, indeed, was in Fourteenth street, and but a step from the square. That was a part of the fashionable quarter at the time, and the myriad business houses had not begun their intrusion.

There was plenty of reason for the intimacy. They met at the same children's parties, and studied in the same schools—until little Miss Edith was packed off to a fashionable boarding school presided over by a Miss Comstock, who will be remembered by many of the older New Yorkers to-day. Edith's father was a merchant, as his father had been before him; and her mother was by birth Miss Gertrude Tyler, daughter of General Tyler, of Connecticut. Her family in all its connections had been rich and prominent through many generations. The same was true of Theodore, whose father was a lawyer and a judge, and had been successively an alderman, a member of the assembly at

Albany and a congressman at Washington. Edith Kermit Carow has said, in the happy, established days since her marriage, that she had "liked" Teddy Roosevelt in those distant times because he could do so much more than she could. And yet he was a child of puny strength, while she reveled in all the vigor of a healthy girlhood. It is probable the strong-willed lad impressed her with more power than he possessed. He certainly suffered in comparison with many other lads of her acquaintance, of his age. But it is his brother's testimony that he never permitted himself to be thrust out of the way, nor his little friend to be imposed upon. And his ready championing of her at all times may have won him a place in her eyes for which he was indebted rather to the promise of his spirit than the fulfilment of the flesh.

Later in life Mr. Roosevelt found more than a childhood friend in the girl companion of his leisure hours. He found one who understood him, who had faith in him and encouraged him—and who came in maturer years, after sorrow had visited him, to share his home, to increase his fortune, and to make sacred his success.

When young Theodore Roosevelt had ad-

vanced to the age of college study, and had gone up to Harvard for the final four years of student life, he was singularly well-equipped for the labors that awaited him. So far as natural preference was concerned, he had taken the greatest delight in history, and in civil government. But so thoroughly had he made himself master of his tendencies and desires that he passed exceedingly well in mathematics—that bane of the imaginative scholar. That must have meant adherence to a course of self-discipline; for arithmetic was naturally distasteful to him. He loved to revel in books of adventure, and knew the story of his own land and those of modern western Europe, from repeated reading. But he had resolutely devoted himself to the less attractive studies—being aided, no doubt, by the rigid methods of his teachers. And the mental training so secured must be in large part chargeable with the close-knit intellectual fiber which his manhood has revealed. It was the substantial structure upon which his later fancy could build, just as his acquired physical strength formed a magazine from which his tireless energy might draw without fear of exhausting it.

In the campaign of 1900 it was sometimes

said that "Theodore Roosevelt was born with a gold spoon in his mouth." But the imputation is hardly fair. He was an average boy as to mental attainments, and considerably under the average in bodily strength. Whatever successes he has achieved seem to have come more from an inherent will that would not brook defeat in any line rather than from peculiar advantages gratuitously bestowed upon him. He was rich, it is true, and possessed of many social advantages. But these could not have won him a place in the fields of physical, mental and political activity which he has chosen. A careful estimate of his life must lodge much of the credit for his equipping in those years of later boyhood when his own motive was the impelling force; when he would not permit other boys to excel him in studies, and when he went systematically at such training as would render it impossible for them long to excel him in sports. And on the basis of these two elements in his boyhood has probably been builded the traits and the powers which have made him a type of very creditable American manhood. Out of these may grow, if one have the purpose to achieve it, an equal success in any line of endeavor.

CHAPTER III.

COLLEGE LIFE.

ENTERS COLLEGE AT THE AGE OF EIGHTEEN—DEVELOPS A TASTE FOR HUNTING AND NATURAL HISTORY—IS ACTIVE IN ALL COLLEGE SPORTS, ESPECIALLY WRESTLING AND BOXING—GRADUATES IN 1880 WITH HIGH HONORS—MEMBERSHIP IN CLUBS, ETC.

Slender of figure and pale of face, Theodore Roosevelt entered Harvard in the fall of the Centennial year, a youth of eighteen. He had been reared in a home of refinement and comfortable wealth in the city of New York. He was well aware of his position in society and of what would be expected of him at home when his graduation day had arrived. He had been drilled by his parents in the knowledge of self-dependence and already had a mind leaning to investigation and discovery.

At the university, Mr. Roosevelt was a unique figure. Sterling, rugged, old-fashioned honesty and a keen sense of duty brought him up sharply before every proposition, and he made it the

paramount business of the present to find out just what was implied in that proposition. If it squared with his ideas of right he adopted it; if not, it was rejected until he had been convinced that it contained more of virtue than of evil. His career in those student days differed very little from the swift and fearless march he has since made to the mountain peak of Americanism. He was not so strong of body then as he has since grown to be, but he did not hesitate to join in any reputable sport or serious task attempted by his fellows. In one of his later essays Mr. Roosevelt says: "One plain duty of every man is to face the future as he faces the present, regardless of what it may have in store for him, and turning toward the light as he sees the light, to play his part manfully, as a man among men." A similar spirit seems to have animated him in all his actions, even before he had announced his intention of embarking in a public career. He literally fought his way through college as he has since fought his way through life, accepting nothing from any source that did not seem to him to be fair and founded in truth.

Mr. Roosevelt took with him to Cambridge a habit of hard work and a disdain for idleness.

Had he not been well equipped with these attributes his career must have been one of far less moment to his generation, for he was neither a ready student nor a rugged athlete. It is not known that he at this time set a high mark for himself as a historian, a scientist, a politician, a warrior, or a statesman, in all of which fields he has since reached distinction. If we may believe his own words he was not so much given to dreams of achievement as the average healthy youth, who has far less chances to inspire his imagination. When Julian Ralph once asked him, "What did you expect to be or dream of being when you were a boy?" Mr. Roosevelt answered:

"I do not recollect that I dreamed at all or planned at all. I simply obeyed the injunction, 'Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do that with all thy might,' and so I took up what came along as it came. Since then I have gone on Lincoln's motto, 'Do the best; if not, then the best possible.' "

There seems to be no question as to the application of these precepts to his own conduct by Mr. Roosevelt while he was in college. He entered upon his studies with the same earnest-

ness and enthusiasm that he has since shown in all his undertakings, and supplemented them by hearty coöperation in all college sports. He says of himself previous to his arrival in Cambridge: "I was a slender, sickly boy. I had made my health what it was. I determined to be strong and well, and did everything to make myself so." Of his college days we have this explicit declaration: "By the time I entered Harvard I was able to take my part in whatever sports I liked. I wrestled and sparred and ran a great deal during my four years in Cambridge, and though I never came out first I got more good out of the exercise than those who did, because I immensely enjoyed it and never injured myself. I was very fond of wrestling and boxing. I think I was a good deal of a wrestler, and though I never won a championship, yet more than once I won my trial heats and got into the final round."

Mr. Roosevelt is the first graduate of Harvard to become President of the United States since the election of John Quincy Adams to that office in 1824. But his experiences have been so varied and his occupations so general and democratic that he will be claimed as often by the plainsman, the farmer, the soldier, the sailor or the author,

as by the members of his college society. He began to live in a democratic way on his first day at college, and during the entire four years of his course he occupied rooms in a private house, then No. 16, now No. 88 Winthrop street. It stands at the southwest corner of Winthrop and Holyoke streets, two blocks toward the river from Massachusetts avenue, on the extreme edge of the college community, and within a stone's throw of the Charles. The house was then kept by Mrs. Richardson, who afterward moved to Somerville; she rented the four rooms of the second floor to two students.

Mr. Roosevelt had the two rooms at the southeast corner of the house, the front room, a very large study, and the rear one, a very small bedroom. Compared to the rooms in use by students at Harvard now, since the building of the large private dormitories, Mr. Roosevelt's quarters were modest indeed.

When Mr. Roosevelt entered college he had already developed a taste for hunting and for natural history, which has since led him so often and so far through field and forest and made him an authority on the character and habits of the big game of America. His rifle and hunting-

kit, the skins and trophies of the chase, were the most conspicuous things in his room. His birds he mounted himself. Live turtles and insects were always to be found in his study, and one who lived in the house with him at the time recalls the excitement occasioned by a particularly large turtle, sent him by a friend from the Southern seas, which escaped out of its box one night and started toward the bath-room in search of water.

In the memory of his classmates Mr. Roosevelt holds a warm place, notwithstanding his pronounced opinions and fearless habit of expression. As one of them has expressed it, he was "peculiarly earnest and mature in the way he took hold of things." Both his fellows and his teachers say he was much above the average as a student. Yet he was not easily led, even then, but was as original and as reliant on his own judgment as at present. In a mere matter of opinion or dogma he was always ready to cross swords with his instructors, and several of his contemporaries in college recall with smiles some very strenuous discussions with teachers in which he was involved by his habit of defending his own convictions. At graduation he was one of the few

of his class who took honors, his subject being natural history.

Mr. Roosevelt seems at this time to have followed that all-round activity, and to have attained that high excellence in each field which is the ideal of college experience. He was well toward the top as a student, but he was far too human not to have a full share in the social and political life of the institution. In his sophomore year he was one of the forty men in his class who belonged to the Institute of 1870. In his senior year he was a member of the Porcelain Club, the Alpha Delta Phi, and the Hasty Pudding Clubs. Of the last named he was secretary.

His membership in the clubs of a less social nature shows what kind of a college man he was. In rowing, baseball and football he was an earnest champion, although seldom an active participant. In other athletic contests he was a familiar figure. It was while at Harvard that he became proficient in boxing, an art that stood him in good stead at an important stage of his career as an assemblyman, when the argument of brute force was invoked to suppress him. Boxing was a regular feature of the Harvard Athletic Association contests, and "Teddy," as

he was universally called, was the winner of many a lively bout. He has never been a believer in a negative policy, and some of his happiest epigrams have sprung from his knowledge of the art of self-defense.

During his college days Mr. Roosevelt kept a horse and cart, the latter one of the extremely high ones that were in vogue at that time, and which to-day may be frequently seen on the boulevards of American cities. In this he drove almost every afternoon. His love for the saddle was developed later, when he adopted the life of a cowboy. He was a familiar figure in the society of Boston, where his dashing and picturesque ways made him a welcome guest. There is a photograph extant, taken at this time, which shows him with a rather becoming set of whiskers. It was taken at graduation and is highly prized by his classmates. The picture shows a young man of mature thought and sober judgment.

Mr. Roosevelt had his share in college journalism. During his senior year he was one of the editors of the *Advocate*. Albert Bushnell Hart, professor of American history in the college, was editor-in-chief. It is not plain just

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT IN HIS GRADUATING YEAR AT HARVARD, 1880,
AND ALSO AT THE AGE OF NINE YEARS

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what work Mr. Roosevelt did on the *Advocate*. The future author of "Winning of the West" seems to have contented himself with purely editorial duties or to have thought too little of his writings to claim them, for the files of the paper reveal but one article signed by him, and this bears only the initial "R." However, this article is identified by his associates on the publication. It is entitled "Football in Colleges," and is merely a résumé of conditions of the game at Yale and Princeton. It has little of the nervous force and picturesque style of his later writings. The one Roosevelt touch is in the closing paragraph, which reads: "What is most necessary is that every man should realize the necessity of faithful and honest work, every afternoon." The last two words are in italics. The utterance is characteristic of the man, and valuable in that it points thus early to his driving qualities.

An incident recalled by his classmates is equally characteristic of Mr. Roosevelt and shows that he did things much the same way then that he does them now. A horse in a stable close by Mr. Roosevelt's room made a sudden noise one night, which demanded instant attention. Mr. Roosevelt had retired, but without stopping

to change his apparel he sprang out of the window, two stories from the ground, and had quieted the trouble before the less impetuous neighbors had arrived.

While in college Mr. Roosevelt held membership in the following clubs: The Natural History Society; the Art Club, of which Charles Elliot Norton was president; the Finance Club; the Glee Club (associate member); the Harvard Rifle Corps; the O. K. Society, of which he was treasurer, and the Harvard Athletic Association, of which he was steward.

Mr. Roosevelt's outdoor life, his hunting and fishing trips, and the study and cataloguing of the birds and insects of his neighborhood had aroused in him a love of natural history long before he entered college. Most of his summers were spent at the Roosevelt farm near Oyster Bay, then almost as inaccessible from New York as the Adirondacks now are, and there was plenty of opportunity for long tramps through the woods and fields in search of information. His perseverance as a boy was phenomenal. Once his curiosity was aroused concerning any living organism he allowed himself no rest until he had the whole scheme of its development down

from the original protoplasm. He continued these studies all through his college career and at graduation had a mind well stored with the facts of natural history. In this way he laid the foundation for the investigations that have since given to his descriptions of hunting a peculiar scientific value not owned by those of any other writer. He loved the country from boyhood, and to-day credits his physical endurance to his early outdoor life. "I belong as much to the country as to the city," he often says; "I owe all my vigor to the country."

Mr. Roosevelt's reading and research had been of such a nature as to develop his admiration for heroic deeds, and in college he became a close student of history, being specially attracted to the science of government and the stirring tales that accompanied the accounts of the different conquests and the formation of new powers. He never tired of reading the "Federalist," which he calls "the greatest book of its kind ever written." Mr. Ray Standard Baker, in "A Character Sketch of Mr. Roosevelt," published in *McClure's* for November, 1898, says of him: "No young American of the time was more thoroughly familiar with the history of his country,

both east and west, and with the lives of its greatest men. He had studied its politics as well as its wars, and he knew every one of the noble principles on which it was founded."

It was while in college that Mr. Roosevelt conceived the idea of his attractive and useful history of the "Naval War of 1812," and he began writing it almost as soon as he was out of Harvard.

The causes that have resulted in Mr. Roosevelt's being given the title of "A Typical American" can be easily traced in the development of his character during this formative period of his college life. "Each of us," he says, "who reads the Gettysburg speech, or the second inaugural address of the greatest American of the nineteenth century, or who studies the long campaigns and lofty statesmanship of that other American who was even greater, cannot but feel within him that lift toward things higher and nobler, which can never be bestowed by the enjoyment of material prosperity."

Here was an aristocrat born and bred, a young man in the full enjoyment of riches, who at the very outset of his career not only chose for his model the deeds of the two greatest

Americans, but at once declared his belief in a spiritual rather than a material government. Neither was he satisfied in merely expressing his belief in these models, but he set to work to conform to them as far as circumstances and the changed conditions of the times would permit. He felt no sentimental timidity in declaring his faith in these ideals, but, on the contrary, he proclaimed that faith in his earliest public utterances, and has kept it with surprising tenacity through a stormy and perilous voyage on the sea of politics.

Mr. Roosevelt graduated from the university in 1880, a Phi Beta Kappa man, and he afterward spent some time studying in Dresden. He was now in his twenty-third year, a robust, broad-shouldered, square-jawed young man, a born fighter anxious for the conflict of life. He had no need to work; his income was ample to keep him in comfort, even luxury, all his life. He might have spent his summers at Newport and his winters on the continent, seeking in popular diversions those pleasures which come almost unsought to the favorites of fortune. He might have won fame as an amateur athlete, and he had the wit, tact and presence to be one of the

lions of society at home and abroad. Had he followed this course no one would have thought of blaming him. Whatever he gave to the world would have been accepted with the world's usual good nature, and there would have been no further demands upon his talent or his fortune than he was pleased to bestow.

To most young men in Mr. Roosevelt's situation, a life of ease and pleasure would have seemed the only one at all consistent with his inherited wealth and mental endowments. But a life of ease and indolence offered no attractions to the future Rough Rider. He craved the stir and action of conflict. His country was at peace and America was the only land in which this young patriot would look for inspiration in action. He tried the excitements of foreign travel and scaled the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn, winning for his feats a membership in the Alpine Club of London. But these were empty honors, brave deeds enough in themselves, but barren of results. He returned to New York and attempted the study of law with his uncle, Robert B. Roosevelt. He worked at his naval history. He hunted the biggest game he could find, and followed their trails alone or with a

single man to assist him in the duties of the camp. Then, in 1881, he attended his first primary—a primary of the Republican party—and discovered his life-work. To most young men of his education and breeding, fresh from their books, and acquainted with the greatest achievements of their countrymen, such a gathering as comes together in a political primary would have seemed unimportant, if not mean and sordid; but Mr. Roosevelt saw in that mixed company of men the foundation of free government. If it was selfish and subject to improper rule those were faults to be corrected. Here was an opportunity for good fighting to some end, and it strongly attracted him.

From this time on Mr. Roosevelt never lost his interest in practical politics. He went into it with the earnest intention of being useful to his fellows by doing what he could to correct the evils that had grown up in the Government, and the record of his deeds since that eventful night is an earnest of the vigorous campaign he has made along those lines.

CHAPTER IV.

A NEW YORK ASSEMBLYMAN.

AT ONCE ATTRACTS ATTENTION TO HIMSELF AS AN UNCOMPROMISING FOE TO MACHINE RULE, AND A FRIEND OF GOOD GOVERNMENT—STRIKING PROMISE OF A REMARKABLE PUBLIC CAREER—NOT EVEN THE DANGER OF BODILY VIOLENCE COULD DETER HIM—A REVELATION TO THE ROWDIES.

Mr. Roosevelt had scarcely returned home when his friends asked him to become their candidate for election to a seat in the legislature from the Twenty-first Assembly district of the State. It was not wholly distasteful to him in prospect, for the Roosevelts had been identified with public affairs for nearly two centuries; and, besides, he hungered for the activity which political life was likely to bring.

But there was a motive still stronger than this, and one that seems to have moved him generally in his actions through life. In the career which this promised service in the legislature could open to him, he saw the opportunity to do some good for his fellows. He was a wide-awake

man, a man of the world—so far as his years went, and uncommonly well-informed on practical affairs. He knew that really disinterested government was not wholly the object of the law-making powers. He knew there was corruption in the halls of the assembly at Albany, and that even the public conscience of his own city—the aristocratic portions as well as those less pretentious—was not of the sterling quality that it should be. He knew there was much shameless corruption in the tenement districts; but he was one of the first to use that scalding term, "the wealthy criminal classes."

He had a theory that, however great the difficulties encountered, up there at Albany or anywhere else, the man who met them with honesty, resolution and common sense would be pretty likely to conquer. And he loved to conquer—if only the opposition to be overcome were sufficiently strong.

The interesting thing about the whole proposition was that his fight began at the very outset of his political career. He was of that Murray Hill district which was then the name for all exclusiveness and propriety. But the district had long been the political possession of a ring

in his own party which did not permit independence of action any more than did the less decorous rulers of the Bowery. No Democrat had the ghost of a chance for election from Murray Hill; but, similarly, no Republican had ever gone from there to the legislature at Albany with independence enough and character enough to leave his name in the memory of a single citizen. And it was understood very well by the gentlemen who had so skilfully manipulated the primaries and the polls that this man Roosevelt was not the person they wanted in the legislature. They did not like his square jaw. They remembered or heard of the Roosevelts of the past, and knew it was not a pleasant name to conjure against. They particularly deprecated his habit of thinking for himself instead of coming to ward headquarters every morning and asking what opinions were to be entertained for the day.

So the "managers" were against him.

That is why his conflict in politics began with the beginning of his political life.

The first thing he did was to effect the overthrow of that corrupt coterie of politicians who had been sending vapid and inefficient men to the assembly from the Murray Hill district.

These had been in no sense representative of that excellent electorate; but they had been exceedingly convenient for the men who sent them to Albany. Mr. Roosevelt went at the matter with the directness that was part of his nature. The laws gave him the right to rally his friends and supporters at the primaries; and before the old managers were aware of their peril they had exercised that commonly unused privilege of American citizenship, and had expressed their will in the selection of a candidate. Mr. Roosevelt was nominated.

Then he was elected. That was by no means difficult. And the men who had been managing affairs political in Murray Hill found a stronger man at the helm. Their occupation was gone. As they had opposed him, of course it was hopeless to command him. It was equally useless to try to bully him. That was discovered at the very outset. And, these things being true, it was beyond probability that they could buy him. So that, in a period of great corruption, a pure man and a strong man took his seat in the legislature.

There was an added motive for commendable action at the time. It has been stated that in his boyhood he was the playmate of Edith Carow,

and that they grew up with the avowed purpose of uniting their fortunes when they should come to maturity—when they should have passed school days, and the world should be their own.

But while a student at Harvard he had met Miss Alice Lee, of Boston; and an attachment sprang up between them which ripened into that profound regard in which the lives of a man and a woman are bound in a perfect union. And in the recess following his first term in the legislature, Mr. Roosevelt and Miss Lee were married. It was a most happy union, and the following year a daughter was born to them. But in 1883, while serving his third—and last—term in the legislature, Mrs. Roosevelt died; and it seemed to her bereaved husband that one of his main incentives to a strenuous life had been taken from him. His mother's death in the following year cast another pall upon his spirit, and the conflicts of men appeared for the first time valueless.

He remained a member of the assembly for three terms. In that time he sat with bankers and bricklayers, with merchants and mechanics, with lawyers, farmers, day-laborers, saloon-keepers and prize-fighters. Every interest in the great State was represented—even those of the

criminal. And the "honorable" servants of this last class were by no means modest or abashed, or at all solicitous to be recognized as anything other than what they were. Mr. Roosevelt has himself called attention to the fact that the one hundred and twenty-eight members of the assembly and the thirty-two men in the senate composed a little parliament which controlled the public affairs of a commonwealth more populous than any one of two-thirds of the kingdoms of Europe, and one which, in point of wealth, material prosperity, variety of interests, extent of territory and capacity for expansion, could fairly rank next to the powers of the first class.

Though it was not at all the result for which he had started when he went to Albany, he found beyond a doubt that corruption existed there. It did not surprise him, nor shock him to the point of inability to proceed with his mission; and he wasted no time trying to correct that evil—in the sense of seeking exposure and punishment for the culprits. He did a better work in proceeding openly and honestly for the accomplishment of the measures which seemed to him of greatest benefit to the State, and to his constituents. But he had not been in the assem-

bly a week before he was a marked man. He disarranged theories distressingly. Here was a man who had no private schemes to further, and no selfish principles to which ordinary motives could appeal. Demagogues could not safely rush their measures through the house, for he was likely at any time to rise with a perfectly panic-producing question. He could not be met in debate, for he was master of direct speech, quick in repartee, and perfectly willing to give and take in that combat of words which falls into disuse when corruption becomes the moving power in legislation. As the "bosses" down in the Murray Hill district had discovered, these gentlemen in the legislature became convinced that he could neither be bought nor bullied.

But one thing was left, and the very low grade of the assembly may be understood when it is stated that the men who sought to control the lower house, who had controlled it for years, no matter which party was in power, hired a thug to meet Mr. Roosevelt, and administer in a beating the rebuke which a body of elected American legislators had decided he deserved.

One night in the lobby of the old Delavan House the collision occurred. That was a famous

hostelry, since burned, where legislators from all over the State congregated every evening, and where much of the actual business of the session was transacted.

It has always been a peculiarity of Mr. Roosevelt's nature that he never "got mad" at people, no matter what the provocation. He always remembered faces, and all that had passed in his association with a man; but he never avoided that person, no matter what the latter's conduct may have been. In legislative life that is an especially valuable trait. He could fight a man all day on the floor, and then meet him with a laugh and a jest in the evening. And so on this night, after a day when he had been a particularly sharp thorn in the side of corruption, he moved about the lobby of the old hotel, chatting with friends, tossing a laugh and a good-natured thrust at those who had opposed him, and treating the whole matter from the standpoint of one who understands the motives as well as the actions of those with whom he is associated. He did not pose. He made no pretense of loftier morality than those about him, but let them draw their own conclusions from his conduct.

At ten o'clock he started to leave the hotel. On the way from the upper portion of the lobby, where he had been chatting with fellow members, he passed the door leading to the buffet. And from that door, as by a preconcerted signal from the "honorable men" with whom he had been associating, came a group of fellows, rather noisy, and full of the jostling which follows tarrying at the wine. They were not a pleasant lot. One in particular was a pugilist called "Stubby" Collins; and this bully bumped rather forcibly against Mr. Roosevelt. The latter was alone, but he saw in an instant, with the eye of a man accustomed to collisions, the fact that this little party had waylaid him with a purpose. He paused, fully on his guard, and then "Stubby," with an appearance of the greatest indignation, struck at him, demanding angrily: "What do you mean, running into me that way?"

The blow did not land. The men who hired "Stubby" had not informed him that this young member of the assembly had been one of the very best boxers at Harvard, and rather liked a fight. They had simply paid the slugger a certain price to "do up" the man who could not take a hint in any other way.

In an instant Mr. Roosevelt had chosen his position. It was beyond the group of revellers, and where he could keep both them and the more aristocratic party of their employers in view. And there, standing quite alone, "Stubby" made his rush. In half a minute the thug was beaten. He had met far more than his match; and the two or three of his friends who tendered their assistance were gathering themselves up from the marble floor of the lobby, and wondering if there had not been a mistake.

When it was all over Mr. Roosevelt walked, still smiling, down the room, and told the "honorable" providers of this combat that he understood perfectly their connection with it, and that he was greatly obliged to them. He had not enjoyed himself more for a year.

After that the representative of the Murray Hill district was treated with the consideration which his varied talents deserved.

In one of his essays Mr. Roosevelt has taken occasion to lay the blame for a corrupt legislature where it properly belongs; and he does it in the most graphic manner imaginable. A young man had done good and honest work in the legislature, but had by no means been the pliant tool

of the politicians that bad government required, and so a combination was made to defeat him. Mr. Roosevelt undertook to assist his friend to a return, in spite of the opposition. A voter, a man of large interests, was inveighing bitterly against the tyranny of politicians who should conspire for the young man's overthrow, and Mr. Roosevelt said to him:

"Of course you will stay at the polls all day, and work for his reëlection?"

"Unfortunately," said the citizen who yearned for better government, "I have an engagement to go quail-shooting next Tuesday."

The moral Mr. Roosevelt tried to convey was that lawmakers and officials generally were quite what the public made them; and that, above all things, the legislator was representative of the people who employed him.

He had learned the men with whom he served. Some he could trust. Some he must fight. And he took up his tasks accordingly. He became in a month, without the aid of any caucus, the leader of the minority—and the best hated man in Albany.

He found a large number of men who were good enough in themselves, but who were

"owned" by some interest or some man desiring favors at the hands of the legislators. These men would act with their party, whichever it might be, on what were regarded as unimportant matters—that is, matters touching the general good of the people. But they were held to a strict accountability whenever really vital matters were concerned. "Vital matters" were those only which touched the pockets of the men who owned the assemblymen. Some idea of the method employed by Mr. Roosevelt in this phase of his activity may be gleaned from a passage in his essay on "Phases of State Legislation."

"On one occasion there came before a committee of which I happened to be a member, a perfectly proper bill in the interest of a certain corporation. The majority of the committee, six in number, were thoroughly bad men, who opposed the measure in the hope of being paid to cease their opposition. When I consented to take charge of the bill I had stipulated that not one penny should be paid to insure its passage. It therefore became necessary to see what pressure could be brought to bear on the recalcitrant members; and, accordingly, we had to find out who were the authors and sponsors of their polit-

ical being. Three proved to be under the control of local statesmen of the same party as themselves, and of equally bad moral character. One was ruled by a politician of unsavory reputation from a different city. The fifth, a Democrat, was owned by a Republican Federal official; and the sixth by the president of a horse-car company. A couple of letters from these two magnates forced the last members mentioned to change front on the bill with surprising alacrity."

But there was another side to his life in the assembly. He met there many men who were earnest and honest, and some who were efficient in securing the legislation they believed best for the public of the State, as well as for their constituents. Some labored without a thought of their future political prospects, or a present pecuniary reward. And while he approved them, he was forced to declare that they were not very well used by their constituents. Yet in the final conclusion of the whole matter he says the chances of a man's being retained in the public service are about ten per cent. better when he is honest than when he is dishonest, other things being equal.

There was at times a distinctively humorous

view of the life. Men like Roosevelt liked the excitement, and the perpetual conflict. He has said in later years: "War and politics—those are the two greatest games." He liked to put forth his full powers to reach his ends; and if he was at times saddened or angered by the viciousness or the ignorance of his colleagues, yet the latter at times unwittingly furnished him a good deal of fun. For one thing, there was a deadlock in the attempt to organize the legislature of 1882. The Democrats were in a majority, but a faction fight had rent the party in twain; and days were passed without anything being accomplished. Finally, one day the leaders of the county faction sent to the leaders of the Tammany faction a proposition plainly headed: "An Ultimatum." The word had the appearance of Latin. It was unusual. It was regarded with suspicion, because it was, in the judgment of the men addressed, plainly meant as an insult. And they replied next day with a counter proposition splendidly answering the base calumniation of yesterday by a title as follows: "An Ipse Dixit to Your Ultimatum."

One day a very fervid orator was speaking in favor of a bill supposed to be directed against

the contract labor system, and he wound up a sufficiently remarkable oration with the still more startling assertion that the system was "a vital cobra which was swamping the lives of the workingmen."

Among the less desirable elements in the assembly there came to be a sort of contempt for all measures not tending to the benefit of some private person or special interest. There was a code of ethics among the corrupt which invested with dignity everything not of a public nature. Everything else was spoken of scornfully as "a local bill." Entering the chamber one day while a vote was being taken, Mr. Roosevelt asked a member on the floor: "What's up? What are they voting on?" "Oh, it's a local bill — a constitutional amendment."

Grover Cleveland became governor while Mr. Roosevelt served at Albany, and on one occasion vetoed a bill relating to the control of street-car companies. One of the assemblymen, discussing the veto, in an attempt to pass the measure notwithstanding its disapproval by the State executive, cried impressively:

"Mr. Speaker, I recognize the hand that crops out in that veto. I have heard it before."

Some of the members from the lower New York districts had caught up the word "shibboleth," and seemed to regard it as a more correct name for their national weapon, the shillalah; and the mistakes they made in consequence provided Mr. Roosevelt and his friends with food for laughter all the rest of the session.

The chairman of one of the committees was a pompous, good-natured Colonel from the Rochester district. He was given to indulgence in wine; and on one occasion came, rather the worse for his potations, to a meeting of the committee which was to receive a delegation of citizens. The spokesman was a burly fellow, and the Colonel, not very sure of his seat—nor of anything else—glared at him malevolently. But the visitor's oratory had a soporific effect; and the Colonel drifted away into unconsciousness. Presently the orator, who had warmed to his work, began hammering the table, and bawling at a great rate. The Colonel was roused from his sleep. He looked around, realized some phases of the situation, partially remembered the orator, and came to the conclusion that he had seen that speaker on some previous day. It did not occur to him that he could have been asleep—and that

would have been a bad confession to make, in any event. So he pounded on the table with his gavel, and said:

"I've seen you before, sir."

"This is the first day I ever was here," replied the man.

"Don't tell me I lie, sir. You've addressed this committee on a previous day. I remember your face and your voice perfectly. No man shall speak to this committee twice. The committee stands adjourned."

Then there were certain legislative actions which possessed in themselves something of opera bouffe qualities. Among these were the resolutions expressing sympathy with the oppressed peoples in Europe—always couched in language offensive to some great power. One of these demanded the recall of James Russell Lowell, minister to England, because he had permitted Great Britain, without a protest, to refuse independence to Ireland.

But, in the main, Mr. Roosevelt's experience in the legislature was of very great value to him. For one thing, it developed him in precisely the direction he needed at the time. He came back from those three terms at Albany with a better

idea of men and the means to be employed in managing them; with a better idea of public life, and the means of using it for the benefit of the people, and with a far better understanding of himself. But there was a consideration still more important: he was introduced to the nation. A young man, with the handicap of wealth and lineage and good breeding, and even with a partisan majority against him, he succeeded in effecting some most important legislation. New York looked toward him hopefully. The whole country realized the fact that he was one of those referred to in these words by Lord Beaconsfield: "They have letters in their pockets addressed to posterity"; and it came to be very generally understood that these letters would be delivered.

It is but fair to glance critically at Mr. Roosevelt's work in the legislature. It was the beginning of his public career, and certainly contains an earnest of what might fairly be expected of him in the days that were to follow.

For one thing, he secured the enactment of a civil service law. He was one of that company of reformers in both great parties, of which George William Curtis, Senator Edmunds and Grover

Cleveland, the latter then governor of New York, were members. So far as the public service of the State went, the new law was the beginning of the merit system, and its advance from there to adoption in national legislation was immensely facilitated.

He secured an investigation of the county offices of the State, by which it was discovered that the principal officials in New York county were drawing nearly a million dollars a year in fees, while discharging no duties whatever; and all like offices were placed on a moderate—though adequate—salary system.

He began that inquiry into the abuse of police powers which has continued until better conditions prevail, and which will result in purity of administration, unless the people of the greatest city in the country shall be timid enough or supine enough to permit known wickedness to prevail.

He secured an amendment to the Constitution of the State taking from the aldermen of New York city the supreme executive power, and placing it in the hands of the mayor, where it belongs.

But, above all things, he made it clear that

good government was within the reach of the people if only they really desired it, and had the courage and honesty and ability to proceed to fight for it.

It was prophesied of him that he could not be reëlected at the expiration of his first term; but he had little difficulty going back—even for the third term. And it is likely he could have remained in the assembly much longer if he had so desired. But there was other work for him, and to this he turned when his task there was accomplished.

CHAPTER V.

IN NATIONAL AND CITY POLITICS.

RECOGNIZED AS A FACTOR IN NATIONAL AFFAIRS—A LEADER OF MEN, LOYAL TO THE BEST TRADITIONS OF HIS PARTY, BUT INTENSELY AN AMERICAN—MAINTAINING A SPLENDID INDEPENDENCE—THE FORLORN HOPE IN THE RACE FOR ELECTION AS MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY.

So far from his aggressive methods and independent principles proving the causes of Mr. Roosevelt's retirement from political life, as his enemies had predicted, these were the very qualities which won for him the strong endorsement of all that was good in his party organization, and among the better classes of that party's following. He had marked out for himself a very definite course, and his watchword was reform. When he retired from the legislature, he had already become a character of national interest; and so far from being consigned to private life, he was chosen as a delegate at large to the National Republican convention in 1884, and sent uninstructed to the councils of his party.

It has been humorously said of that period that it "was a time of reform, with a capital R." There was a feeling among a number of men, for whom George William Curtis, editor of *Harper's Weekly,* was a sort of spokesman, that civil service deserved more consideration than had so far been accorded it. By that term, always inaccurate, was meant a betterment of the public service by relieving it of the incubus of the spoils system. It would have been more in accordance with the end aimed at to have employed the term "merit system." For it was a known fact that most of the offices were portioned out to party followers on the basis of their party services, and wholly without regard to fitness for place. It was desired that selection and tenure might depend upon the degree of merit men possessed. With or without reason, Mr. Blaine was regarded generally as unfriendly to the cult advocated by Mr. Curtis, Mr. Andrew D. White and Mr. Roosevelt.

But Mr. Blaine was a candidate for the nomination to the presidency, and there was no sort of doubt he had marshalled an immense strength. He had been called "the magnetic statesman"; and he certainly did draw to his support a host

of politicians of most remarkable enthusiasm and energy. Because it was not believed there was much hope for the merit system in the event of Mr. Blaine's election—possibly for other reasons—his aspirations were frowned upon by Mr. Curtis and his friends—a very large and very respectable company. So that, in sending representatives to the convention, the Republicans of New York felt that no greater good could be achieved than in the defeat of Mr. Blaine. To that end, no specific directions bound the delegates. They were at liberty to use their influence in the convention in such manner as would best subserve the interests of reform in general, and to aid in the nomination of any man who stood for the aims toward which it seemed the party and the nation so certainly tended.

That meant a certain conflict with what had been regarded as fealty to party, for active managers throughout the nation were unquestionably in favor of the nomination of Mr. Blaine. But Mr. Roosevelt had long before written in his political creed: "I do not number party allegiance among the Ten Commandments."

In the face of a question of right and wrong, he recognized no loyalty to party; and he felt

the matter of right was involved in the nomination of a candidate for the presidency, because at the hour that nomination meant the approval or the condemnation of the very reform for which good men were striving.

"There are times," he had said, "when it may be the duty of a man to break with his party; and there are other times when it may be his duty to stand by his party, even when on some points he thinks that party is wrong. If we had not party allegiance our politics would become mere windy anarchy, and under present conditions our Government would hardly continue at all. If we had no independence, we should always be running the risk of the most degraded kind of despotism—the despotism of the party boss and the party machine."

Having decided that the best interests of his party and the nation demanded the defeat of Mr. Blaine in the convention, Mr. Roosevelt and his friends made a coalition with the Edmunds forces, and labored through the days preceding the assembling of delegates, to win for the Vermont statesman a sufficient number to insure a nomination. The convention met in the old Exposition building, at Chicago; and there was

a season of noise and enthusiasm from the arrival of the first delegation. Clamor and excitement were the weapons of the Blaine following, and streets and hotels and places of public gathering were loud with hurrahs for "the man from Maine," and good-humored challenges to his enemies. The opponents of Mr. Blaine had no means of employing a similar plan of battle, for they had no candidate about whom the young men and the energetic party workers could rally as they could about that remarkable character. There was an abundance of stubborn antagonism to the Blaine advance, but it was rather of the negative sort. President Arthur was a candidate for renomination, but he had been a friend of Senator Conkling; and no man warm in support of Mr. Blaine could possibly be induced to endorse Mr. Arthur.

Senator Edmunds was regarded, the country over, as a type of purity and ability in statesmanship. It was quite generally believed that he represented elements quite the reverse of those for which Mr. Blaine stood. And it was largely owing to the efforts of Mr. Roosevelt that the New York delegation was recognized as the major part of Mr. Edmunds' strength.

The convention was notable, even in the history of national assemblies. The room was the same as that in which the Grant forces had gone down four years before, grim and defiant even in defeat. And yet John A. Logan, one of the three men who led that "old guard," the famous three hundred and six, was here as a candidate, and perfectly able to capture—at the very least—the second place on the ticket. Mr. Roosevelt was accorded place with the Committee on Resolutions. He laid little claim to a part in the formulation of the platform, for there had never been a doubt in his mind that the man to be chosen was far more clearly indicative of the policy of the party than any declaration of principles that might be made. And he devoted his energies to bringing about a coalition between the forces of President Arthur and those of Mr. Edmunds. The result was that the latter went into the convention second in strength to "the plumed knight," a title that Mr. Blaine had worn since his nomination at Cincinnati by Colonel Ingersoll in 1876.

The student of practical politics will be interested to turn back the files of some daily paper, and read the record of that convention. There

was a struggle at the beginning for the selection of a temporary chairman. The name of Mr. Lynch, a colored man from Louisiana, had been put forward, and there was a sentiment that this was for the purpose of flattering the colored men in the convention, with no purpose of doing more than to bestow honorable mention. But in a twinkling the vote of Illinois, well held in the hand of General Logan, was added to the strength of the black man, and he was chosen to the position. The act had the double effect of winning the good will of the colored delegates to General Logan, in whatever service he might need them, and of convincing the Blaine following that the Illinois man would have to be reckoned with, whatever contingencies might arise.

When Mr. Roosevelt saw the result of that vote, he got up from the floor of the convention, and went out to the committee room, where he met a number of his confrères.

"Blaine will be nominated," he said.

"Why?" asked one of the most experienced politicians of the country.

"Because Logan has made it possible."

It was looked upon as the emotional estimate of a young man, new to practical politics. The

leaders of the anti-Blaine contingent believed themselves spokesmen of all that was reputable and the custodians of all that was honorable in their party. And it was difficult for them to believe that the representatives chosen by that party in every section of the country could refuse to follow them.

But the young man from New York, the young man who had shattered the ring that had been sending assemblymen from Murray Hill, and who had forced a merit law through a hostile legislature, was right.

Mr. Blaine was nominated.

The first day of the convention was taken up in temporary organization. The second saw the wrangle over a platform, and the debate which waked when the attempt was made to pledge every member of the convention to the support of the ticket to be nominated. And at 10 o'clock on the morning of June 5, 1884, the hour for conflict had come. In the first ballot Mr. Blaine led, with Mr. Edmunds a close second, and the following list of "favorite sons" trailing away with unimportant votes: Arthur, Logan, Hawley, W. T. Sherman and Robert Lincoln.

The second ballot showed a decided gain for

the man from Maine. Mr. Roosevelt and his friends worked as they never had worked before, for they believed the nomination of that man meant the defeat of the party at the polls; but it was to no avail. The organization of the Blaine forces had been far too thorough. Not only were the delegates in general infected with that enthusiasm which roused wherever his name was mentioned, but a careful reading of the reports, as well as the testimony of those—still living—who attended the convention, is to the effect that the galleries were packed with Blaine adherents. When "nominations were in order," Edmund's name evoked a decorous and respectable cheering. President Arthur's nomination was greeted with all the applause which Federal officials, grateful for favors expected, could give it. Robert Lincoln won but a perfunctory greeting. But when the blind preacher from Ohio told of the matchless qualities of James G. Blaine, there was a continuous and deafening roar of applause for the space of fifteen minutes; and it began anew at intervals, and roared again when the peroration was concluded.

Blaine was the idol of the convention!

The fourth and last ballot was as follows:

Blaine	541
Arthur	207
Edmunds	41
Logan	7
Hawley	15
Lincoln	2
	813
Necessary to a choice	407

And it seemed that the young reformer from New York had lost. Yet in the course of time it was discovered by even the most practical politicians of his party that every prophecy he had made was realized. The nominee of that convention was defeated at the polls in November—the first of his party to suffer such a fate in twenty-four years.

It is a little curious to note that in this period of his life Mr. Roosevelt was the close personal friend of Mr. Grover Cleveland, then governor of New York, and who in this same summer was nominated as the candidate of the Democrats for the presidential chair. Both were advocates of reform in politics, and that wiser reform which goes to the fact of government. To men not

fully informed as to the situation in New York State, Mr. Cleveland's doctrine may have been regarded as not wholly sincere; for he was a member of the party which, in a national way, was out of power. And it was national politics as much as state, that they sought to purify. But there was as great a degree of sincerity, very likely, in the position of the Democrat as in that of the Republican, even in the broader field. But that man who views both Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Roosevelt, in this campaign of 1884, as seekers after either state or national advantage, lacks information as to the motives that controlled them. Mr. Cleveland, because his party had long been out of power in the nation, has been accused of an ulterior motive in seconding those measures of reform in the public service for which Mr. Roosevelt so sturdily battled. And the latter has been regarded as trying for the command of forces in the Empire State. But both estimates are wrong. Mr. Cleveland could hardly have departed in so short a time from the course which had engrossed him from the beginning, for he was a "York State man"; and it is doubtful if he realized then the national possibilities that were opening before him. On the other

hand, it would be folly to accuse Mr. Roosevelt of cribbing and confining his labors to the horizon of state politics. He felt the need of reform there as much as did Mr. Curtis. But he saw the need of a national change of heart; and all his effort in the political arena was devoted to securing it.

And yet these two men were friends. They were both battling for a better government, because they both believed a better government was possible, and was—by the very exigency of the occasion—made necessary. Mr. Roosevelt was defeated in his labors at the national convention, and a campaign of noise and enthusiasm began immediately, and reminded him for five months of the failure recorded against him.

His personal friend, Mr. Cleveland, represented the very principles, so far as reform and the merit system were concerned, for which he had battled. And yet not even the most inveterate enemy of Mr. Roosevelt has ever accused him of supporting his friend in the election, at the expense of the nominee of his party.

Therein is found the realization of his doctrine that a man may at times follow the lead of

his party even when he believes it to be wrong. It may bring little comfort to the wight who expects a partisan to desert his party at each trivial offense; but it shows none the less a political sagacity which prevents a man sacrificing all his influence by "bolting" every time his suggestions are not engrafted into law. It is a temptation peculiarly seductive to young men. But it failed to win this stalwart son of New York. He voted in the convention against binding the delegates to support the nominee—whoever this might be. But when that nomination was recorded, he gave his support to the ticket, so far as voting went. And had not a personal calamity—the death of his mother—fallen at this period, he would doubtless have given an even more active support to the choice of his party at Chicago.

As it was he maintained his relations with his fellows inside the organization. And though he withdrew from active intercourse with them, and devoted himself for some years to more stirring events in the far West, there was no blot on his partisan escutcheon. And when the summer of 1886 brought the demand for a candidate for the mayoral chair in the city of New

York, his was the one name used to conjure with. Grover Cleveland was President of the United States. Less than two years had elapsed since his election to that high office. Both personally and politically he was, at the hour, invincibly strong. The Democrats of the city had nominated a ticket of exceptional excellence. Hon. Abram Hewitt was chosen as the standard-bearer in the municipal fight, and he was recognized the country over as a man of clean morals and high ideals. Against him the independents nominated Henry George, then on the top wave of a popularity won with his writings. For the author of "Progress and Poverty" expressed the case of the "army of discontent"; and New York city had hailed him.

The election occurred in November, and Mr. Roosevelt met his second defeat in political life. Mr. Hewitt's vote was 90,552. That of Mr. George was 68,110, while 60,435 ballots were deposited for Mr. Roosevelt. It was, from the beginning, the most hopeless race imaginable. There was no sort of chance for the defeat of the opposing ticket, except in the retirement of the George ticket. And as the friends of that theorist insisted on his remaining in the field, Mr.

Roosevelt's showing was the least considerable of the three.

If he had been a man of ordinary timber, that would have been the last of him. He had already been recognized as a man of note. *Harper's Weekly* had been placing him in complimentary cartoons ever since the passage of the merit law at Albany, yet he had been overthrown by the voters of his city. But this was a matter of the smallest concern to him. He knew he was right, and was certain he could "bide the lapse of time." It would surely bring his justification.

Meantime he withdrew from the "madding crowd." Two years before, when the death of his wife and of his mother had combined to depress him, he had gone to the far Northwest, and established a home on the banks of the upper Missouri. He had engaged in the cattle industry. He had renewed his habit of hunting. Whether New York city elected or rejected him was a matter of the smallest importance, for he was almost more a guest than a resident in the city of his birth when his friends, to the number of more than sixty thousand, rallied to his standard in the fall of 1886.

Now, in this portion of his life, no less than

in those passages where success attended him, it is fair to take note of the man's accomplishment. In the first place it must not be understood for a moment that he went to the ranch life in the Bad Lands because of reverses in his experience. He went there when he was twenty-six years old. He had already served three terms in the assembly of his State. His wife had died, and his mother—his sole remaining parent—had followed. He was come to the time for thought. And it is a curious phase of the man's career that he turned in this hour of retirement to the employment of those attributes with which his previous study had supplied him. He thought, and he wrote. And the nomination for the mayoralty, wholly unsolicited, made small disturbance in the course of his development. He had known the sweets of victory. He had supported the crushing burden of defeat. And he had found in the great plains of the Northwest the very experience of all others that could broaden and deepen his being. He gathered there the physical power which was to provide the basis for his labors later on. He was for the time near to nature; and in that communion he gathered a quality of wisdom and of strength

which nothing else could have furnished. Some of his countrymen knew the city, with all its multifarious environment. Some knew the country, and were narrowed in their range of vision, hampered in their view. But he was gathering the material and arriving at the view-point which should equip him for judging and weighing composite matters later on.

Some men are great in victory, but not so constituted as to brook reverses. Of these was Senator Conkling, of Mr. Roosevelt's own State. Some are developed while continually oppressed by adverse majorities. Of these was Mr. Henry George, who contributed to Mr. Roosevelt's defeat. But here was a man superior to the variations of fortune, and steadfast alone in his progress toward the one ideal. He stood for good government as much as in the days of his successes at Albany. He helped the nation to better citizenship by realizing a better Americanism himself. And in these years when failure confronted him he proved the metal that was in him more than ever he had done in the days of his most exuberant triumph.

CHAPTER VI.

RANCHING IN THE BAD LANDS.

COMRADE WITH THE COWBOYS — WINS THE CONFIDENCE AND ESTEEM OF HUNTERS, RANCHMEN AND PIONEERS—"BUSTING" BRONCHOS — ADVENTURES WITH WILD BEASTS — THRILLING FIGHT WITH A GRIZZLY.

The adventurous spirit was surely a part of Theodore Roosevelt's heritage; and when, after the completion of his college course, he felt that life had given him the world as the field of his activities, he naturally felt a desire for so much spice of adventure as prudence and good judgment would permit. Those were "piping times of peace." There was no war with which his country was concerned; and he was far from the type of fortune's soldier who makes the cause of distant peoples his vital concern. He could find too much of utility nearer home.

There were no gold-fields. In the busy years when the American Republic was gathering for the world-empire which has come to it later,

the man of adventurous spirit was hard pressed to employ his energies.

It happened in this period that great ranches were being established in the far Northwest. Before the Civil War the plains of Texas had been dotted with cattle. Little attention was paid to them until the latter days of that struggle. Then it was found that beef of any kind was rare and difficult to get. The herds of Texas became the commissary of two armies, and, when the war was over, sagacious men took the hint and began to engage in the cattle business. At first Texas remained the breeding ground. Ranchmen drove their young cattle north for three years of feeding before shipping them to market. But as the years passed they found the "range" taken up. The trail from the Panhandle of Texas to the pasture lands of the North had been strung with barbed wire of farmers; and the cattlemen had to find preserves of their own. That forced the development of the Upper Missouri country. And the coincident building of the Northern Pacific Railroad provided a means of reaching markets.

Scores of ranches were opened in that new country, lately wrested from the Indians. The

Marquis de Mores, a picturesque Frenchman, was one of those who took advantage of the fortune offered, and he spent a magnificent *dot* establishing the town of Medora, an abortive city crowned with the name of his wife.

Mr. Roosevelt, fretting at the irksomeness of the law as a study, realizing vaguely the greater career that was in store for him, cast his eyes to the one Eldorado which promised scope for his energy and fuel for those fires of adventure which burned within him, went to the "Bad Lands," and engaged in the life of a rancher. It was with no purpose of gaining wealth. While by no means one of the rich men of the nation, since wealth had come to be measured in millions, he had still no need to earn a competence. But there was a breadth and freedom, a romance and exhilaration in the prospect which attracted him.

So he established himself on the Little Missouri, and opened two cattle ranches. One was called "Chimney Butte"; the other "The Elkhorn." Here at intervals, for years, he lived a life of vigor and activity, developing those lungs that had suffered somewhat in the labor of study, and the living in cities; and wakened as

well that resourcefulness in danger, that self-reliance and the power to combat which his future career was to require.

At the same time he passed there many delightful months. There was absolutely no limit to the range he might ride. Remember it was in the early eighties, when every day was a test of endurance, and every night a demonstration of courage. It is little wonder if the tonic quality of the great Northwest entered into his frame, and added both to his stature and his strength. Mr. Roosevelt has himself laughingly said he made little money on his cattle ranches. But he won something that cannot be measured in money; for he gave himself, at the only period when the time was at his command, the precise form of development that has proven so valuable in his later life—and that will arm him to the end.

There was adventure in plenty. A fragment, taken from his own book, "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," gives a brief but vivid suggestion of the kind of life he led. Together with a companion, he had started on the trail of a huge grizzly bear. "We could still follow the tracks by the slight scrapes of the claws on the bark, or by the bent and broken twigs; and we ad-

STARTING FOR THE HUNT, KEYSTONE RANCH

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vanced with noiseless caution, slowly climbing over dead trunks and upturned stumps, and not letting a branch rustle or catch our clothes. When in the middle of the thicket we crossed what was almost a breastwork of fallen logs, and Merrifield, who was leading, paused by the upright stem of a large pine. And there, not ten steps off, was the great bear, slowly rising from his bed among the young spruces. He had heard us, but apparently hardly knew where or what we were, for he reared up on his haunches sidewise to us. Then he saw us, and dropped down again on all fours, the shaggy hair on his neck and shoulders seeming to bristle as he turned toward us. As he sank down on his forefeet I raised the rifle. His head was bent slightly down, and when I saw the top of the white head fairly between the small, glittering, evil eyes, I pulled trigger. Half rising up, the huge beast fell over on his side in the death-throes, the ball having gone into his brain, striking as fairly between the eyes as if the distance had been measured by a carpenter's rule. The whole thing was over in twenty seconds from the time I sighted the game."

There come times, however, when the hunter

becomes the hunted—a circumstance that has been noted by pursuers of big game in other lands. Mr. Roosevelt has enjoyed the distinction of even this experience. It is pretty well conceded by sportsmen generally that of all animals on this continent the one most dangerous is a grizzly bear when wounded. Few men, in such trial, have escaped with their lives. It is still more remarkable to have come away scatheless. And yet that was the good fortune of this man; and the story cannot be better told than in the language which he has himself employed in describing the adventure.

"I held true, aiming behind the shoulder," he says in the course of his report of a hunt in Idaho, "and my bullet shattered the point or lower end of his heart, taking out a big nick. Instantly the great bear turned with a hoarse roar of fury and challenge, blowing the bloody foam from his mouth, so that I saw the gleam of his white fangs; and then he charged straight at me, crashing and bounding through the laurel bushes, so that it was hard to aim. I waited till he came to a fallen tree, raking him as he topped it, with a ball which entered his chest and went through the cavity of his body; but he neither

swerved nor flinched, and at the moment I did not know that I had struck him. He came steadily on, and in another moment was almost upon me. I fired for his forehead, but my bullet went low, smashing his lower jaw and going into the neck. I leaped to one side almost as I pulled the trigger; and through the hanging smoke the first thing I saw was his paw, as he made a vicious side blow at me. The rush of his charge carried him past. As he struck he lurched forward, leaving a pool of bright blood where his muzzle hit the ground; but he recovered himself and made two or three jumps onward, while I hurriedly jammed a couple of cartridges into the magazine, my rifle holding but four, all of which I had fired. Then he tried to pull up; but as he did so, his muscles seemed suddenly to give way, his head drooped, and he rolled over and over like a shot rabbit. Each of my first two bullets had inflicted a mortal wound."

It has all the thrill of an excerpt from the journal of Lewis and Clarke, with the simple directness of narration which might be expected from a man who appreciated the peril he had been in, and was too sensible for boasting.

Thrilling as are the stories, however, it is cer-

tain that hunting did not make up the bulk of activity in ranching. The cattle ranged pretty much at will over mountain, valley and plain, the cowboys keeping track of them with a sagacity that did not embrace the labor of counting, and with a care which protected the stock at night, and in case of storms. The ponies were of the small, wiry kind which move quickly, and can turn like a flash in the process of "cutting out" a steer or cow from a herd where it does not belong. The exigencies of the cattle business rendered necessary the presence of eighty ponies on Mr. Roosevelt's two ranches. Besides these were a number of larger horses, for the use of the owner or the foreman. There was plenty of work, and every day brought its cares. In the branding season there was scarcely any rest, night or day, for the riding was hard, and almost incessant. But Mr. Roosevelt seemed to thrive on the open air and the exercise, and always returned from his trips to his ranches greatly improved in health, and with added zest for the activities of the more populous East.

Some idea of his life on the ranch will be of interest to the reader. It was a type of the habit and occupation of all engaged in similar enter-

prises, with the exception that the interior of his ranch house bore some evidences of a taste and training, some reminders of another environment, which were almost unknown in the homes of cattle men in the Bad Lands. His house—the one chosen and occupied as his residence—stood on the brink of the Little Missouri river. From the low, long veranda, shaded by leafy cottonwoods, one could look across sand-bars and shallows to a strip of meadow land, behind which rose a line of sheer cliffs and grassy plateaus. The veranda was a pleasant place in the summer evenings, when a cool breeze stirred along the river, and blew in the faces of the tired men.

The one-story house of hewn logs was clean and neat, with many rooms, so that each member of the household might be alone if he wished it. The nights, even in summer, were cool and pleasant, and there were plenty of bearskins and buffalo robes, many of them trophies of Mr. Roosevelt's own skill with the rifle; and with these one might bid defiance even to the bitter cold of winter. In all seasons, when at the ranch, he was visited by friends from the East; and in winter the long evenings were spent sitting around the great fireplace where the pine

logs roared and crackled. Rifles stood in the corners of the room, or rested across elk antlers which jutted from over the fireplace. Heavy overcoats of wolf-skin or coon-skin, and caps and gauntlets made from the fur of otter or beaver, hung from deer horns ranged along the wall, or thrust into beams and rafters.

The traveler across those plains, which seemed like desolate wastes, would expect no entertainment further than food and lodging, even at the most pretentious of ranches. But in this home of the Harvard man there were books of the best, magazines from Eastern cities, and newspapers from every capital in Europe. The mail-carrier did not come daily, and was not entirely certain to arrive within the interval of a week. But when he did come, he was very certain to bring letters from prominent men in every section of the nation; the freshest product of the great publishers, and pictures that could enlighten the gloom of any home. "Rough board shelves," says Mr. Roosevelt, in his charming "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," "hold a number of books without which some of the evenings would be long indeed. No ranchman who loves sport"—and nearly every one of them does—

"can afford to be without Van Dyke's 'Still Hunter,' Dodge's 'Plains of the Great West,' or Caton's 'Deer and Antelope of America'; and Coues' 'Birds of the Northwest' will be valued if he cares at all for natural history. As for Irving, Hawthorne, Cooper, Lowell, and the other standbys, I suppose no man, either East or West, would willingly be long without them. And for lighter reading there are dreamy Ik Marvel, Burroughs' breezy pages, and the quaint, pathetic character sketches of the Southern writers—Cable, Craddock, Macon, Joel Chandler Harris, and sweet Sherwood Bonner. And when one is in the Bad Lands, he feels as if they somehow look just exactly as Poe's tales and poems sound."

There is a picture of the inner life of the man while engaged in a vocation that seems little related to the finer sensibilities. It may be this home was not typical of the ranches in general; and yet, since the men engaged in business there were for the most part men of means, who had been accustomed to refinements of life elsewhere, it is likely this view of Chimney Butte in some fair measure typifies the domestic provision of the ranchmen in general.

But it accentuates this fact: A man carries his character with him. And it seems to have been impossible for this man to leave behind him at any time the bond that holds the true American to the interests and activities of the nation. An effect of it was that when he returned to the East, it was by no means the coming from the banishment that his friends there imagined. They had little of importance to tell him. He had kept pace with events, as they had; and even the comment of the world was in his possession. It may have been a wise dispensation of Providence which denied large financial returns to the men who risked such fortunes, and expended such effort in developing the cattle country of the Northwest. There is just a possibility that much prosperity would have diverted Mr. Roosevelt, at least for some years, from these public labors in his native State which came to make up so much of his subsequent life. But, in any event, neither the distance from the center of government nor the exactions of ranch life left a void in his career. He must have been an exceedingly industrious man; for in the years while there in the Bad Lands, he did much of the writing which has proved him a master of composi-

"BUSTING" A BRONCHO

tion, as well as a man of the most tireless action. As in the case of all new countries, there was a very lax moral code in the Bad Lands at the time Mr. Roosevelt established himself there as a ranchman. It had been the habit of some cowboys to drive into the herds they were keeping any stray cattle they encountered in riding about the range; and it was equally the habit of some ranchmen, even with knowledge of this irregular possession, to accept the "findings" and have the animals branded as their own.

One of the first rules enunciated by Mr. Roosevelt was that his cowboys would not be permitted to "rustle." That is, they should not permit cattle not his own to come into his herds. He was very positive about this, and his riders acted accordingly. But there was another rule, equally positive. He would permit no man to take cattle belonging to him. The habit had become too well established for instant breaking, and his stock continued to be stolen. He established one case very clearly, and with one of his men rode two weeks straight after the two culprits who had robbed him, captured them, brought them back to Medora, and sent both to the penitentiary at Mandan.

That was the end of the "rustling" in the Bad Lands. He established a better grade of morals than had existed before; and he quickened the sense of respect for law and order throughout the whole cattle country.

As to the details of ranch work, he has himself left a sufficient record. In one of his volumes he gives a most graphic description of the now almost forgotten "round-up." "A ranchman is kept busy most of the time, but his hardest work comes with the spring and fall round-ups, when the calves are branded, or the beeves gathered for market. Our round-up district includes the Beaver and Little Beaver creeks. All the ranches along the line of these two creeks, and the river spaces between, join in sending from one to four men to the round-up, each man taking eight ponies; and for every six or seven men there will be a four-horse wagon to carry the blankets and mess kit. The whole, including perhaps forty or fifty cowboys, is under the head of one first-class foreman, styled the captain of the round-up.

"Beginning at one end of the line, the cowboys, divided into small parties, scour the neighboring country, and in the evening come to the

appointed place with all the cattle they have seen. This big herd, together with the pony herd, is guarded and watched all night, and driven during the day. At each home ranch, where there is always a large corral fitted for the purpose, all the cattle of that brand are cut out from the rest of the herd, which is to continue its journey, and the cows and calves are driven into the corral, where the latter are roped, thrown and branded.

"Cutting out cattle, next to managing a stampeded herd at night, is that part of the cowboy's work needing the boldest and most skilful horsemanship. A young heifer or steer is very loath to leave the herd, always tries to break back into it, can run like a deer, and can dodge like a rabbit. But a thorough cattle-pony enjoys the work as much as its rider, and follows the beast like a four-footed fate through every double and turn. When the work is over for the day, the men gather around the fire for an hour or two to sing songs, talk, smoke and tell stories. And he who has a good voice, or better still, can play the fiddle or banjo, is sure to receive his meed of most sincere homage."

The ranchman and the cowboy, as these were

known twenty to thirty years ago, have passed away. The great ranges have been cut into smaller holdings, and railways run through most of the regions where formerly herds of thousands found their food in summer, and their shelter in winter. No great fortunes will ever again be invested in that enterprise, as was the case from 1875 to 1885. In a smaller way, and with more modest requirements as to invested capital, it will continue indefinitely. But the old régime has passed away in Montana as effectively as in Kansas or Nebraska. The round-up has become a thing of the past—in any large and impressive sense. But there will be no better description of it written than this by a man who learned the business from beginning to end, who mastered it, who drew from it all the pleasures and benefits it could afford, and who saw and appreciated every graphic and interesting detail in its category.

For one thing, Mr. Roosevelt's life as a ranchman in the Bad Lands afforded him some practical ideas on the much-mooted Indian question. It has been a part of his good fortune, apparently, to find in the phases of a varied

experience some actual data which will prove useful in his present larger public career.

When his cattle came to the Little Missouri country, the region was inhabited by less than a score of white hunters, and a good many Indians ranged across the plains at all times, and in every direction. The title of the white hunters was certainly as good as that of the Indians to the lands claimed by the latter. Yet nobody dreamed of asserting that the white hunters owned the country, or that they could hold it against the advance of subsequent settlers. Each could have filed his claim to a quarter-section of land—160 acres—under the laws of the nation, and might have held that much against any imaginable power. But there was no reason for his monopolizing more. "And," Mr. Roosevelt declares, "the Indians should be treated in just the same way that we treat the white settlers. Give each his claim to a quarter-section. If, as generally happens, he should decline this, then let him share the fate of the thousands of white hunters who have lived on the game that the settlement of the country has exterminated, and let him, like these whites who will not work, perish from the face of the earth which he encumbers.

The doctrine seems merciless, and so it is. But it is just and rational, for all that. It does not do to be too merciful to the few at the cost of justice to the many. The cattlemen at least keep herds and build houses on the land. Yet I would not for a moment debar settlers from the right of entry to the cattle country, though their coming in means the destruction of us and our industry."

There is a rugged justice in the sentiment, and a proof of disinterestedness which adds to the weight of the principle enunciated.

The profits in the business were at first very great; and the chances for losses were great as well. One winter of unusual severity would work sad havoc among the cattle, particularly the young heifers; and a peculiar disease was likely to attack the herd, destroying thousands in a week. But the cost of producing beef, when carried on as it was then, was very small. The charge for freight from the upper Missouri country to the market at Chicago or Omaha made up the largest item. There were no stables for that complete shelter which a farmer of the middle country, or the East, would understand by the work. The investment was chiefly for wages paid to cowboys; and these were never very

large. So that fortunes were gathered in ranching. But it is significant that there are no cattle kings, even in the country where the cattle industry has been most largely followed. The woods of Michigan and Wisconsin have produced lumber kings; the hills of Idaho and Nevada and half a dozen other States have presented mining kings to the nation, and the sugar kings and kings of various other industries abound everywhere. But the cattle king has been always a star of brief shining, and his domain has never been an extensive one. He did a great deal in the development of the frontier country, and contributed much to the food supply of the world. But he did pretty well, as a general rule, if he took out of the business as much as he put in—and enjoyed life while the occupation lasted.

As for Mr. Roosevelt's experience in ranch life, it can only be said that he was most happy in it, and that while it did not add greatly to his fortunes, it did not entail a failure. It came at a period in his life—perhaps the only one he could have found—when he had the time for it; when it fitted into the rounding and filling of his personality. In some measure it contained the elements of a special wisdom, of which he

seems to have taken advantage, and it withdrew him so far from "the madding crowd" that he had opportunity for much writing which his countrymen have very keenly enjoyed.

His "Ranch Life in the Bad Lands" was one of his most valuable ventures.

CHAPTER VII.

ROOSEVELT AS AN AUTHOR.

FIRST AUTHOR TO BECOME PRESIDENT — BEGINNING AS EDITOR OF HIS COLLEGE PAPER, HE DEVELOPS STRIKING LITERARY TALENT — SUCCESS OF HIS FIRST WORK, "NAVAL WAR OF 1812," "WINNING OF THE WEST," "THE STRENUOUS LIFE AND OTHER ESSAYS," "OLIVER CROMWELL"—A VOLUMINOUS WRITER.

For the first time in the history of America an author is at the head of the Government,—an author, too, of whom the country may well be proud. It lends a radiance to letters in the new world to have for the first citizen of the land a man who is not only a statesman and a historian but a poet as well, for in all his writings Mr. Roosevelt discovers that broad comprehension and deep sympathy with nature in all its forms that is the delight of the poet and is possessed by him alone. It is astonishing that one who has taken such an active part in the political life of the nation, as well as that of his native State and city, should have found time to produce so many volumes on subjects requiring great research as well as an intimate knowledge of the histories of

many governments and the lives of many peoples. Not only has Mr. Roosevelt in the "Winning of the West" given to the world the best record of the settlement and development of America, but he has written into the pages of that splendid work the very spirit of the nation and illumined the stirring drama of the settlement of these States with the glory of sublime patriotism which cannot fail to have a marked influence on the minds of the coming generations.

It has been claimed by some that the historian should be one in whom the faculty of the imagination was almost, if not entirely, lacking. These critics hold that history should be a colorless record of facts as they transpired, and that the thought of the author should have no place in the record of the times he would portray. If this be the true criterion by which a historian is to be judged, then is Mr. Roosevelt going far afield when he sets himself to write history. His mind is so active and his thought so positive that the compilation of facts and dates without their accompanying significance would repel him in the same measure that he is attracted by fierce battles on sea and land, and the individual in-

stances of heroism and devotion. It is this faculty of the imagination that places Mr. Roosevelt's writings on American subjects in the front rank of all our country's records and gives to his descriptions of frontier life a genuine value. Much that he has written has its foundation in actual experience, and he describes these events with a fidelity to nature and a dramatic power that must thrill the dullest reader, while to those who are familiar with the scenes and actions which make up the greater part of his books on the Far West, his writings have an indescribable fascination.

For a man who is still young Mr. Roosevelt has a large number of books to his credit. He has been barely twenty years out of college. Sixteen of these years he has spent in active and laborious public service. A man who has been a member of the Legislature, Civil-Service Commissioner, President of the Police Board of New York, Vice-President of the United States, and President, all within a score of years, could hardly be expected to be a voluminous writer. But in that period Mr. Roosevelt has published a half a dozen serious works on history and biography, three original works on hunting and

ranch life, a history of the "Rough Riders" and several volumes of essays of high character and permanent value.

Mr. Roosevelt's first venture in the field of letters (aside from a share in college journalism) was made in 1882, just two years after his graduation from Harvard, and while he was a member of the assembly of New York State. The theme chosen gives an insight into the character of the man on the threshold of a career that was eventually to terminate in the White House. He was a born patriot, and the dash and pluck of the American seamen must have appealed strongly to the fighting side of his nature. His first work, a history of "The Naval War of 1812," found a ready response among the men who go down to the sea in ships for the honor of their country's flag, and the book at once took high rank among the treatises of its kind. The demand was such as to warrant the appearance of a third edition within a year, enlarged by a chapter describing Jackson's victory at New Orleans. Of this second edition Mr. W. P. Trent, writing in the *Forum* for July, 1896, says: "This added chapter and certain remarks in the new preface are more important to the critic of

Mr. Roosevelt's work than all the rest of his interesting book, for they show that thus early the theme of his greatest work—the career and prowess of the Western frontiersman—had laid fast hold upon his imagination."

This chapter deals with the victory of Jackson and his Tennesseeans at New Orleans. The author's style here shows all the vigor, fluency and epigrammatic strength which has become so characteristic of his later utterances. It is a chapter that must be consulted by every student of American history who wishes to understand what is likely to always remain one of the most brilliant feats of arms of a nation rich in such exploits. The nervous force of Mr. Roosevelt's style found room for full play in the description of this great and brilliant battle whose story will ever be a stimulus to the lovers of heroic deeds.

In the closing paragraph of this chapter of his naval history the author pays the following tribute to General Jackson: "The American soldiers deserve great credit for doing so well, but greater credit still belongs to Andrew Jackson, who, with his cool head and quick eye, his stout heart and strong hand, stands out in history as the ablest general the United States produced

from the outbreak of the Revolution down to the beginning of the Great Rebellion." Such unqualified praise is rare in the writings of Mr. Roosevelt. He is an unusually outspoken critic, and often deals savagely with characters that have become the idols of other American writers. But his admiration for the famous Indian-fighter is unbounded. He describes the opening of the battle of New Orleans as follows : "On the 8th of December, 1814, the foremost vessels of the British fleet, among their number the great two-decker *Tonnant,* carrying the admiral's flag, anchored off the Chandeleur Islands; and as the current of the Mississippi was too strong to be easily breasted, the English leaders determined to bring their men by boats through the bayous and disembark them on the bank of the river ten miles below the wealthy city at whose capture they were aiming. There was but one thing to prevent the success of this plan, and that was the presence in the bayous of five American gunboats, manned by a hundred and eighty men and commanded by Lieutenant-Commander Catesby Jones, a very shrewd fighter. So against him was sent Captain Nicholas Lockyer with forty-five barges and nearly a thousand sailors

and marines. . . . The British rowed up with strong, swift strokes through a murderous fire of great guns and musketry; the vessels were grappled amid fierce resistance; the boarding-nettings were slashed through and cut away with furious fighting and the decks were gained; and one by one, at push of pike and cutlass stroke, the gunboats were carried in spite of their stubborn defenders; but not till more than one barge had been sunk, while the assailants had lost a hundred men, and the assailed about half as many.

"There was now nothing to hinder the landing of the troops; and as the scattered transports arrived, the soldiers disembarked and ferried through the sluggish water of the bayous on small flat-bottomed craft; and finally, December 23d, the advance-guard, two thousand strong, under General Keane, emerged at the mouth of the canal Villere and camped on the bank of the river but nine miles below New Orleans, which now seemed a certain prize, almost within their grasp.

"Yet, although a mighty and cruel foe was at their very gates, nothing save fierce defiance reigned in the fiery Creole hearts of the Crescent

City, for a master spirit was in their midst. Andrew Jackson, having utterly broken and destroyed the most powerful Indian confederacy that had ever menaced the Southwest, and having driven the haughty Spaniards from Pensacola, was now bending all the energies of his rugged intellect and indomitable will to the one object of defending New Orleans. No man could have been better fitted for the task. He had hereditary wrongs to avenge on the British, and he hated them with an implacable fury that was absolutely devoid of fear. Born and brought up among the lawless characters of the frontier, and knowing well how to deal with them, he was able to establish and preserve the strictest martial law in the city without in the least quelling the spirit of the citizens. To a restless and untiring energy he united sleepless vigilance and unquestioned military genius. Prompt to attack whenever the chance offered itself, seizing with ready grasp the slightest vantage-ground, and never giving up a foot of earth that he could keep, he yet had the patience to play a defensive game when it suited him, and with consummate skill he always followed out the scheme of warfare that was best adapted to his wild soldiery. In after

years he did to his country some good and more evil; but no true American can think of his deeds at New Orleans without profound and unmixed thankfulness."

Mr. Roosevelt's description of the troops is not less vivid and characteristic than this of their chief. He says: "Jackson's forces were small. There were two war-vessels in the river. One was the little schooner *Carolina,* manned by regular seamen, largely New Englanders. The other was the newly built ship *Louisiana,* a powerful corvette; she had no regular crew, and her officers were straining every nerve to get one from the varied ranks of the maritime population of New Orleans; long-limbed and hardy-visaged Yankees, Portuguese and Norwegian seamen from foreign merchantmen, dark-skinned Spaniards from the West Indies, swarthy Frenchmen who had served under the bold privateersman Laffitte—all alike were taken, and all alike by unflagging exertions were got into shape for battle. There were two regiments of regulars, numbering about eight hundred men, raw and not very well disciplined, but who were drilled with great care and regularity. In addition to this Jackson raised somewhat over a thou-

sand militiamen among the citizens. There were some Americans among them, but they were mostly French creoles, and one band had in its formation something that was curiously pathetic. It was composed of free men of color, who had gathered to defend the land which kept the men of their race in slavery; who were to shed their blood for the flag that symbolized to their kind not freedom but bondage; who were to die bravely as freemen, only that their brethren might live on ignobly as slaves. Surely there was never a stranger instance than this of the irony of fate."

It is curious to note that the author, who appreciated the tragedy in the act of these free negroes, fighting for the country that yet held their black brothers in bondage, was later to fight beside their descendants for the freedom of the Cubans. The fact that Mr. Roosevelt saw the pathos of the situation of the colored fighters at New Orleans throws a side-light on the tenderness of the man's nature, a quality in his character that has been lost sight of in his robust activity. That he has always believed in the right of all men to freedom is unquestioned, and that he has recognized as much as any other man

the true brotherhood of men is clear, but those unfamiliar with his private life and thought will find something new to admire in the man who was so ready to recognize at a glance an exhibition of nobility in the slave race of America at a time when a large portion of the population of the United States favored the extension of slavery, and the major portion of the remainder held no pronounced convictions either way. Mr. Roosevelt has lived in an era of great events, the greatest that have ever occurred during the life of one man. He has seen a nation lay down a million of lives and billions of treasure to establish the fact that the little handful of negroes under General Jackson had a right to bear arms under the stars and stripes; he has seen that nation send an unconquerable fleet and an army of its bravest soldiers against a foreign foe to perfect that principle in its establishment, and he has lived to take his place at the head of the nation which has had the spirit to make these sacrifices.

Mr. Roosevelt's power of graphic description, as well as his wonderful insight into the character of men is further exemplified in this chapter. Continuing, he says: "But if Jackson

had been forced to rely only on these troops, New Orleans could not have been saved. His chief hope lay in the volunteers of Tennessee, who, under their generals, Coffee and Carroll, were pushing their toilsome and weary way toward the city. Every effort was made to hurry their march through the almost impassable roads, and at last, in the very nick of time, on the 23d of December, the day on which the British troops reached the bank, the vanguard of the Tennesseeans marched into New Orleans. Gaunt of form and grim of face; with their powder-horns slung over their buckskin shirts; carrying their long rifles on their shoulders and their hunting-knives stuck in their belts; with their coonskin caps and fringed leggings; thus came the grizzly warriors of the backwoods, the heroes of the Horseshoe Bend, the victors over Spaniard and Indian, eager to pit themselves against the trained regulars of Britain, and to throw down the gage of battle to the world-renowned infantry of the island English. Accustomed to the most lawless freedom, and to giving free rein to the full violence of their passions, defiant of discipline and impatient of the slightest restraint, caring little for God and nothing for man, they

were soldiers who, under an ordinary commander, would have been fully as dangerous to themselves and their leaders as to their foes. But Andrew Jackson was of all men the one best fitted to manage such troops. Even their fierce natures quailed before the ungovernable fury of a spirit greater than their own; and their sullen stubborn wills were bent at last before his unyielding temper and iron hand. Moreover, he was one of themselves; he typified their passions and prejudices, their faults and their virtues; he shared their hardships as if he had been a common private, and, in turn, he always made them partakers in his triumphs. They admired his personal prowess with the pistol and the rifle, his unswerving loyalty to his friends, and the relentless and unceasing war that he waged alike on the foes of himself and his country. As a result they loved and feared him as few generals have ever been loved or feared; they obeyed him unhesitatingly; they followed his lead without flinching or murmuring, and they made good on the field of battle the promise their courage held out to his judgment."

Mr. Roosevelt has here not only given an excellent example of his literary style at its best,

but he has, in his estimate of Jackson, anticipated a remarkably good drawing of himself and his "Rough Riders." At twenty-three, writing of these fighting frontiersmen, he threw upon the canvas a picture that with very slight alterations might stand for an illustration of the First Regiment of United States Volunteers in the attack on Las Guasimas. The same qualities that gave General Jackson the loyal support of the lawless Tennesseeans made Roosevelt the idol of the daredevil spirits who crowded to the ranks of his unique regiment. He was a comrade to every one of them and took the hardships of the campaign with an uncomplaining good nature that was not outdone by the bravest and most patient man of command. He fought with them and with them shared the honors of victory. And in his story of "The Rough Riders" he has never intruded his own personality at the expense of any one else. This is also true of all his writings that deal with his own experiences, especially of his hunting books. The personal element is, of course, prevalent in them, but it is not obtrusive or out of perspective. There is no assumption of modesty in them, no affectation of indifference to the writer's own share in the expe-

riences and observations recorded. He is quite frankly and inevitably the chief actor in the tale, but not at all the hero. He takes his part with zest, and his personality lends a natural and constant charm to every adventure. But he is intensely interested in the game he pursues, in the country he hunts over, in his companions, in everything that presents itself to his eager and vigorous mind, to his keen and alert vision. "Had he done nothing," says one of his critics, "but write his fascinating hunting books, and lived through the experiences they relate in so simple and winning style, he would probably be more widely known in other lands than any other American save one or two." Had he not obscured his reputation as a historian by his industry in making history he would have a distinct place in the circle of American writers in that field. It remains true, however, that if his life had been less full and active his literary work would in all probability have had less value, and the value would have been less peculiar.

Mr. Roosevelt is most successful as a writer when the subject he has in hand most completely enlists his sympathies. His histories and biographies are best and most interesting where they

are the unconscious representation of the author's mind and character. He has no patience with and little charity for weakness of any sort, and where the weakness shows in a prominent character he finds no excuse for it. Theorists are his abomination, and he does not stop to consider words when discussing them. Of President Jefferson he says: "Though a man whose views and theories had a profound influence on our national life, he was perhaps the most incapable executive that ever filled the presidential chair; being almost purely visionary, he was utterly unable to grapple with the slightest actual danger, and, not even excepting his successor, Madison, it would be difficult to imagine a man less fit to guide the state with honor and safety through the stormy times that marked the opening of the present century."

But in the open, dealing with wild and picturesque figures such as the early settlers of America and their Indian foes who possessed the land before them, Mr. Roosevelt becomes an actor in the scenes he would describe, and develops surprising power as a writer of great force and clearness. In "The Winning of the West" he has contributed to literature four volumes of

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON HORSEBACK

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great historical value. He feels the forces he describes; he has been in active alliance with them; he has known in personal intimacy the survivors and present representatives of the victors in that mighty struggle, and the men who are developing what their ancestors won. His imagination is keen, his sympathies intense, his vision unclouded. There is a justness in his deductions that are often almost brutal in their plainness. "It was impossible," he declares, "long to keep peace on the border between the ever-encroaching whites and their fickle and bloodthirsty foes. The hard, reckless, often brutalized frontiersman, greedy of land and embittered by the memories of untold injuries, regarded all Indians with sullen enmity, and could not be persuaded to distinguish between the good and the bad. The central government was as powerless to restrain as to protect these far-off unruly citizens."

Into this wilderness, where men were as pitiless as the elements, and as savage as the beasts that roamed the forests, Mr. Roosevelt takes his reader with a sweep of a great dramatist and holds him fast with the graphic fervor of his recital. The vigorous personality of the

writer gives to the work its greatest charm and most permanent value.

As an essayist Mr. Roosevelt has the distinguishing feature of coining phrases that once heard cannot be forgotten. These short, crisp sentences strike upon the ear like the report of a Gatling gun and force their way into the mind as the leaden missiles of that savage little fighting-machine force themselves into the body. In "The Strenuous Life" selections of this character may be taken at random. Here are a few of the most striking:

"A life of slothful ease, a life of that peace which springs merely from lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things, is as little worthy of a nation as of an individual."

"Wisely used leisure merely means that those who possess it, being free from the necessity of working for their livelihood, are all the more bound to carry out some kind of non-remunerative work in science, in letters, in art, in exploration, in historical research—work of the type we most need in this country, the successful carrying out of which reflects most honor upon the nation."

"In the last analysis, a healthy state can only exist when the men and women who make it up lead clean, healthy, vigorous lives."

"The man must be glad to do a man's work, to dare and to do and to labor; to keep himself and to keep those dependent upon him. The woman must be the housewife, the helpmeet of the home-maker, the wise and fearless mother of many healthy children."

"When men fear work or fear righteous war, when women fear motherhood, they are on the brink of doom; and well it is that they should vanish from the earth, where they are fit subjects for the scorn of all men and women who are themselves strong and brave and high-minded."

"It is a base untruth to say that happy is the nation that has no history. Thrice happy is the nation that has a glorious history. Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory or defeat."

"Thank God for the iron in the blood of our

fathers, the men who upheld the wisdom of Lincoln, and bore sword or rifle in the army of Grant!"

"If we are to be a really great people, we must strive in good faith to play a great part in the world. We cannot avoid meeting great issues."

"The timid man, the lazy man, the man who distrusts his country, the over-civilized man, who has lost the great, fighting, masterful virtues, the ignorant man, and the man of dull mind, whose soul is incapable of feeling the mighty lift that thrills stern men with empires in their brains—all these, of course, shrink from seeing the nation undertake its new duties."

"Let us shrink from no strife, moral or physical, within or without the nation, provided we are certain that the strife is justified, for it is only through strife, through hard and dangerous endeavor, that we shall ultimately win the goal of true national greatness."

Few men have written more intimately, more poetically or more lovingly of nature in her varying moods than Mr. Roosevelt. There is a quality of sympathetic expression in the following description of the heat of a day observed from

the veranda of a Western ranch house that is scarcely paralleled in the language:

"In the hot, noon-tide hours of midsummer, the broad ranch veranda, always in the shade, is almost the only place where a man can be comfortable; but here he can sit for hours at a time, leaning back in his rocking-chair, as he reads or smokes, or with half-closed, dreamy eyes gazes across the shallow, nearly dry, river bed to the wooded bottoms opposite, and to the plateaus lying back of them. Against the sheer white faces of the cliffs, that come down without a break, the dark green tree-tops stand out in bold relief. In the hot, lifeless air all objects that are not near by seem to sway and waver. There are few sounds to break the stillness. From the upper branches of the cottonwood trees overhead, whose shimmering, tremulous leaves are hardly ever quiet, but, if the wind stirs at all, rustle and quiver and sigh all day long, comes every now and then the soft, melancholy cooing of the mourning-dove, whose voice always seems far away and expresses more than any other sound in nature the sadness of gentle, hopeless, never-ending grief. The other birds are still and very few animals move about. Now and then

the black shadow of a wheeling vulture falls on the sun-scorched ground. The cattle, that have strung down in long files from the hills, lie quietly on the sand-bars, except that some of the bulls keep traveling up and down, bellowing and routing and giving vent to long, surly grumblings as they paw the sand and toss it up with their horns. At times the horses, too, will come down to drink, and to splash and roll in the water. The prairie-dogs alone are not daunted by the heat, but sit at the mouths of their burrows with their usual pert curiosity."

Mr. Roosevelt published the "Naval History of 1812" in 1882; "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman" in 1885; "Life of Thomas Benton" in 1886; "Life of Gouverneur Morris" in 1887, both in the American Statesmen series; "Essays on Practical Politics" and "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail" in 1888. The first two volumes of his important work, "The Winning of the West," were issued in 1889. In 1890 he wrote a "History of New York City" for the Historic Town series; in 1893 "The Wilderness Hunter," and the next year published the third volume of "The Winning of the West." In 1897 he collected a volume of his essays entitled "American

Ideals," which he followed with "The Rough Riders" in 1899, and "Oliver Cromwell" and a volume of addresses entitled "The Strenuous Life" in 1890. He is also the author with Henry Cabot Lodge of "Hero Tales from American History," and he was one of the assistants of William Laird Cowles in the preparation of "The Royal Navy."

All of Mr. Roosevelt's writings are forceful and to the purpose. His ideals are as high in the jungle as in the halls of justice. He discovers the virtues even of the beasts he hunts and the dogs that trail them. He is a naturalist that will take no man's word for truth until he has investigated the subject for himself. He is a historian who does not hesitate to contradict the statement of the best established authority once he has convinced himself that there is an error in the premise. He is an essayist who voices his own convictions irrespective of the effect the utterance will have on his own personal ambitions. He is a writer who would be dangerous were he less honest, and offensive were he not certain of his facts before he ventures to express an opinion.

Mr. Roosevelt has never neglected to chroni-

cle his experiences whenever those experiences have been of sufficient value to be of interest or use in the world. He has lived a life of wonderful activity and the world has the benefit of all he has learned—all he has enjoyed. His sufferings he has kept to himself.

CHAPTER VIII.

HOME LIFE AND RELIGIOUS TENDENCIES.

ROMANCE OF HIS BOYHOOD—IN THE HOME AND FAMILY—"ALL CHILDREN SHOULD HAVE JUST AS GOOD A TIME AS THEY POSSIBLY CAN"—HOLDING TO THE FAITH OF HIS FATHERS—AN AMERICAN CITIZEN CAN TAKE HIS BIBLE AND THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES INTO THE CAUCUS.

In a famous sermon Henry Ward Beecher once exclaimed: "Blessed is the man who has a grandfather!" The student who seeks for the underlying principle of Theodore Roosevelt's home life must go back to his ancestry to secure it. He is no worshiper of name. Neither he nor Mr. Beecher could have had any patience with the profligate who would expect an honorable lineage to excuse a life of inaction or of evil. Yet both realized the value of a creditable ancestry.

As a boy Theodore Roosevelt was the heir not only of wealth and social position, but of a long-established habit of good sense in the training of children. In looking at his home life it is well to remember that, while ever since the beginning

of the seventeenth century to the close of the nineteenth, the name has been honorably associated with history, no Roosevelt has in all that time disgraced the family, nor defied the laws of the State. There is something of value in such an ancestry as that; and in the sense that it tended to develop the best that was in the child one might well say it was fortunate to have "had a grandfather." The sons of this family had always been taught the value of personal endeavor. Idleness had not been permitted, because to permit it had been clearly recognized as the greatest unkindness that could have been inflicted. But it was a reasonable and healthful industry that was enforced, for the effect was to cultivate a habit of and a love for diligence. The children did not need to be driven. Work was never made drudgery to them. And play was by no means discouraged. A very active interest in current affairs was cultivated; and the result of it all has been that the Roosevelts were healthy and strong men, invariably devoted to home life, and always taking an active part in the affairs of the community.

It was no wonder that such an ancestry should have produced an ideal home for this lad.

It has been said that he was far from being robust in physical power, but that he gradually overcame this deficiency, so that at the time of entering Harvard College he gave good promise of fully equalling his classmates. Much of this betterment was due to his father's sensible rule of providing plenty of exercise. There was a country home at Oyster Bay (now the possession of President Roosevelt) and there the children played through their vacations, getting the benefit of pure air, healthful food and abundant exercise. Elliott Roosevelt was the elder of the two brothers, and far the stronger in those distant days of childhood. Both boys were venturesome, and found many an opportunity for testing courage and resource. The bay was before them, the woods behind. There were boats and horses, the pleasure of fishing and of hunting, and the daily opportunity for outdoor exercise which is so necessary to the proper development of a child.

But there was another side of the home life that should not be overlooked. There was a perfect understanding between the father and his children. The mother was no distant and unapproachable being, but was their friend. There

was no place in the world where they could have a better time than at home. The most perfect freedom was accorded them, and the hand which held them in check was so skilfully gloved with persuasion or was so diverting that they did not feel the restraint. The one thing they did feel from the beginning was that they must do right; that boys must be brave, and that all must be truthful. They were no more models, perhaps, than other children trained in the same manner. But it is doubtful if any children ever grew up more thoroughly grounded in truthfulness, in fairness and honesty.

There were books in plenty, and the habit of reading was cultivated. Both father and mother went with the children in their excursions in history; joined them in the interesting study of birds and beasts; so that a love for biography, and for the study of other nations and other times, and a keen appreciation of natural history, all became elements in the training of these children—in the home life of young Theodore Roosevelt.

To it may be traced in large measure his own views on the proper treatment of children. In the course of a recent paper he has stated the

essence of those views: "All children should have just as good a time as they possibly can." For he has seen the truth—that out of a happy and innocent boyhood a happy and useful manhood is most likely to come.

It has been said that young Theodore and little Edith Carow formed a childish attachment even in the days when they played about the trees and fountains of Union Square, and the reader has learned that Mr. Roosevelt later, while a student at Harvard, met Miss Alice Lee, a beautiful young woman of Boston. Their marriage followed closely upon his graduation, and they enjoyed a year of travel and reading in Europe. A daughter, Alice, was born to them, and the home life of this young man promised to be as happy and as nearly ideal as that of his fathers before him had been. But death took his wife in the summer of 1884; and shortly afterward he suffered the loss of his mother. His father had died some years before. Thereafter for three years his home life was that of a man deprived of the joys to which husband and father is entitled, yet in all ways true to the ideals of manliness and integrity which had been set before him from the beginning. Little Alice was

cared for in the home of her grandparents, in Boston, and Mr. Roosevelt turned from the fireside that had been so large a part of his life, and went to the West. He hunted, rode horseback, took an active interest in the moral and material building up of the new regions around the headwaters of the Missouri river, and he engaged in such reading and thought as were best calculated to broaden and fit him for greater duties when their day should come.

Meantime Edith Kermit Carow had grown to womanhood, had graduated from the schools that were selected for her, and had traveled a great deal abroad. She was heard of now and then in Berlin, in Paris and in London, but spent the greater portion of each year at the home of her parents in New York. The childish romance in which her life and that of Theodore Roosevelt were formerly united had been laid away among those tender, clinging memories which a woman cherishes but does not discuss, and she had become a favorite in the very exclusive circles which she frequented. When the news of Mrs. Roosevelt's death was received there was no sincerer mourner than she. But two years later the old association was renewed, and the girl who

had played with Theodore Roosevelt in the shade of Union Square's trees became his second wife.

The personality of a wife is a subject that cannot be discussed recklessly. It is enough to say that Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt is modest and retiring, devoted to her husband, and almost wholly engrossed by the duties of her home. She who reigned as a belle through three successive seasons has become the ideal mother of five happy, healthy children, and is now a most gracious mistress of the White House—a charming "first lady of the land." She is accomplished, possessed of that gentle voice which is "an excellent thing in woman," and far removed from the arrogance which in one weaker might go with so high a station.

Nothing more complimentary can be said of her than that she is sensible; nothing more honorable than that she is an ideal American mother, and nothing more convincing than that Alice Roosevelt, child of that first marriage, is fully and lovingly established as a daughter of this later home.

With all the elements that go to make up the character of President Roosevelt, the religious tendencies should by no means be overlooked.

He is a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, and has attended the services of that communion since he was a child. His parents must have accepted a broad and reasonable rendering of the precept which directed them to bring up their children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," for this man who has met all problems of life with courage and decision, has measured his deeds by the standard of a practical and perfect faith. The great tenets of the Christian religion are the tenets of his creed. He does no evil. He seeks that which is good. He renders unto every man the things that belong to that man—and he takes his own with an honesty which is not hypocritical enough to permit self-effacement.

The church organization to which Mr. Roosevelt belongs has a very honorable history. Most of the people of Holland still adhere to it, and its devotees are found all over the world. In the United States they have establishments in every considerable city. The form of government is Presbyterian. Four hundred years ago the people of Holland wavered between the Lutheran and the Reformed churches. In 1571 they publicly professed their allegiance to the latter. As

OF
CALIFORNIA

PRESIDENT AND MRS. ROOSEVELT WITH FAMILY

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long as they were under the sway of Spain they abstained from the use of the word "reformed," but when freedom had been achieved they made their choice, and set an example which was later expressed in America—the right to "worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences."

The life of Theodore Roosevelt brings much for the encouragement of the practical Christian. There is no cant in his composition. He belongs to the Church, and attends in observance upon its ordinances. He contributes to the support of that gospel which was the consolation of his ancestors, both in the fatherland and in this newer country which began almost with the establishment of the Roosevelt family. But, aside from this, the man's life has been an example of the living which those precepts enjoin. Above all things, he is genuine and honest. He is as fearless as were the prophets of old, and as insistent on absolute justice between man and man as even the first of the Judges could have been. Being intensely practical, he holds that religion of little value which does not make men and women better; which does not lead them into right lives, and keep them in happiness.

In September, 1901, less than a week before that assassination of President McKinley which for the third time in American history placed a Vice-President in the chief executive's chair, Mr. Roosevelt was in Chicago and remained there over Sunday. Many demands were made upon his time. He was then Vice-President, and a figure so commanding that influential men sought him continually. But in the early hours of that Sabbath day he disregarded social and political obligations, went to Trinity Reformed Church, on Marshfield avenue, and joined in the worship according to the familiar forms that had been a part of his life from the beginning. At the conclusion of a short sermon the pastor invited him into the pulpit, and there he addressed the congregation. His militant Christianity was evidenced in the very first words he uttered: "Be ye doers of the Word, and not hearers only." It was the message of a man who cares little for profession, but much for performance. It was the command uttered nineteen hundred years ago by One who condemned the boastful Pharisee, yet recognized the honest effort to do right when he uttered the exclamation: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

In that modest address, which has been styled a sermon, Mr. Roosevelt said: "We must be doers—not hearers only. I am sure every one who tries to be a good Christian must feel a peculiar shame when he sees a hypocrite, or one who so conducts himself as to bring reproach upon Christianity. The man who observes all the ceremonials of the laws of the church but who does not carry them out in his daily life, is not a true Christian. To be doers of the Word it is necessary that we must be first hearers of the Word. Yet attendance at church is not enough. We must learn the lessons. We must study the Bible, but we must not let it end there. We must apply it in active life. The first duty of a man is to his own house. The necessity of heroic action on a great scale arises but seldom, but the humdrum of life is with us every day.

"In business and in work, if you let Christianity stop as you go out of the church door, there is little righteousness in you. You must behave to your fellowmen as you would have them behave to you. You must have pride in your work if you would succeed. A man should get justice for himself, but he should also do justice to others. Help a man to help himself,

but do not expend all your efforts in helping a man who will not help himself."

Later in the day he spoke to the Gideon Band as follows: "The Christianity that counts is the kind that is carried into a man's life. The man who does ordinary work well is working for the Lord. I do not like to see a slack man. If a man is slack in his business relations, you cannot draw upon him heavily in spiritual matters. Doubtless you remember the line in Milton where he speaks of the 'cloister virtue,' and later compares it with 'robust virtue.' That is what you men are teaching by precept and example. You are showing how a Christian life can be led in an active life. If you do not find in a man any outward manifestations of the Spirit, I am inclined to doubt if it ever has been in him. I like to see fruits; and I am glad that you are producing them."

It would be difficult to find a more accurate index of the man's character. Throughout his life he has been exemplifying the very principles which he presented to his hearers from the pulpit on those two occasions. When he took part in the preliminary political meetings in the Murray Hill district, before his first election to the legis-

lature, he simply put into actual practice what all the others would have cheerfully conceded as a theory. They understood that the government under which they lived was a republic, and that every citizen had a right to an equal share in its control. They would have admitted that they had no right to deny the franchise to any American; yet they had been denying an equal share to some fellow-citizens, and had no thought of discontinuing the practice. They had been denying the franchise to Americans wherever they dared and whenever the exigencies of their party made it desirable. And they had been extending to other Americans who were of their own way of thinking vastly more than the power of a single freeman. Furthermore, if any one had asked them to subscribe to the Golden Rule just before their entrance to the caucus, they would cheerfully have done so, and dismissed the matter as conceded, but of moment too small for consideration.

Yet this man, Theodore Roosevelt, came to his political life with all the ingenuousness of a religious neophyte, and all the enthusiasm of a patriot. His religion was of very little use to him if it could not be taken into his politics. His

political creed was a mockery if it did not square itself by his religion. Fortunately he convinced all those who cared to be convinced that the Sermon on the Mount, the Golden Rule and the Constitution of the United States were all legitimate guides for the politician. He overthrew the machine, but he took no more than was his right as a citizen, no more than, as a Christian, it was his duty to take.

When he reached the halls of legislation at Albany he found a thoroughly established doctrine that the Bible and the Bill of Rights were to be left in the anteroom. He found that corruption had come to be recognized as a necessary factor in the securing of even wise and needed legislation. Before he left the State capital he had established the principle that an honest man who has the courage of his convictions and the strength that should crown an American legislator can secure the passage of laws without the use of bribery, and defeat bad measures without employing violence.

When he assailed the spoils system he needed but the simple doctrines that he had learned from the New Testament and the catechism. Those to whom he talked confessed without reserve that

their policy and their practice were not in conformity with the doctrines of the Christian religion; and that, reduced to the last analysis, they were politically as well as religiously wrong. In their defense they may have insisted that practical government made it necessary to do some things which an exact construction of law and gospel would forbid; but he taught them that better government could be secured without wrong-doing; that every end toward which statesmen might justly strive was attainable along the paths of honesty, fidelity and truth. He had no use for principles which would not admit of realization in practice, and no faith in a practice which was not supported by manly and Christian principles.

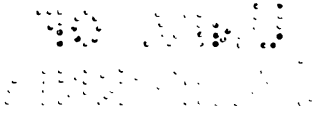
In one of his essays he has declared that the two commandments that were particularly applicable in American public life were the eighth and the ninth: "Thou shalt not steal," and "Thou shalt not bear false witness." To take a thing which did not belong to him he regarded as stealing; and the fact that he was an elected official did not absolve him. The doctrine was a new one to the men whom he encountered in his earlier activity in public affairs. When he had

taught his associates a more stern and righteous code of morals, he had occasion to repel their charges of insincerity by telling them they should not violate the ninth commandment.

It must not be understood that Mr. Roosevelt was so strict a constructionist as to preclude the possibility of his securing practical results. Sometimes he found the best—the absolute right—not at the hour attainable; and he had as little patience with that band of irreconcilables who would have nothing unless they could have all, as he had for the graceless scamp who took without regard to title. "The weakling and the coward cannot be saved by honesty alone; but without honesty the brave and able man is simply a civic wild beast who should be hunted down by every lover of righteousness." He says in another place: "We need absolute honesty in public life; and we shall not get it until we remember that truth-telling must go hand in hand with it, and that it is quite as important not to tell an untruth about a decent man as it is to tell the truth about one who is not decent."

Yet, speaking of the extremists who would reject every tender of partial betterment as "a compromise with the Devil, a covenant with

MR. ROOSEVELT AT HOME



Hell," he has said: "They are morally worse instead of better than the moderates. Under very rare conditions their attitude may be right; and because it is thus right once in a hundred times they are apt to be blind to the harm they do in the other ninety-nine cases. These men need to realize above all things that healthy growth cannot come through revolution. Hysteria in any form is incompatible with sane and healthy endeavor."

There is no concession to wrong in this. It is simply the wisdom of a man who understands the world, and who knows that miracles have ceased. As even the Creator allots a hundred years to the maturity of an oak, so that man who would build higher the temple of his country's liberties must move by degrees; he must take advantage of available blessings, and gather the strength to be obtained from combat with foes.

The religious life and example of Mr. Roosevelt seem above all things to be of that reasonable sort which makes men better; which tends to a higher type of statesmanship; which encourages a better officialdom; which makes American citizenship and Christian citizenship more nearly convertible terms.

CHAPTER IX.

CRUSADE FOR THE MERIT SYSTEM.

ROOSEVELT'S WORK IN THE NEW YORK LEGISLATURE BEARS FRUIT—APPOINTED CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER BY PRESIDENT HARRISON — SHOWS GREAT PREPARATION FOR THE WORK—OFFENDS SPOILSMEN OF BOTH PARTIES—ABLY SUPPORTED IN THE SENATE AND HOUSE.

For several years after his defeat for the office of mayor of New York Mr. Roosevelt took no prominent part in politics. Not that he ever lost interest in the legislation of his city, State or country. His nature and education prohibited such a course. A man who should neglect to perform the duties of citizenship from any cause he held in less esteem even than the man who made a business of politics for the advancement of his own personal ends. There is no mistaking his utterances on this point. "It is unfortunately true," he declares, "especially throughout New England and the Middle States, that the general tendency among people of culture and high education has been to neglect and even to look down

upon the rougher and manlier virtues, so that an advanced state of intellectual development is too often associated with a certain effeminacy of character. Our more intellectual men often shrink from the raw coarseness and the eager struggle of political life as if they were women. Now, however refined and virtuous a man may be, he is yet entirely out of place in the American body politic unless he is himself of sufficiently coarse fiber and virile character to be more angered than hurt by an insult or injury; the timid good form a most useless as well as a most despicable portion of the community."

It is impossible to conceive that a man holding such sentiments would retire without good reason, even for a brief time, from the field in a war he had himself been largely instrumental in bringing about. And so we may well conclude that the period between 1886, when he made the mayoralty race, and 1889, when he was appointed by President Harrison a member of the Civil Service Commission, was employed by Mr. Roosevelt in the preparation of a plan that should put him on a fighting basis with those to whose methods he was unalterably opposed.

The physical life of Mr. Roosevelt during

those three years is a familiar story. Much of the time was spent on his ranch in the Bad Lands, where he rode, and hunted, and wrote graphic tales of his adventures—books on hunting, books on Western life, and books on Eastern cities. His literary style was both vigorous and pleasing. His books sold well and the magazines made great demand for his writings. The public liked his breeziness, his evident sincerity, his courage, and began to get an understanding of the man.

But Mr. Roosevelt had other things in mind than any of these with which the country is familiar. His service in the assembly had shown him the seamy side of politics. He had discovered that the people, careless on the one hand of their duties, and, on the other, too deeply immersed in trade, or too busy in a struggle for existence to guard their rights, were being swindled and robbed by the very men they had chosen to protect them. He saw their need of a champion who was not only strong, resolute and brave, but who was also honest, able and a patriot. Such a champion he determined to be, but the high purpose of his soul he concealed from every one. In solitude and alone the prophets of old had found wisdom. What three years in the

wilderness did for Mr. Roosevelt is shown in his acts immediately following his return. He had gone away a young man full of enthusiasm for good government, strong in his convictions for right and justice, fearless and ready in combat, but with few weapons and no armor; a chivalrous knight, it is true, but a knight with bare hands and uncovered head, who was forced to storm a castle skilfully built for defence and occupied by a host of trained and cunning soldiers, serving under able, if unscrupulous generals. He came back with no lower ideals, with enthusiasm unabated, with the same deep-seated hatred of sham and hypocrisy, the same contempt for weakness and cowardice, but with a greatly broadened mind, extended wisdom, and with a knowledge of men that was at once sword, shield and castle. Hard study had fortified him with the fundamental facts of all government, and days and nights of contemplation in the deep forest and on the broad prairies had given him a vision as clear and rare as the air of the mountain peaks. He went away the colonel of a regiment of patriotic recruits; he came back the general of a trained army. Impetuosity had given place to strenuous purpose, and his adver-

saries soon learned that they were now forced to fight a man as skilful as themselves in all the arts of war or diplomacy, who lacked neither mental nor physical courage, and who, moreover, had truth on his side.

How fierce and constant that battle was can best be judged by Mr. Roosevelt's three capital essays, "Machine Politics in New York City," "Six Years of Civil Service Reform," and "Administering the New York Police Force." Even these give but a faint idea of the work done by Mr. Roosevelt and his colleagues in their efforts to make effective the laws looking toward purity in politics and in getting new legislation to assist in extending and completing the work.

Mr. Roosevelt's attitude toward civil service and the urgent need of it is succinctly set forth in the opening of his essay on that subject. "No question of internal administration" he declares, "is so important to the United States as the question of Civil Service reform, because the spoils system, which can be supplanted only through the agencies which have found expression in the act creating the Civil Service Commission, has been for seventy years the most potent of all the forces tending to bring about the

degradation of our politics. No republic can permanently endure when its politics are corrupt and base; and the spoils system, the application in political life of the degrading doctrine that to the victor belong the spoils, produces corruption and degradation. The man who is in politics for the offices might just as well be in politics for the money he can get for his vote, so far as the general good is concerned. . . . The worst enemies of the republic are the demagogue and the corruptionist. The spoils-monger and the spoils-seeker invariably breed the bribe-taker and the bribe-giver, the embezzler of public funds and the corrupter of voters. Civil Service reform is not merely a movement to better the public service. It achieves this end too; but its main purpose is to raise the tone of public life, and it is in this direction that its effects have been of incalculable good to the whole community."

Mr. Roosevelt in this essay goes on to show exactly what was done during the six years he served as a member of the board, both to advance the law and to hinder its advancement, and who were the more prominent among its friends and foes. It is a paper well worth the

study of any one desirous of knowing how the few really honest and capable men in the public service must fight to keep the spoilsmen from overrunning the rightful possessions of the general public, and carrying off its substance to be divided among the successful marauders. Here, as in all his chronicles of events in which he has taken active part, Mr. Roosevelt is quick to bring forward those who have been active and resolute in the cause.

When Mr. Roosevelt took office on the Commission the only commissioner was Charles Lyman, of Connecticut, with whom he served until he resigned in May, 1895, to accept the position as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Hugh S. Thompson, ex-governor of South Carolina, was made commissioner at the same time with Mr. Roosevelt and served three years, when he resigned, and was succeeded by George D. Johnson, of Louisiana, who was removed by the President in November, 1893, being replaced by John R. Proctor, the former State geologist of Kentucky. Mr. Roosevelt declares that the Commission never varied a hand's breadth from its course throughout the six years of his service, and that Messrs. Thompson, Proctor, Lyman

and himself were always a unit on all important questions of policy and principle. "Our aim," he says, "was always to procure the extension of the classified service as rapidly as possible, and to see that the law was administered thoroughly and fairly."

It was this harmony of purpose in the Commission that made it possible for it to accomplish such a vast amount of work and place the Civil Service on such a firm basis that it can hardly be dislodged without an upheaval in the Government itself.

Mr. Roosevelt was one of the most noted advocates of the merit system, and his enmity to the spoilsmen had won him the objurgations of press and party on numberless occasions. He brought to the discharge of his new duties all the energy exhibited in his legislative career, coupled with the wiser understanding gained by three years of close application to the study of the subject. His experience as an assemblyman had taught him that he would find sturdy opposition to his plans for reform as much within his party as out of it. But he had an enthusiastic faith in the righteousness and the expediency of the Civil Service system.

His first entrance into politics was marked by fearless independence. He refused to affiliate with rings or cliques. As he had begun so he continued, and for the first time since it had become a law Civil Service became a fact.

Mr. Roosevelt not only believed in Civil Service as a theory but was determined that it should become a part of the very fiber of the Government. He had introduced the first intelligently drawn Civil Service bill ever presented in the New York legislature. By an odd coincidence this was signed by Grover Cleveland at nearly the same time in 1883 that the Civil Service reform measure drafted by Dorman B. Eaton, and championed by Senator George H. Pendleton, passed the Republican Congress at Washington, and received the signature of President Arthur. Now by another strange conjunction of circumstances the author of the New York law was put in a position where the power to enforce the national measure was largely in his hands.

To any one less sturdy and persistent than Mr. Roosevelt the task would have been appalling. Many of the Republican and Democratic politicians were opposed to the Civil Service act. Many members of Congress of both parties who

voted for it did so on account of the tremendous popular pressure for its enactment which the assassination of President Garfield by a demented office-seeker two years earlier excited. These Congressmen would have been glad to see the act die of inanition, as the one signed by Grant in 1873 had died, through the refusal of Congress to make an appropriation in 1874 for its continuance. Few men in either party would have gone out of their way to advocate a continuance of the measure, much less to demand a rigid enforcement of its enactments; numbers of them were ready to fight it on every possible occasion and with all the weapons in the hands of party organization.

But these difficulties that would have overwhelmed a less aggressive man only stimulated the zest of Mr. Roosevelt, and he entered upon the duties of his office with an energy that startled both houses of Congress and made Civil Service reform the topic of fierce discussion all over the land. Every evasion of the law that came to the notice of the Commission was prosecuted with a vigor that had a wholesome effect on the heads of bureaus and departments, and gave a security to Government employés they had

never before known. "The widest publicity was given to wrong-doing," says Mr. Roosevelt. "Often, even where we were unable to win the actual fight in which we were engaged, the fact of our having made it, and the further fact that we were ready to repeat it on provocation, has put a complete stop to the repetition of the offense. As a consequence, while there have been plenty of violations and evasions of the law, yet their proportion was really very small, taking into account the extent of the service. In the aggregate it is doubtful if one per cent. of all the employés have been dismissed for political reasons. In other words, where, under the spoils system, a hundred men would have been turned out, under the Civil Service law, as administered under our supervision, ninety-nine men were kept in."

In his fight for the extension of the merit system Mr. Roosevelt displayed a generalship that demonstrated his ability to lead among the very best men of the country. He was no sooner installed in Washington than he sought the support of such men as Congressman (afterward Senator) Lodge of Massachusetts, Messrs. Reed, of Maine, and McKinley (afterward President)

of Ohio, among the Republicans, and Messrs. Wilson, of West Virginia, and Sayers, of Texas, among the Democrats. Among others whom Mr. Roosevelt mentions as having been active champions of the law in the lower house were Messrs. Hopkins and Butterworth of Illinois, Mr. Greenhalge of Massachusetts, Mr. Henderson of Iowa, Messrs. Payne, Tracy and Coombs of New York. Among its chief opponents were Messrs. Spinola of New York, Enloe of Tennessee, Stockdale of Mississippi, Grosvenor of Ohio, and Bowers of California. In the Senate Hoar of Massachusetts, Allison of Iowa, Hawley of Connecticut, Wolcott of Colorado, Perkins of California, Cockrell of Missouri, and Butler of South Carolina always supported the Commission against unjust attack. Senator Gorman was the chief leader of the assaults upon the Commission, Senators Harris, Plumb, Stewart and Ingalls being his allies.

Mr. Roosevelt was so active and impartial in his enforcement of the law that when President Cleveland, in 1893, succeeded President Harrison, he asked Mr. Roosevelt to remain in office, and so for two years more, under a Democratic President, he carried on the work of prosecuting

offenders against the Civil Service law. In his six years' service he added twenty thousand posts to the lists under the scope of the merit system, or more than were placed on that roll in an equal length of time before or since.

Mr. Roosevelt had thus proved that Civil Service, honestly administered, was of practical value. Indeed, he goes so far as to say there is in American life no other cause so fruitful of harm to the body politic as the spoils system. He does not believe that competitive examinations in all cases result in securing the best men. Indeed, such examinations, shrewdly manipulated, may easily defeat the end aimed at. But if there is an honest desire on the part of the authorities to secure good results there is no doubt that the public service may be steadily raised to a higher state of efficiency.

Mr. Roosevelt resigned as Civil Service Commissioner May 5, 1895, and was appointed Police Commissioner of New York city May 24 following.

CHAPTER X.

PURIFYING CITY POLITICS.

ROOSEVELT APPOINTED PRESIDENT OF POLICE BOARD OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK—"I WILL ENFORCE THE LAW"—MERIT SYSTEM GOVERNS IN POLICE FORCE — SUNDAY CLOSING LAW MADE OPERATIVE—ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION BY DYNAMITE.

The appointment of Mr. Roosevelt by Mayor Strong to the presidency of the Police Commission aroused a storm of protests from the corrupt politicians who had now come to fear and hate him with a bitterness born of repeated exposures and defeats at his hands. He had introduced into politics a new element, with which the men who controlled the machines were not at all familiar, and they resented it as a tiger resents the appearance of a higher vertebrate animal in the jungle where heretofore he has held undisputed sway. That a man might be honest in office, so far as his personal affairs were concerned, they could well believe. Indeed, it was necessary for the success of the machine that there should be such men in office. They were

the leaven for the loaf of elections; the "honorable men" with which to fill the platforms at public meetings, whose names might head the lists of representatives of the party in the public prints. Good men were as necessary to the machine as bad men. But their goodness must be negative; a goodness that did not extend far beyond itself and was satisfied and complacent in the contemplation of its own virtues. But positive goodness was another matter, dangerous, destructive and not to be entertained.

Mr. Roosevelt, not being a negative, but a radically positive character, they found no place for him in their combinations. He would not have peace on any terms short of absolute honesty and efficiency. He had been offensive enough to the spoilsmen while he was in Washington, fighting day and night for the enforcement of the National Civil Service Law. To have him at the head of the Police Board of the city of New York meant war on corruption and no quarter. It was not to be borne. He must be crushed at the outset. After all, it was only one man against ten thousand, and the thousands had this one in their territory.

This was the feeling of the machine politi-

cians in New York when, on May 5, 1895, Theodore Roosevelt accepted the presidency of the newly appointed Police Board, with the understanding that the duty of that board was to cut out the chief source of civic corruption in the city by cleansing the police department. At the city election the previous fall William S. Strong had been elected Mayor on an anti-Tammany platform, by a coalition composed partly of the regular Republicans, partly of anti-Tammany Democrats, and partly of independents. The business depression throughout the country in 1893, which resulted in a general suspension of industries, followed by idleness and vagrancy, had caused a political reaction against the Democratic party, which was then in power, and this feeling no doubt contributed more or less to the success of the reform ticket; but it is doubtful if the result would have been materially changed had the National Democratic party still held favor with the people. Crime and lawlessness had grown to such enormous proportions under the protection of the dominant party in New York that even the dullest and most careless citizen felt the gravity of the situation. Corruption had honeycombed every department of the

city government, and inefficiency, dishonesty and rottenness were everywhere in evidence. Especially was this true of the police force. This department had been so long under the absolute direction of the Tammany leaders, and stood in such close connection both with that organization and the people, that it had become the actual hand gathering from the criminal and depraved classes an immunity tax to pass it on to the men who held sway over the politics of the city. A portion of this money naturally stuck to the fingers of the transferring hand, but the bulk of the vast sum collected from those engaged in unlawful enterprises found its way into the chests of the "machine."

It must not be understood that Tammany was doing anything but what the opposing political machine would have done had it succeeded in getting such a perfect organization. There had been a time when the great Republican leaders had hoped to have this same settled advantage. They had been led by no less brilliant a man than Senator Conklin, and no less shrewd a politician than Senator Platt. But the rank and file of the two parties differed somewhat in character, differed just enough to make

it impossible for the Republicans to hold their forces solid, whatever the issue. The influential leaders of the independent movements had generally been drawn from the Republican forces, and the machine of that party had been so often crippled by defections that it was no match for the closely knit and solidly constructed machine of its elder opponent. And so New York city had fallen completely under the domination of Richard Croker and his lieutenants.

Mr. Roosevelt says of the conditions existing at the time: "No man not intimately acquainted with both the lower and humbler sides of New York life—for there is a wide distinction between the two—can realize how far the corruption, brought about by these conditions, extended. It would be difficult to overestimate the utter rottenness of many branches of the city administration, but the chief center of it was in the Police Department. Except in rare instances, where prominent politicians made demands which could not be refused, both promotions and appointments toward the close of Tammany rule were made almost solely for money, and the prices were discussed with cynical frankness."

Writers other than Mr. Roosevelt inform us

that at this time in New York it was utterly impossible for a man to secure a position on the police force of New York city without payment of a set price, arranged and scheduled with reference solely to its chances for blackmail. This tariff of charges ranged from two to three hundred dollars for appointment as a patrolman, to twelve or fifteen thousand dollars for promotion to the position of captain.

Men who paid thus liberally for their appointments did so with the assurance, if not openly then implied, that they would not be censured for pursuing any scheme that would bring them a good profit on the investment, so long as they were fair in the division of the spoils. There was but one way, besides that of open robbery, by which they could reimburse themselves for the original outlay and profit by the arrangement, and that was by blackmail. But those who were at all familiar with the situation did not hesitate to take the chances. The system of "collections" was so elaborate and complete that the chances for loss were small and the promise of big returns was bright.

Every one at all familiar with the duties of an officer of police can readily understand how

easily he might play the part of a robber with immense success, if he was confident the complaints that might be lodged against him would be either disregarded or pigeon-holed. Confident in his position he could levy tribute alike on the innocent and guilty. Even the law was in his favor, and the more sumptuary the laws the better his chance for plunder. If a saloon-keeper had a desire to conduct his business within the law, so as to be beyond the power of the blackmailing patrolman, his competitor at hand, who contributed to the corrupt fund, was allowed such liberal license that the man who would have obeyed the law was either forced out of business or compelled to adopt the dishonest practices of his neighbors.

That this picture is not overdrawn may be gathered from statements of Mr. Roosevelt himself, made in his essay on "The New York Police," printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September, 1897. He avers that the system of blackmail had honeycombed every department of the city government; that while the money was collected from many different sources, chiefly from the gamblers, liquor-sellers, and the keepers of disorderly houses, yet "every form

of vice and crime contributed more or less, and a great many respectable people who were ignorant or timid, were blackmailed under pretense of forbidding or allowing them to violate obscure ordinances and the like."

Into this maelstrom of crime and corruption Mr. Roosevelt charged as fearlessly as he afterward charged at the head of his Rough Riders up San Juan Hill. There was no halting for consultation about the methods to be pursued in either case. Time would not admit of it. The enemy was there before him and must be routed. "In administering the affairs of the police force we found," he says, "as might have been expected, that there was no need of genius, nor indeed of any very unusual qualities. What was needed was exercise of the plain, ordinary virtues, of a rather commonplace type, which all good citizens should be expected to possess. Common sense, common honesty, courage, energy, resolution, readiness to learn and a desire to be as pleasant with everybody as was compatible with a strict performing of duty—these were the qualities most called for." This catalogue of "ordinary virtues" may well be conned by any one anxious to get a clear understanding

of the character of Mr. Roosevelt and the causes that have led to his remarkable success. No one of them but he has kept constantly alive throughout all his active life and upon them he has builded solidly and well. Standing upon this foundation he has reached sublime heights at an age when most men are satisfied to see the first dawn of permanent establishment.

In the exercise of his duties as president of the Police Board Mr. Roosevelt hastens to say that in spite of the wide-spread corruption which had obtained in the New York police department, the bulk of the men were heartily desirous of being honest. It was not the depravity of human nature that had brought about a state of affairs in the principal city of the republic worse in many ways than any that ever existed under an effete monarchy. It was the mildew blight of political "bossism" reduced to a science. Every man on the force was a cog in a great Juggernaut that was rolling over the body of Independence and crushing all uprightness out of its life. It needed only to go on unchecked for a few more years to complete its work of national debasement. Every liberty-loving citizen may be thankful that in such a crucial time in the affairs

of his country a man was at hand who not only foresaw the results of the continuance of such a policy, but was brave enough to attack, and strong enough to overthrow it.

Associated with Mr. Roosevelt on the board, as treasurer, was Mr. Avery D. Andrews. He was a Democrat, while Mr. Roosevelt was a Republican, but both men were big enough to put in the background all questions of national politics, on which they widely differed, and enter upon the work of reorganizing the police force independently of all party bias. Had the question of party policy been allowed to influence them in one single instance the work they did could never have been done. At least they would have failed in doing it. "We understood from the start," says Mr. Roosevelt, "that the question of party could not enter into the administration of the New York police, if that administration was to be both honest and efficient; and as a matter of fact, during my two years' service, Mr. Andrews and I worked in absolute harmony on every important question of policy which arose. The prevention of blackmail and corruption, the repression of crime and violence, safeguarding of life and property, securing honest

elections, and rewarding efficient and punishing inefficient police service, are not, and cannot properly be made, questions of party difference."

Mr. Roosevelt here shows how well he has considered the question of party fealty, and how naturally he has settled that question in his mind. If, as is here suggested, the police force of every city could be entirely released from the influence of all political parties it would speedily become a protection to the people, instead of being a menace, as is generally the case in the larger American cities.

The first thing Mr. Roosevelt did after entering upon his duties was to acquaint himself with the manner in which the officers of the force carried on their work, both good and bad. This he did by making nightly rounds in the different parts of the city, traveling quietly and unknown. In these investigations he was often accompanied by Jacob A. Riis, the author of "How the Other Half Lives," a most careful and painstaking student of social questions.

"There were many men who helped us in our work," Mr. Roosevelt has often said, "but among them all the man who helped us most, by advice and counsel, by stalwart, loyal friendship, and

by ardent championship of all that was good against all that was evil, was Jacob A. Riis." Those who have followed the writings of Mr. Riis with sufficient interest to recognize how deeply he feels the sorrows and wrongs of humanity and how thoroughly he has familiarized himself with the lives of the less fortunate and unsuccessful of the great cities, will be glad that Mr. Roosevelt is possessed of that trait of fairness that prompts him always to give full credit to every one who is associated with him in any enterprise, whether it be the killing of a cougar, or the taking of a city. It is this characteristic that has enabled him to keep his hold on the hearts of the people without resorting to any of those common tricks of oratory, or descending to the level of fulsome flattery. Neither in his writings nor his speeches has Mr. Roosevelt ever missed an opportunity to declare the truth as he saw it, no matter whom it helped or hurt.

This was the spirit that actuated him throughout all the bitter fight that followed his attack on the corrupt methods of the New York police. Once he had familiarized himself sufficiently with the situation to be sure of his ground he struck, and struck hard. During his nightly

rounds he had caught scores of the police in dereliction of duty and he dismissed them at once from the service. Others whom he had found worthy he promoted. He punished and rewarded after a plan entirely his own. Politics ceased to save or help the men and the "bosses" were up in arms. The uproar that followed had never been equaled as a police sensation in New York. The whole force was in a state of fright. The evil element that had so long found protection through contributions to the officers of the law suddenly discovered that they were outlaws to be thrown into prison and punished whenever they were caught breaking the law. Mr. Roosevelt's life was threatened, and twice explosives were placed in his desk with the evident intention of assassination. But he went steadily on with his work, alike deaf to the threats of his enemies and the supplications of his friends. In this emergency an attempt was made to have Mr. Roosevelt's appointment by Mayor Strong vetoed by the council, but it was discovered that an act of the legislature, passed some twelve years before, had taken the power of veto from the city council. Theodore Roosevelt was author of this act, and its passage had been

secured after one of the strongest fights he had made when a member of the assembly.

Mr. Roosevelt announced that he would enforce the laws as he found them. He gave special attention to the operations of the excise law on Sunday, and after severe measures had been used with some of the more hardy saloon-keepers, New York at last had, in June, 1895, for the first time within the memory of living man, a "dry" Sunday. A great deal of good was done by Commissioner Roosevelt in breaking up much of the blackmail which had been levied by policemen; in transferring and degrading officers who were notoriously responsible for the bad name the force had, and in making promotions for merit, fidelity and courage. Mr. Roosevelt's career as a police commissioner made him extremely unpopular with the class at which his crusade was aimed.

The fierce crusade against the saloon-keepers was brief, and its effect lasted but a few weeks. The new commissioner gave his attention to more important matters, and really made the force cleaner than it had been before. He undoubtedly gained the hearty devotion of the better class of policemen. He was most careful

of their comfort, and quick to see and reward merit. He was also quick to punish, and this kept the worse half of the men on their good behavior.

One important result Mr. Roosevelt obtained in this position was the dissipation of much of the antagonism which had theretofore been apparent on every occasion between labor unions and the force. Men on a strike had been accustomed to regard the policeman as a natural enemy, but all this was changed. On one occasion, when a large number of operatives were out of work, Mr. Roosevelt sent for their leaders, and, after a discussion of the situation, suggested that the strikers should organize pickets to keep their own men in order. He promised that the police should support and respect the rights of these pickets and the result was most satisfactory. The threat of a cordon of police was removed from the strikers, and no collisions such as had occurred on so many similar occasions took place with the guardians of the law.

The attacks of the enemies which Mr. Roosevelt's methods raised up against him were not confined to verbal denunciation, nor expressions through the press. As has been said above,

dynamite bombs were left in his office. A part of his associates on the police board fought his every move, and all the skill of New York politicians with whom he interfered was exercised to trap him into a situation where he would become discredited in his work. In this they were unsuccessful and the stormy career of the police force continued. In the end the new commissioner conquered. He had the necessary power and the personal courage and tenacity of purpose to carry out his plans. He fought blackmail until he had practically stopped it, and he promoted and removed men without regard to color, creed or politics. He resigned in April, 1897, to become Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

CHAPTER XI.

ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY.

REBUILDS THE AMERICAN NAVY—INTRODUCES TARGET PRACTICE WITH POWDER AND BALL—ACTIVE IN PREPARATION FOR WAR WITH SPAIN—ADVISES ORDERING COMMODORE DEWEY TO THE CHINA STATION—RESIGNS FOR ACTIVE DUTY IN THE FIELD.

President McKinley was first inaugurated March 4, 1897. He immediately announced his cabinet selections, and as quickly thereafter as Hon. John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy, could effect a reorganization of his department, Theodore Roosevelt was made First Assistant Secretary, and really the executive officer—the controlling and directing force—of that very important arm of the nation's power. The appointment was most fitting, as his "Naval History of the War of 1812" had proved him as completely master of the subject as any man not trained to a naval life could possibly be.

Years before a sentiment of hostility against Spain had grown up in the minds of the American people. It was never officially recognized,

and the Madrid government had always been treated as a friendly power by each successive administration at Washington.

It would scarcely be exact to state that the antipathy mentioned went even in the most aggressive minds to the extent of a desire for the conquest or the humiliation of Spain, beyond one single consideration. It was felt that the Spaniard should be driven from Cuba. The surface sentiment was that Cuba should be free. Beneath that, doubtless, rested the hope, in many minds, that the island, with all its riches and its possibilities, should be added to American territory. The terms of that accession had never been crystallized into anything like a national sentiment. Probably they had never been formulated in the mind of any adventurer who made essay for the liberation of the Cuban. But the student, the observer of great affairs, the man capable of estimating international causes and effects, knew that whenever collision came—and its coming was certain—Cuba would not only be wrested from the Spanish crown, but would become a part of the territory of the United States, and that the century-old habit of hermitage would be broken by the people of the grow-

ing American Republic. Unnumbered filibustering expeditions had been directed by adventurers in America against Spanish rule in the island, and in spite of repressive efforts from Washington, the whole nation was permeated with the feeling that America's relations with Cuba should be changed. It is possible there was a commercial element in the make-up of that conclusion: the island annually exported $100,000,000 in produce, ninety-three per cent. of which came to the United States. It may be the sentiment of self-defense operated as a cause: the peril of the plague, hurrying from Havana to American cities, was a continually impending fate. But running through all other considerations was the one of humane feeling. The people of Cuba were grievously used by the Spaniards, and had been for three centuries. In the year 1896 it happened that a singularly savage policy of repression had been inaugurated by Spain toward the people of the island, and the whole civilized world was shocked at the atrocities practiced. It is idle to pause now and recapitulate the enormity of those offenses against justice. All mankind knows there was warrant for compelling the Spaniard to halt.

It should also be remembered that the spirit of Americans had been roused by the conditions obtaining in the island, and that common justice approved the policy of intervention—no matter what the national courtesy of the Government may have been. There was Narciso Lopez, who more than forty years before had led an expedition for the freeing of Cuba. There was the landing of Captain Fry and his adventurers at Santiago, their capture by the Spaniards—and the execution of sixty men, mostly American citizens. There had been other adventures in the interim, and the national conventions of both great parties had declared time and again for the freedom of the island people. Extremists knew the *status quo* could not long be maintained. But there were few even of the wisest men who understood the full import of that sentiment existing throughout America, and not on the Atlantic coast alone; nor did they even speculate on the means of directing the sentiment to a realization in fact.

Mr. Roosevelt had been for years an advocate of a broader policy for the nation. It was as clear to him that Spain must leave the Western continent as it should have been to Massasoit

that the Indians would have to leave New England. In that departure from traditional policy which must be expressed by interference in Cuba, he knew there would be a breaking up and a general readjustment of relations in every quarter of the world, and that the United States, being now fully prepared, was in a day to become a world-nation.

Nothing could have been more fortunate than his selection for the chief executive office in the navy department. It was the one arm that could be made to reach around the world. And it was fortunate that so well-equipped a man came to the station. Mr. Roosevelt had studied the navy of the United States. He had compared it critically with the navies of the world, both of the present and in the more remote past. He was the friend and confidant of Captain Mahan, an authority on naval matters. He visited the Army and Navy Club, and became familiar with the details of life in his chosen branch of the service, with the record of the officers, and with the nature of the rank and file. He knew precisely how well-equipped for battle each ship was, if battle should suddenly arise. He went on a tour of inspection, and woke the officers

and men to a realization that millions spent for ships and equipment could not alone provide an efficient navy.

Within those hurrying months from the spring of 1897, when he was appointed, to the day in 1898 when he resigned, Mr. Roosevelt caused every ship to be put in readiness for actual service. He had their bunkers filled with coal, and impressed their commanders with the necessity of maintaining a supply. He had the crews filled by enlistment, and the official list weeded of material that could not be depended upon. He ordered target-practice with powder and ball—and that was an innovation which called forth a good deal of criticism at the time. It had been the general habit, not often varied, to make target-practice simply a matter of quick and orderly handling of the guns. It seemed a woeful waste of money to shoot valuable steel and iron at an inoffensive mark. But there was no other way in which to perfect officers in finding the range, or gunners in accuracy of aim. He saw the unprepared condition of American ships in the China Sea, a condition that would be embarrassing indeed if circumstances should arise requiring movement against Spain in the

far Pacific. And he caused ammunition to be sent to that station, and held there pending demand.

And, above all things, as the day of collision with Spain came inevitably nearer, he ordered Commodore Dewey to the China station with a fleet fully equal to all demands that could be made upon it.

Meantime events in the United States were swiftly tending to war. It was impossible for a nation of the culture and justice realized in the United States to permit without protest the savage atrocities of the Spaniards in the West Indies. The people of Cuba had begun their revolution in 1895, and the warlike Campos had been unable to suppress them. He was recalled to Madrid, and Weyler was sent in his stead. This latter officer, ineradicably established in the enduring gallery of infamy, had served his country well in the Philippines. He had crushed a rebellion there, and he came, fresh with the laurels of an Alva or a Caligula, to the work of throttling human freedom on the very threshold of the American Republic. Every day Americans were learning more and more of the cruelty of his rule. His celebrated "reconcentrado"

order, which swept the population from their farms and huddled them in the towns, treating as rebels all who did not come in; abusing, insulting, outraging and starving those who came, passed into history as the climax of executive barbarity. Statesmen from America, loath to move unadvisedly, went to Cuba and made a personal investigation of conditions there. John M. Thurston, United States Senator from Nebraska, accompanied by his wife, was one of those who sought a personal assurance by a visit to the troubled island. Mrs. Thurston, worn with labor for the suffering, crushed by the spectacle of such cruelty, died on her return to Washington; and her husband, in one of the most notable addresses ever delivered there, pleaded for intervention in the name of that broad humanity which all the world could appreciate. She had been a woman of keen sensibilities and large charity. She had seen the starving and naked women and children lying in the sun, in cities to which they had been driven and from which they could not escape, gazing with unwinking, uncomprehending eyes at the visitors; and she had seen them die.

When her sorrowing husband rose to address

the Senate he said: "I have a right to speak. I give to you a message from silent lips; and if I held my peace when such a question is under discussion, if I refrained from testifying to the atrocious cruelties inflicted upon the people of Cuba, I should falter in my trust; I should fail in my duty to one whose heart was broken while a nation hesitated."

He was one of many whose voice was for intervention, even though intervention should mean war. Without regard to party, the people of the United States, more unitedly than they ever had been before on a question of such import, urged Congress and the President to move for the relief of Cuba. But the executive end of the Government was—as it should have been—conservative to the last. There was to be no blind rushing into war, no official action which should precipitate a conflict between nations, if any less costly course could be found. In the very midst of that pause, when popular clamor and administrative reserve held equally balanced through the midwinter season, came the one astounding event which swelled the popular clamor to a roar, and stilled utterly the voice of caution.

The *Maine* was blown up!

Lying in the harbor of a nation still "friendly," in the "noon of the night," an American battle-ship on a visit of courtesy was destroyed by a submarine mine in the supposed security of Havana harbor. Captain Sigsbee, of the sunken craft, appealed to the American people for a suspension of judgment until an investigation could be had. But the nation had decided. The case had been tried. The Spaniards were found guilty in the court of American common sense. The *Maine* was blown up on the night of February 15, 1898. April 20 President McKinley cabled to Minister Woodford, at Madrid, the ultimatum of the United States: Spain must retire from Cuba and Cuban waters within thirty days, or take the consequences. The next day, before he could present the demand of his Government, General Woodford was handed his passports, by order of the ministry at Madrid, and thus officially terminated the friendly relations of the two governments. It was the final act in a remarkable succession of events which proved Spain's contempt for the United States—which illustrated her remarkable ignorance both of the power against which she flung her-

MR. ROOSEVELT, AS ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY,
IN HIS OFFICE AT WASHINGTON

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self and the result that was morally certain to follow.

April 25 Congress, responding to a special message from the President, declared war with Spain to be in existence, and that it had existed since April 21, when Spain herself had severed relations with our Government. That same day the President's proclamation was given to the world. And the end for which so many forces of humanity, of justice and of national and individual interest had labored through fifty years was accomplished. The protest of a Christian nation against such savagery as heathens have not equaled was recorded.

It is a little curious to reflect just here on the service Mr. Roosevelt had rendered his country in the short year of his labor in the navy department. So far as the army was concerned, there was a distressing state of "unpreparedness." The word is not agreeable to the ear, but it expresses the situation wonderfully well. So far as numbers went, the army was wholly inadequate. A new force had to be secured. Volunteers must be called for. They must be armed, clothed, equipped, paid and drilled. Not one step had been taken in preparation for the event

which all men knew was certain to come. The legal limit of the regular army was twenty-five thousand men; and it did not contain so many. There was no clothing for the one hundred and twenty-five thousand volunteers called for by the President—and they offered themselves without delay. There were no arms for them. They lacked ammunition, especially the smokeless powder which is necessary for the best results in warfare. Not only must men be recruited, but they must be officered, organized into an effective force and provided with all that an army needs for battle or for camp.

On the other hand, the navy was ready. And there is no more significant fact in the whole history of the period than that the arm of the service which was first called upon to bear the brunt of the struggle was prepared at the first demand. The navy struck the first blow. Commodore Dewey was informed at Yokohama of the strained relations between the United States and Spain. He assembled his squadron at Hong-Kong, and was ready for any orders that might come to him. He had plenty of coal, provided by the assistant secretary of the navy. He had an abundance of ammunition, which had been

hurried from the United States months before. He had officers selected from the whole list in commission for their fitness and their readiness for orders. He had a crew on every ship trained to every detail of work, hardened by drill and efficient through practice. And there was not a vessel in his squadron which lacked even the smallest detail in preparation for any struggle, no matter how severe.

It is idle here to tell again the battle of Manila Bay. Some have arisen with sneering criticism of the inequality in that struggle, describing the enemy's squadron as "a lot of tubs." Yet they were capable war-vessels, and fought from the protection of forts which are always conceded to have an advantage. If Admiral Dewey had led to that task the navy of 1897 he might have won; but he would have paid for victory in the lives of American sailors, and in the loss of vessels that at the time could ill have been spared. Prepared as he was by Mr. Roosevelt's orders, he surpassed Salamis—and lost neither ship nor man. The event is without parallel in all the history of naval battles.

Similarly, in the Western ocean, the same condition of "preparedness" was observed. Mr.

Roosevelt brought to the duties of his office a great interest in the work, as well as a tremendous energy and talent for closely studying and mastering his task, which had characterized him in other fields. He also brought to these restful members of the navy department some of his startling methods, and again proved himself the "storm center," a name which had already been given to him, and to which he was better entitled than any other man in public life. In the fall of 1897 he was detailed to inspect the fleet in Hampton Roads, and he kept the commanders and their jackies in a ferment for a week. Whenever he thought of a drill he would like to see, he ordered it. The crews were called to quarters at night, and all sorts of emergency orders were given, at various hours. When the assistant secretary came back to Washington to report, he had at least mastered some of the important details of the situation, and the "Flying Squadron" was insured against any sort of surprise.

So far as human foresight and official provision could manage, the navy was ready. The "Flying Squadron" haunted the shores of Cuba, gathering prizes, closing the gates of harbors to reinforcements, or "bottling them up," and

waiting in grim silence for the hour of their sure destruction. The powerful *Oregon* was summoned in haste from the Pacific, and while Spain was thus checked in the one effectual manner, that army which had not existed when war was declared had been recruited, armed, drilled and equipped, and had landed in Cuba. One of the most reliable histories of the war with Spain contains this passage: "The first fight by soldiers in General Shafter's army of invasion occurred June 24, five miles from Santiago de Cuba—so far had the Americans penetrated. Two troops of the First Cavalry, two troops of the Tenth Cavalry, and four troops of Roosevelt's 'Rough Riders'—less than a thousand men in all—dismounted and attacked two thousand Spanish soldiers in the thickets. They beat back the enemy to the very outworks of the city, but they left seventeen dead in that fierce struggle, that passage in a war for humanity."

All who are familiar with the records of those years know the names of the men most active in fanning the flame of war. It is safe to say that the name of Theodore Roosevelt was never mentioned as adding fuel to that flame. But while Senator Mason thundered at the doors of the

White House, demanding a declaration of war—whether or no; while congressmen from every section of the country, and from the councils of every party, were writing down their countrymen as cowards for not hastening to a conflict that was more expected than prepared for—Mr. Roosevelt was working night and day in an effort to fit the navy for fighting. And the moment war was declared and his work there was ended, he resigned his comfortable office and hurried to the field. He could have remained as executive head of the navy department, assisting greatly in the prosecution of the war. But he preferred to leave the ease of office to others, and take himself a share in the struggle. It was to him the nation is indebted for the formation of that force known as the "Rough Riders." It was due to his initiative, his energy, his continual efforts that they were prepared so swiftly, and waited so early at the point of embarkation. It was due to his ability as a commander that they behaved so well under fire, and wholly due to his habit of sharing every danger and every hardship with them that the men of his command—and all other commands in the land

forces before Santiago—routed an intrenched foe, and defeated a regular army.

It is not necessary to speak of him in battle, yet he bore himself well there. He gave no evidence of fear. He was careful in the handling of his men, and exposed them to no unnecessary peril. But he led them when they went into danger. He did not follow. And when battles were over he gave to his men all the tender care that loving duty could inspire, and shared with them, on every occasion, the glory that their deeds and his had earned. A recent writer has said of him: "As assistant secretary of the navy, he was virtually head of the department. He was a Carnot who 'organized victory.' He foresaw the Spanish war a year before it came, and collected ammunition, insisted on the practice for improving marksmanship on board all the vessels, and MADE THE NAVY READY." Said the late Senator Cushman K. Davis, chairman of the committee on foreign relations: "If it had not been for Roosevelt, Dewey would not have been able to strike the blow that he dealt at Manila. Roosevelt's sagacity, energy and promptness saved us." One of the most famous

publications said in a recent issue: "When the war of 1898 started Mr. Roosevelt was one of the first to enter it. He attracted to his banner the most typical corps—college graduates, plainsmen, polo-players, and cowboys—of Americans who served in the war. And he gave himself and them a world reputation as fighters."

Probably never before in the history of a country has so remarkable a thing happened. Here was a man who could prepare a navy for swift and effective assault, send it to victory with the first bugle-call of war, and then organize and lead to triumph ashore a band of fighting men who were capable of following such leadership against any foe in the world. It is not easy to discover a parallel.

CHAPTER XII.

FORMATION OF THE ROUGH RIDERS.

FRIENDSHIP FOR COLONEL WOOD—A MONTH WELL SAVED—COWBOYS, CLUBMEN AND HUNTERS RALLY TO HIS STANDARD—BEST FIGHTING MATERIAL THAT EVER MARCHED TO THE FIELD—DRILLING, PREPARING AND EMBARKING—THE LANDING ON CUBAN SOIL.

Mr. Roosevelt had done all that could be done in the navy department. So far as the supervision and power of man could effect it, the navy was ready; and the striking of that blow at Spanish commerce when the *Ventura* was captured between Key West and Havana proved the state of preparedness which existed on the ocean. The swiftly following victory of Commodore Dewey at Manila established the case even more completely, for the most remarkable victory in all naval history had been achieved. And now that war was surely on, this man who saw the results of his foresight and provision in that branch of the service, started to find a way in which he could assist in leading the land forces

in the fight which he had helped to induce Americans to make. Just what should be the method of procedure he did not know. He had met in Washington in the winter of 1897-98 Dr. Leonard Wood, a surgeon in the regular army, who had seen active service on the frontier, and who was medical adviser of both the President and the Secretary of the Navy. Dr. Wood was a powerful, forceful man, and Mr. Roosevelt became very much attached to him. They rode or walked about the city, took exercise together, and each found the other the sort of man to be depended upon. As they walked or rode they talked of the certainly approaching war. Both wanted to get into the service. Both believed the struggle would be of short duration —unless some other nation in Europe should come to the assistance of Spain; and neither had the patience to wait for the slow movements of the regular army. Both were agreed that effective blows must be struck at once by the army as by the navy; that lives would be preserved, and treasure saved from wasting if the advances of the United States forces could be accomplished without delay.

It was principally through the efforts of Mr.

Roosevelt that Congress provided for the formation of three volunteer cavalry regiments recruited from the plainsmen, sharpshooters and hard riders of the Southwest; and as soon as this was done Secretary Alger tendered him the command of one of those regiments. But he had never overestimated himself. He secured for Dr. Wood the command of that regiment, for he knew the latter was fully prepared for the duty; and he took second place. Colonel Wood, armed with his new commission, hurried to the Southwest to recruit and equip his men, while Mr. Roosevelt performed a far more important service at the time by remaining in Washington to secure the assistance that must always come from headquarters and which would never have been obtained if an energetic, persistent and fully informed man had not been upon the ground to compel it. When he had made all his arrangements there, he had accomplished the remarkable feat of saving a month. Those thirty days were of the greatest possible value to the nation. Organized in the ordinary manner, with officers two thousand miles from Washington, the Rough Riders would not have been ready for service before midsummer. There was a

prejudice against them, anyway. The departments had a long-established habit of according chief consideration to the regular army. When other volunteer commands were clamoring for belts and blankets, Mr. Roosevelt's regiment was waiting—armed, accoutered, drilled and ready, leaning from the piers at Tampa, and yearning for the conflict in Cuba.

He had drawn to the command men from every walk of life, and he greeted them cordially when he arrived from Washington. Scarcely a man of his thousand but was personally known to him. Some were hunters. Some were cowboys. Some were graduates of colleges, with enviable records in the field of athletic sports. Some were clubmen, possessed of wealth, but possessed of strength, energy and enthusiasm as well. He understood the grim exigencies of war, and knew that no preparation for a frolic could be proper preparation for a campaign, no matter how decrepit the enemy. He could not be certain that all these rich young men had counted the cost, and he was afraid they would find it hard to serve—not for a few days, but for months, or perhaps years—in the ranks, while he, their former intimate associate, was a field-offi-

cer. But they insisted that they knew their minds, and the event showed that they did. Before allowing them to be sworn in he gathered them together and explained that if they went in they must be prepared not merely to fight, but to perform the weary, monotonous labor incident to the ordinary routine of a soldier's life; that they must be ready to face fever exactly as they were ready to face bullets; that they were to obey unquestioningly, and to do their duty, if called upon to garrison a fort, as readily as if sent to the front. He warned them that work which was irksome and disagreeable must be performed as willingly as work that was dangerous. He had no fears of them as to the latter, and he told them that they were entirely at liberty not to go; but that after they had once signed there could be no backing out. They had the option of going or of remaining at home. Not a man of them backed out—not a man of them failed to do his whole duty.

Generally they were of the fighting sort. There were sheriffs and marshals from Arizona and Texas, owners of mines who had fought their way up from the pick and shovel to the bank account. There was Buckey O'Neill of Arizona,

and Captain Llewellyn of New Mexico. There was Lieutenant Ballard, who had broken up the "Black Jack" gang on the border, and Captain Curry, a New Mexican gun-fighter of fame. There was Micah Jenkins, of South Carolina, a gentle and courteous gentleman on whom danger acted like wine; and there was Allyn Capron, fourth in a line of soldiers—rated by Mr. Roosevelt as perhaps the best soldier in the regiment.

One may be pardoned for quoting the following passage from Colonel Roosevelt's own book, "The Rough Riders":

"The men generally gave one another nicknames, largely conferred in a spirit of derision, their basis lying in contrast. A brave but fastidious member of an Eastern club, who was serving in the ranks, was christened 'Tough Ike'; and his bunkie, the man who shared his shelter-tent, and who was a decidedly rough cow-puncher, gradually acquired the name of 'The Dude.' One unlucky and simple-minded range-rider, who had never been east of the great plains in his life, unwarily boasted that he had an aunt in New York, and ever afterward he went by the name of 'Metropolitan Bill.' A huge, red-headed Irishman was named 'Sheeny Solomon.'

A young Jew who developed into one of the best fighters in the regiment accepted with entire equanimity the name of 'Pork-chop.' We had quite a number of professional gamblers who, I am bound to say, usually made good soldiers. One who was almost abnormally quiet and gentle was called 'Hell-roarer'; while another who, in point of language and deportment, was his exact antithesis, was known as 'Prayerful James.' ''

Their arms were the regular army carbine, the Krag, though a few held to their favorite Winchesters, using the new models which took the Government cartridge. They did not drill with the saber. Mr. Roosevelt and Colonel Wood both knew that would be a needless waste of time, as the saber is a useless weapon in modern warfare. They secured horses, and practiced mounted drill with great diligence; but it turned out that they served as foot-soldiers, and some days were lost because the unprepared war department was unable to send their horses to Cuba.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this war with Spain was the promptness with which men of wealth and social position volunteered for the service, and the fidelity with which they did their duty. Of those enlisted in the Rough

Riders, Colonel Roosevelt has said: "Their only thought was how to perfect themselves in their duties. They were never so tired as not to respond with eagerness to the slightest suggestion of doing something new, whether it was dangerous, or merely difficult and laborious. They not only did their duty, but were constantly on the watch for some new duty that they could construe to be theirs. No call was ever made upon them to which they did not respond with eager thankfulness for having the chance to answer it. Later on I worked them as hard as I knew how, and the regiment and the country will always be their debtor."

The ordnance bureau at Washington, curiously affected with the "mañana" policy of the Mexican, had been sending by freight the equipments most needed by the Rough Riders; but had finally yielded to Colonel Roosevelt's urging, and began the use of express trains. So that just as the last rifles, revolvers and saddles came, the Rough Riders were ordered to proceed by train to Tampa, Florida. Instantly all was joyful excitement. San Antonio, Texas, had been their headquarters, and they were glad to make their start from the city where the Alamo preserves

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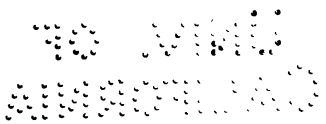
MR. ROOSEVELT AS A UNITED STATES VOLUNTEER



the memories of Crockett, Bowie and their heroic companions in arms. The journey to Tampa occupied four days. There were more than a thousand men, and the full complement of horses. Then they had a pack-train of 150 animals; and the train which moved the regiment was cut into seven sections, Wood commanding the first three, and Roosevelt the remaining four. They left San Antonio May 29, 1898. June 2 their camp was pitched at Tampa, with tents standing neatly in long streets, and supplied with every adjunct that good management could provide. They were told that marching orders would be issued immediately, and that they were to hold themselves in readiness. But they were also told that four troops, with all the horses, would have to be left behind. That was the bitterest disappointment any member of the Rough Riders ever knew. "I saw," says Mr. Roosevelt, "more than one among the officers and privates burst into tears when he found he could not go." But some had to be chosen and some had to be left. One of the captains chosen was Maximilian Luna, the only man of pure Spanish blood who bore a commission in the army. His people had been on the banks of the Rio Grande before the Roosevelts

came to the mouth of the Hudson, or Colonel Wood's ancestors landed at Plymouth Rock; and he claimed a right to go as a representative of his race in America. He demanded the privilege of proving that his people were as loyal Americans as any others, and they took him.

The command was ordered to be at a certain track on the night of June 6, there to take a train for Port Tampa, nine miles distant. The soldiers were there, but the train was not. Colonel Roosevelt hurried to the tents of brigadier-generals, and to the headquarters of major-generals; but no one knew anything at all of arrangements. The men slept heavily through the night, and at three o'clock in the morning they received orders to go to another track, half a mile away. No train was there, either; but at six o'clock a string of gravel-cars came along, and these were seized by the officers of the Rough Riders, and backed down the dusty, sunny nine miles to the port.

Lack of system in the management of the military was still evident, for when the First Volunteers reached the quay, they did not know where to go, nor which transport they were expected to have, though their orders to "go on board" were

imperative. Both Colonel Wood and Colonel Roosevelt spent a bad half-day searching for some hint as to direction, and at noon the depot quartermaster assigned them to the *Yucatan*, a transport lying in midstream. Colonel Wood hurried aboard and took possession, for he had discovered that this same transport had been assigned to two other regiments besides his own. It was a race to see who should first be ready to march aboard. Colonel Roosevelt ran full-speed back to the command, left a guard with the baggage, and double-quicked the rest of the regiment to the pier just as Colonel Wood brought the big transport to the landing. Then the men spent a hot and dusty day carrying their baggage and the camp equipment down from the distant end of the wharf, where they had been compelled to leave the train, and stowing it away in the *Yucatan*. In the evening the transport was pulled out and anchored in midstream, and the Rough Riders felt they had had a rather interesting thirty-six hours.

Nothing more significant than Colonel Roosevelt's own words can be used in describing this phase of their service. In his book "The Rough Riders," he says: "The transports were over-

loaded, the men being packed like sardines, not only below, but above decks. At night it was impossible to walk about without stepping over the bodies of sleepers. The travel rations were insufficient, because the meat was very bad. If we had been given canned corned beef we would have been all right; but instead of this the soldiers were given a horrible stuff called 'canned fresh beef.' There was no salt in it. At the best it was stringy and tasteless. At the worst it was nauseating. Not one-fourth of it was ever eaten at all, even when the men became very hungry. There were no facilities for the men to cook anything. There was no ice for them. The water was not good, and they had no fresh meat or fresh vegetables."

But all their hardships were borne without grumbling. They had wanted to come, and here they were—on the first transport that pushed from the pier at Port Tampa. They accepted the discomforts, and would not, for any conceivable consideration, have traded with their comrades left behind there on the sand flats between Tampa and the river. Yet they were not advancing toward Cuba. They were simply lying at the edge of the ocean, taking salt-water baths night

and morning for nearly a week, and fighting their first big battle in controlling themselves. At last, on the evening of June 13, they received the welcome order to start, and ship after ship weighed anchor and pushed ahead under half steam, the bands playing, the flags flying, and the rigging black with soldiers cheering and shouting. The jubilation was short-lived, for the ships came to anchor presently, and waited till morning. Then they were again all under way; and by mid-afternoon the whole fleet had passed out of sight of land. For six days they sailed steadily southward and eastward, the thirty odd transports moving in parallel lines, while ahead and behind and on their flanks the gray hulls of the war-ships surged through the blue water. They were guarded by every variety of craft—battle-ship, cruiser, converted yacht, and torpedo-boat. The war-ships watched with ceaseless vigilance day and night. When a sail of any kind appeared, instantly one of the guardians steamed toward it. Once a strange ship sailed too close, and the nearest torpedo-boat sped across the water toward it. But the stranger proved harmless, and the swift, delicate, death-fraught craft returned.

That voyage through "the sapphire seas" was an experience which impressed every one. Not a man on the transport knew where the ship was going. It might be Cuba. It might be Porto Rico. They knew only that they were ordered forward by their Government, and they brought their lives in their hands as they hurried to obey. They were young and strong, eager to face what lay hidden before them. Sometimes they talked of what they might do in the future; sometimes they lounged in groups and told stories of their previous lives in all conceivable environments, or sang through the evening hours. "The officers, too," says Colonel Roosevelt, in one of his books, "had many strange experiences to relate. None had been through what was better worth telling or could tell it better than Capron. He was a great rifle-shot and wolf-hunter. He had handled his scouts, and dealt with the 'broncho' Indians, the renegades from the tribes. He knew, so far as a white man could know, their ways of thought, and how to humor them. His training and temper had fitted him to do great work in war; and he looked forward with confidence to what the future held. Death was the prize he drew.

"Most of the men had simple souls. They could relate facts, but they said very little about what they dimly felt. Buckey O'Neill, however, the iron-nerved, iron-willed fighter from Arizona, the sheriff whose name was a byword of terror to every wrong-doer, white or red, the gambler who with unmoved face would stake and lose every dollar he had in the world—he alone among his comrades was a visionary, an articulate emotionalist. He was very quiet about it, never talking unless sure of his listener; but at night when we leaned on the railing to look at the Southern Cross, he was apt to speak of the mysteries that lie behind courage, behind animal hatred and animal lust for the pleasures that have tangible shape."

They had a good deal of trouble with the transports. One was towing a schooner and another a scow. Both kept lagging behind. Finally, when they had gone nearly the length of Cuba, the transport with the schooner fell very far behind, and then the *Yucatan* was ordered to drop out of the line and keep the laggard company. Loaded with soldiers, wholly helpless to defend themselves in case of attack, entirely at the mercy of every round shot that might be

hurled toward them, these two crowded ships, guarded by a single gunboat, the *Bancroft*, plunged ahead through the night, and finally overtook the rest of the fleet just as the latter turned sharp to the southwest—and then every one knew Santiago de Cuba was their destination.

They came close to the coast on the morning of June 20, passed Guantanamo, where just ten days before the marines had gained a footing at Crest Heights, and had given loyal American blood that the islanders might be free. The big ships, guarding the mouth of the harbor, had driven all Spanish forces from the shore north of Santiago, and the transports could at least be secure from attack while unloading. And there disembarking was accomplished. Close under the mighty bluffs that seemed to rise almost from the beach, lay the squalid little town of Daiquiri. There are mines of iron ore all around it, and a railway runs to Santiago. The place had strategic advantages. But the landing itself was a scramble—each commander taking care of himself and his men. There was still a woeful lack of system and of effective general leadership. The fleet had less than a fourth the number of row-boats that were required for handling

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COL. ROOSEVELT AS A ROUGH RIDER

the men, and there was no dock which deep-draught vessels could approach. The war-ships lent what boats they could, and the little army began its slow progress across the two miles of water that divided ships from shore, until Lieutenant Sharp, of the navy, commanding the *Vixen*, a converted yacht, recognized Colonel Roosevelt on the deck of the *Yucatan*, and offered to help put the Rough Riders ashore. The service was gratefully accepted. On the *Vixen* was a Cuban pilot who knew every mile of the coast, and he proposed to take the *Yucatan* within five hundred yards of the beach. He was offered a reward if he would do so; and he did. The other transports followed, and the labor was greatly lightened.

In spite of the difficulties, the landing became quite a frolic for the men. The surf ran high, and the boats could not place any one on dry land. Each man carried three days' field rations, with gun and blanket, and a hundred rounds of ammunition. But they tumbled from the boats when no nearer approach could be made, and waded or swam till the solid earth was beneath their feet. The horses were unloaded from another transport, two hundred yards from

shore. The process in this case was as simple as cruel. The animals were pushed overboard, and permitted to swim to land, or go down in the sea —whichever happened. Colonel Roosevelt's big horse, which his groom had named "Rain-in-the Face," was drowned; but the pony, "Texas," swam ashore without the slightest trouble.

A few of the rich young men in the Rough Riders' regiment had added some light artillery pieces to the equipment of the command, making a free gift to the Government. There were two rapid-fire Colt automatic guns, and a dynamite gun. The task of bringing these ashore without injury was a difficult one, indeed. But it was done, and late in the afternoon of June 22 the little army had been established on Spanish soil, and was ready for any contingency that might arise—but with a decided preference for fighting.

If any resistance at all had been made, the landing would have been rendered difficult to the point of impossibility. There had been five hundred Spaniards on the shore in the morning, and they had marched up and down the beach very threateningly. But they had run at the first firing from the gunboats, and the Americans found

in their places, as evening fell, a crowd of Cuban insurgents—hungry, dirty, and armed with every kind of weapon imaginable, but with nothing that would mark them as an allied force. Their demands, indeed, were less modest than to be led against their ancient enemies. All they wanted was food—and plenty of it.

Colonel Roosevelt's first task was to march his men about half a mile inland, to a place selected for the camping, and there to get them into the best possible shape for the morrow. The place was a bushy, dust-covered flat, with a jungle on one side, and fetid pools on the other. For the first time the men saw the huge land-crabs of the island, and marveled as the strange animals scuttled through the underbrush; and they marveled even more when they heard these same creatures utter their disturbing cry in the still hours of the night.

But the Rough Riders—dismounted—were in Cuba! Just fifty-two days had passed since the declaration of war. This was the only volunteer force that reached Santiago in time to be of use in the fighting, with the single exception of the Seventy-first New York National Guard. The latter regiment had been organized for years,

was fully armed, equipped, drilled and provided in every way. The Rough Riders had come in less than two months' time from the absolute beginning. Before April 30 not one step had been taken for their formation. Yet in this incredibly short time they were ready for the storming of San Juan hill. And they stormed it.

Never before, perhaps, in the history of a civilized country, has such dispatch been made in the preparation of a fighting force. And certainly never before was an organization so quickly brought to such a degree of efficiency. The result was due solely to Colonel Roosevelt's decision, energy, and remarkable capacity for leadership. The deciding element of the land force in Cuba was his personal contribution to the cause of his nation. And the recognition of this fact is probably the highest tribute that can be paid him.

CHAPTER XIII.

SERVICE IN CUBA.

BRIGADED WITH THE FORCES OF A FIGHTING MAN — THE AFFAIR AT LAS GUASIMAS, AND THE LOSS OF PRECIOUS LIVES—THE ROUGH RIDERS PROVE THEIR HEROISM IN BATTLE—FROM THE TRENCHES TO THE HOSPITAL—GRAVES IN ALIEN SOIL—AFTER PEACE, THE RETURN HOME.

Months before the war broke out, Gen. S. M. B. Young, of the regular army, had been the guest of Mr. Roosevelt and Dr. Leonard Wood at a club in New York, and they had told him that when hostilities began—an event which they confidently anticipated—they were going to "try and get in." "Come to my brigade," said General Young, "and I guarantee to show you some fighting." And he kept his word.

At Tampa, in those distressing days when they did not know where the Government wanted them to go, the Rough Riders were brigaded with the First and Tenth regular cavalry, under General Young. The latter organization was composed of colored men. It was called the Second

Brigade. The first was made up of the Third, Sixth and Ninth—the latter also colored; and this was commanded by Brigadier-General Sumner. Major-General Joseph Wheeler commanded the entire force—absolutely all the cavalry that saw service in the neighborhood of Santiago.

The appointment of General Wheeler was of itself an interesting detail in the history of that war. He had been the most dashing and formidable cavalry commander in the Confederate army at the time of the war between the States, and President McKinley had wisely believed that the selection of such a man would be a most advantageous move in the process of unifying the nation. Ever since the Civil War the spirit of sectionalism had existed. There were men, both in the North and in the South, who refused to accept the results of the war, and whose effort seemed directed to preventing that singleness of purpose and action by which national advance could best be made. So far as lay in their power they were inflicting a harm upon their country by that inexcusable treason which flourishes in a time of peace and prosperity. With the beginning of the war against Spain the opportunity

arose to cement the sections. The South had suffered as much as the North from the perils of Cuba. Its sons had been treacherously slaughtered in the destruction of the *Maine*. The warlike spirit which always lived in that section was fired with the desire for reprisal; and the unexpected happened when the whole South, from the Ohio to the Gulf, rallied to the defense of the national flag. No other act of recognition could have meant so much as this appointment of General Wheeler to the command of the cavalry forces. Of all the great military leaders of the Confederacy still living, he best expressed the sentiment and enjoyed the favor of his section. Besides, it was, in a military sense, a particularly appropriate nomination. General Wheeler was a soldier. Though past the age of sixty years, he was full of vigor, possessed of an abundance of nervous force, still the master of military detail, and a natural leader of men. His appointment was one of the wisest that the President could have made; and with him in command it was an absolute certainty that the promise of General Young, that Mr. Roosevelt and his friend should see fighting, would be fulfilled.

General Young was a fine type of the Amer-

ican fighting soldier. In the field he carried the same *impedimenta* as did Colonel Roosevelt—a mackintosh and a toothbrush!

The next day after disembarking was largely employed in getting baggage and camp equipage ashore from the ships, a labor that was made additionally difficult because the War Department had not found the right men for the control of details in the quartermaster's department. In the afternoon the orders came for the soldiers to advance. General Wheeler, trained to practical fighting, first found where the enemy was, and then directed General Young to take his brigade forward, and be ready to strike the Spaniards in the morning.

Colonel Roosevelt found his pony, "Texas," much the worse for its sea voyage and the forced swim ashore, but yet able to bear its master. The mid-afternoon sun was burning hot when the march began. Colonel Roosevelt led one squadron, and Major Brodie followed with the other. The jungle trail over the hills was so narrow and steep that in places the soldiers had to proceed in single file. The advance could never have been made had the Spaniards possessed the courage or the capacity for any kind

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MAJOR-GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER

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of fighting. But it seemed that four hundred years of cruelty had reduced them from their high estate, and they knew nothing of the art of war, and nothing of the science of defense. A curious feature of this first advance was the haste which inspired even the enlisted men. General Young wanted them to hurry, so they would be in position for actual service in the morning; and it was to be expected that he would issue orders to that effect. But the men went farther than he could have hoped, and traversed a tangle of tropical woods and vines which he could well have believed impassable. They did not halt until they were at the extreme front of the American line.

They were not in good shape for marching, because of the voyage, the lack of food and water, and the difficulties in the way. Besides, they were horsemen, in large majority. The cowboys in particular, excellent fighting material, had never walked a furlong if it could be avoided; and the hard tramp over the hills and through vine-entangled morasses was particularly trying to them. But there was no straggling. Very soon after dark they reached the little hamlet of Siboney. The men built fires and fried their

pork and boiled their coffee, and made such supper as they could, the officers faring precisely as did the men. And the supper was hardly finished when the Americans had their first experience with a rain-storm in Cuba.

At midnight Colonel Wood returned from a visit to General Young, and brought that officer's plans for the advance in the morning. General Wheeler, who commanded, since General Shafter had not yet come ashore from the ships, had directed that the Spanish lines be struck as soon after daybreak as possible.

At six o'clock in the morning General Young started with a squadron from the First Regular cavalry, and a squadron from the Tenth Regulars. Colonel Wood and Colonel Roosevelt took a slightly different direction to reach the same objective, with the Rough Riders, and the two companies from the cavalry regiment of colored men. At half past seven the Spaniards were discovered, holding a rocky ridge that jutted forward, its angle lying between the two advancing forces of the Americans. There were stone breastworks on the hill, and blockhouses behind it. General Young ordered his men to fill their canteens, and then at eight o'clock opened the

fight with his Hotchkiss guns, at nine hundred yards' range.

The Spaniards replied, and for the first time in more than fifty years American soldiers were engaged in war with an alien nation. In the very first half-minute Colonel Roosevelt's old-time wisdom in urging the adoption of smokeless powder was made manifest. The Spaniards, ages behind the times in everything else, had smokeless powder, and it added greatly to the difficulties the Americans had to encounter. General Young, long used to Indian warfare, and recognizing this as in essentials the same, pushed his men forward for a closer touch with the enemy. A passage from Colonel Roosevelt's own story of this first battle will be peculiarly acceptable here.

"The men were deployed on both sides of the road," he says, "in such thick jungle that only here and there could they see ahead. Through this jungle ran wire fences, and when the troops got to the ridge they encountered precipitous bluffs. They were led most gallantly, as American regular officers always lead their men; and the soldiers followed their leaders with the splendid courage always shown by the American reg-

ular soldier. There was not a single straggler among them, and in not one instance was an attempt made by any trooper to fall out in order to assist the wounded, or carry back the dead; and so cool were they and so perfect their fine discipline, that in the entire engagement the expenditure of ammunition was not over ten rounds per man. Major Bell, who commanded the squadron, had his leg broken by a shot as he was leading his men. Captain Wainwright succeeded to the command of the squadron. Captain Knox was shot in the abdomen. He continued for some time giving orders to his troops, and refused to allow a man from the firing-line to assist him to the rear. Lieutenant Byron was himself shot, but continued to lead his men until the wound and the heat overcame him, and he fell in a faint. . . . The Spaniards kept up a very heavy firing, but the regulars would not be denied, and as they climbed the ridges the Spaniards broke and fled."

But the regulars did not win the fight alone. The Rough Riders, starting at six o'clock in the morning, pushed through the jungle to the left, and on up the hills. Tiffany, one of the donors of the Colt rapid-firers and the dynamite gun,

had—to put the matter plainly—stolen from the quartermaster's department a pair of mules, and was using them to transport his "automatics." Sergeant Borrowe, in charge of the dynamite gun, had found a like stroke of enterprise impossible, and could not bring up his piece. General Wheeler has himself seen fit to declare, in his valuable book, "The Santiago Campaign," that Sergeant Borrowe did all that lay in his power, and is wholly excusable for not bringing the dynamite gun into action.

Captain Capron's troop was in the lead in that advance of Wood's squadron up the heights. It had been chosen for the most dangerous and responsible place because of Capron's admitted capacity. The order of advance sent Sergeant Hamilton Fish first, with four men as skirmishers; then Capron and the rest of his troop—all dismounted, of course. Colonel Wood followed with two troops, and Colonel Roosevelt with three. The Cuban guide at the head of the column ran away as soon as the fighting commenced. There was a halt, and in the wait, while the men were obeying the order to fill their magazines with cartridges, Colonel Roosevelt overheard two of the Rough Riders nearest him discussing

the conduct of a former cow-puncher who had quit a Texas ranch and embarked in the saloon business. So little did a "gun fight" unnerve these heroic men from the Southwest.

The three troops were ordered to deploy to the right of the trail, and to "go in" as soon as the regulars began firing. The wait was brief. A crash in the jungle told of exploding shells, and the whole ridge flamed with fire from Spanish guns. The air was full of the rustling sound of Mauser bullets fired by the enemy, but smokeless powder left his position unrevealed. "Gradually they got our range," says Colonel Roosevelt, "and occasionally one of our men would crumple up. In no case did the man make any outcry when hit, seeming to take it as a matter of course; at the outside making only such remark as, 'Well, I got it that time.' "

In war all things are new. A trooper of the Tenth, sitting by a stump and firing steadily, was told by a passing comrade:

"You've got a big wound in your hip."

"Oh, that's all right. It's been there for some time," he replied, unconcernedly.

No one was allowed to drop out of the line to care for the wounded or remove the dead; but

the wounded, if able to travel, were ordered to the rear. Rowland, a New Mexican, came back from a dangerous errand on which his commander had sent him, and presently Colonel Roosevelt noticed the man was wounded.

"Where are you hurt, Rowland?" he asked.

"Aw—they caved in a couple of ribs for me, I guess."

Colonel Roosevelt ordered him to go to the rear, and make himself as comfortable as he could in the hospital. Rowland, for the first time in his service, grumbled, and was inclined to argue the case. He did not want to leave. But when the order was repeated he disappeared, and was not seen for half an hour. But in the course of the advance, Colonel Roosevelt saw him again, and exclaimed:

"I thought you were told to go to the hospital."

"Aw—I couldn't find the hospital," replied the man, a statement which his colonel doubted. And he remained on the firing-line to the end of the conflict. His conduct was typical of the heroism and fortitude of the whole American army.

The fighting continued for two hours. The

difficulty of finding the enemy was most exasperating. Smokeless powder permitted the Spaniards to fire without disclosing their location, and the black smoke of the Americans always revealed their position. But with all that disadvantage the glasses of the American officers finally found the enemy, and the superior marksmanship of the soldiers drove the red-and-yellow flag and its followers in a run from their breastworks. That portion of their force opposed to the right of the Rough Riders, the left of the regular army men, withdrew completely. Then Colonel Roosevelt hurried to the left, where the resistance, though moderated, still continued. He was not just sure what plan General Young had for the present, and received no orders. "But," he says, "I knew I could not be far wrong if I went forward."

Nothing more truly typical of the man's life has ever been said, and no man has disclosed a characteristic more modestly, or with a more evident unconsciousness of its simple strength.

Here at the left the day had been costly. Captain Capron and Sergeant Hamilton Fish, one the fourth in a line of soldiers, the other the grandson of that Secretary of State who helped

make Grant's cabinet strong, were killed. Lieutenant Thomas, grandson of General Thomas, "the hero of Chickamauga," a boy of twenty-one, was badly wounded. Day, a nephew of that William Barker Cushing who sank the Confederate ram *Albemarle*, in 1864, was fighting hard at the head of his men—troop L, from the Indian Territory; and when the Spanish fire was trying the heroism of Indians, half-breeds and cowboys so severely, Captain McClintock, hurrying to his support, was shot through the thigh. There were some red-tiled buildings about five hundred yards to the front, and from them much of the firing seemed to come. Colonel Roosevelt ordered a charge, and leaping forward, he ran at the head of his men toward the buildings. When they arrived they found heaps of warm and smoking cartridge-shells, and two dead Spanish soldiers. A position of importance had been carried. Shortly afterward Colonel Wood reported that the fight was over for the time, and that the whole line of the enemy had retreated. The Rough Riders had lost eight men killed and thirty-four wounded. One man, Isbell, a half-breed, was hit seven times. Not a man was in that equivocal list, "the missing."

That ended the struggle of June 24. It was on the evening of the same day that a Spanish officer said, in the hearing of the British consul at Santiago: "The Americans do not fight like other men. When we fire, they run right toward us. We are not used to fighting men who act so."

Then followed nearly a week of inaction—trial most severe for fighting men at the front. But on June 30 the order came to hold themselves in readiness, and the exasperating wait was ended. Next noon the Rough Riders struck camp, and, together with the entire army of invasion, marched forward. At night they slept on the summit of El Poso hill, where were some ruined buildings, and where the soldiers found a quantity of food, which was very welcome. The camp for the night being established, the men found a repeated proof of their colonel's quality. He might have taken one of the buildings for his headquarters, for he was at the time the superior officer in command; but he slept in the open, among his men, his saddle as a pillow, his mackintosh being his only shelter.

The men were up with the dawn, and ready for the battle which was very certain to come. At six o'clock the cannon began booming away

to the right, and the puzzling, exasperating fight for the outposts of Santiago was on. As the troops prepared to move, Colonel Roosevelt received his one wound of the war. A Spanish shell exploded above his head, and a fragment struck his wrist. It scarcely broke the skin, and caused only the slightest pain. And although he was more exposed through the fighting than perhaps any other man in the army, he escaped entirely thereafter. The Rough Riders were ordered to cross the ford of the San Juan river, and halt for directions. There was a sunken lane just ahead, with strong barbed wire fences at each side, and a practically open field to the right and the left of it.

By ten o'clock the fighting was on in good earnest, though mostly to the right. Mauser bullets drove in sheets above the heads of the waiting Americans, or hit them with invariable effect as they lay behind such cover as they could secure. They wanted to go forward, but the expected orders did not come till nearly eleven o'clock. Then Lieutenant Miley, General Shafter's representative at the front, gave a reluctant consent for the advance. Instantly Colonel Roosevelt mounted his pony, "Texas,"

and, taking his position at the rear of his regiment, where a colonel—in theory—should remain, he began pushing the men forward. They went in platoons, and as he saw those farthest in advance were continually getting mixed up with the regulars to the left, he went forward a platoon at a time till he found himself at the very head of the Rough Riders and close in the rear of the Ninth—a colored regiment—which had become "lapped over."

At the crown of the first hill the Americans found themselves but five hundred yards from the Spanish position, and the futility of trying to rout the enemy by rifle firing became evident to Colonel Roosevelt. He told the officers in command of the regulars that his orders were to support them in their attack on the hills, but those commanders replied that they had been ordered to do no more than wait for further orders. It was a perilous place. Men were being hit by the Spaniards continually, and even the sharpshooters of the enemy were secure from punishment, because of the smokeless powder they used. Then came a military illustration of the qualities which Mr. Roosevelt had shown in civil life unnumbered times.

"I am ordered to support you in your attack," he said.

"Yes, sir," replied the regular army officer.

"And you are waiting for orders to advance?"

"Just so."

"Then," looking about for a ranking officer, and finding none, "I am the ranking officer here, and I give you the order to attack."

It rather took the captain by surprise, and he hesitated.

"Then let my men through, sir," added the colonel of Rough Riders; and the First Volunteers forgot all about the popping of Spanish bullets, in their admiration for their commander, and their zest for the battle which his masterful habit insured them.

But when they started through, the example proved too much for the regulars, and they all rose with a whoop, officers and men, and went forward together. Colonel Roosevelt, being mounted, could move more rapidly than the hurrying, shooting men on foot, and he employed his advantage by assisting the other officers in getting their men in motion, and directing the different bodies to those points where the attack

could most effectively be made. But as he jumped his little horse the third time across the barbed wire at the side of the lane, he dismounted, turned the animal loose, and ran on at the head of his men, up the hill, swinging his hat, and encouraging them. The hillside was covered with soldiers, Rough Riders and men of the First and the Ninth all mingled and swarmed upward together.

They passed one after another of the entrenchments the enemy had occupied—and which would have been held had they possessed half the fighting quality of the men who attacked. In one of these trenches Colonel Roosevelt ordered his men to lie down and wait for a better formation. When he was ready to start again of course there was an indescribable confusion. The firing on both sides was incessant and effective. The Gatling guns over at the right were beating their ominous tattoo on the position of the Spaniards, and when Colonel Roosevelt shouted his order for the Rough Riders to rise and advance again, they did not hear him. He jumped out of the trench and ran, and four men who were nearest went with him. When he had run a hundred yards, and noticed that his command

was not with him, he told the four to lie down in the grass and bushes till he could go back and start the rest of the line. He had a thought that if he came running back with even three or four the line might get the idea of a repulse, and that the effect would be bad. And the four made no objection. They lay prone on the ground, and continued firing at the occasional heads they could see popping up over the breastworks in front of them.

Colonel Roosevelt, a little nettled that his command had not acted promptly, ran back and yelled at them: "Why didn't you charge when I told you to?" They were greatly surprised. "Why, we didn't hear you, Colonel," they exclaimed. "Try it again." And when he tried it again, he was followed by the entire regiment, and by many a man from the regulars who took his cue from any force that was ready for the initiative.

As they approached the crest of the hills, the Spaniards, amazed at the temerity of infantry which would charge up a hill with no heavy artillery to shell the works, abandoned their excellent trenches, and fled down the slopes. And when the Rough Riders and their friends gained the

summit, they broke into new cheers, for there below them, within easy sight, were the white walls and red-tiled roofs of Santiago de Cuba. That was the fight of the first of July.

An interesting feature of the battle was the conduct of Major-General Joseph Wheeler. He had been so ill the day before that he had transferred the command of the cavalry to General Sumner. But when the fighting began he had four stout men carry him to the field in a litter, and there resumed the direction of the forces. And he remained at the front till the day was won.

In the late afternoon, when absolute quiet had reigned for an hour, an attempt at advance was made by the Spaniards. From their trenches half way down the slopes they marched out as if to attack the positions held by the Americans; and the latter greeted the demonstration with a soldier's joy. They had been at a disadvantage all morning and had carried breastworks, against rifles, and in spite of artillery support. Now they thought they were to meet the enemy on equal terms, and they started to the conflict as to a festival. But the movement of the enemy was short-lived. If they ever had entertained

THE CHARGE — UP SAN JUAN HILL

the purpose of attack, they reconsidered it, for they did not get two hundred yards from their trenches until the fire of the Americans met them, and they turned and incontinently fled back to their cover. Curiously enough, as a result of this action, General Shafter is said to have decided upon a withdrawal of the American troops to a position less exposed. Against his judgment was opposed that of General Wheeler, who regarded the retrograde movement as in every way ill-advised. He urged that the army be held in its advanced position, and all the officers in command, and certainly all the men in arms, seconded his contention. And the retreat was not ordered.

In a paragraph from Colonel Roosevelt's own book is found a tribute to General Wheeler's judgment at this juncture: "Soon after dark General Wheeler came to the front. A very few words with him reassured us about retiring. He told us not to be under any apprehension, as he had sent word to General Shafter there was no need of it whatever; and he was sure we would stay where we were until the chance came for advance. He was second in command, and to him more than to any other man was due the

abandonment of the proposal to fall back—a proposal which, if adopted, would have meant shame and disaster."

There was desultory fighting thereafter for two days, and then a demand for the city's surrender, and a one-sided truce, by virtue of which the Americans were not allowed to attack, though the Spaniards might if they saw fit, and were prepared to take punishment for it. They did not take advantage of their privilege to any great extent, and so there was comparative quiet until noon of July 10, when the firing was resumed all along the entire Spanish line. It continued for an hour, and the Americans leaped to return it. No harm was done to the Rough Riders or their companions in arms, but a good deal of damage was inflicted on the enemy. The situation was practically a siege, and until the truce was really established, every moment was one of watchful guarding, and of danger. But after that first day's fight Colonel Roosevelt and his men thoroughly understood each other. They knew he would share every hardship and danger with them, and that he would do everything in his power for their maintenance and for their shelter and their rest. And he knew they would go

through every peril, that they would suffer uncomplainingly, and that they would obey his every order, even to the death.

They had suffered for food. Stacks of commissary stores were waiting for them on the beach at Daiquiri, for the Government had made small provision for bringing it to the front. So Colonel Roosevelt rigged up a pack-train after the first day's fighting, when the conditions warranted taking a few men from the lines. And after that the Rough Riders lived better; and their spirits as well as their health improved.

July 17 the city of Santiago surrendered. The new Armada had been destroyed by Commodore Schley. The power of Spain in the Western world was broken. The work of the Rough Riders, and of their active commander, was ended.

General Wheeler, second in command on the island, says in his book, "The Santiago Campaign": "The first squadron (in the battle of Las Guasimas) was under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt, who deserves great credit for the intelligence and courage with which he handled his men." Again, after the battle of July 3, General Wheeler forwarded to head-

quarters the reports of his subalterns, and makes upon one this endorsement: "Colonel Roosevelt and his entire command deserve high commendation." The general, being by nature and training a soldier, takes occasion in the book mentioned to view the "might have been." After the Americans had captured the city, he tried to estimate the damage that would have been inflicted upon his soldiers if a more stubborn defense had been made by the Spaniards. "As we rode for the first time into Santiago," he says, "we were struck by the excellent manner in which the Spanish lines were fortified, and more especially by the formidable defenses with which they had barricaded the roads. The one in question, on which we were traveling, was barricaded in no less than four places, said defenses consisting of an enormous mass of barbed iron wire, stretched across the entire width of the road. They were not merely single lines of wire, but pieces running perpendicularly, diagonally, horizontally, and in every other direction, resembling nothing so much as a huge thick spider-web, with an enormous mass in the center. Behind this some ten or fifteen feet were barrels of an extraordinary size, filled with sand, stones

and concrete, on the tops of which sand-bags were placed in such fashion as to leave small holes through which the Spaniards could sight their guns. It would, indeed, have been a hard task for American troops, were they never so brave and courageous, to have taken by storm a city which was protected by such defenses as these. Nothing short of artillery could have swept such obstructions out of the way, and even then they would have been more or less effective because of the narrowness of the road and the high banks on each side, which would have prevented getting the obstructions out of the way. Even the streets were intrenched in similar fashion, the people taking refuge in the upper stories of their houses. Had it come to a hand-to-hand fight, as at one time was feared, the American troops would have suffered a fearful loss, being necessarily placed at such a disadvantage. It was fortunate, therefore, that the surrender came when it did; for otherwise many a brave boy who has returned to resume his avocations of peace, or to do his duty as a soldier in his native land, would have found his last resting-place on Cuban soil."

Instead of that a series of glorious battles had

been won, an honorable peace had been achieved, and to Colonel Roosevelt and the Rough Riders was left that home-coming for which all the nation had prayed. Let no man attempt to detract from the credit due to the soldiers of the regular army, or their officers. Yet it is a matter of record that the Rough Riders were equally engaged in every fight of great or less magnitude; and the official reports show that the casualties in Colonel Roosevelt's regiment were both more numerous and more severe than those of any of the regulars. That regiment lost more officers than any other. It lost more men killed, and had more wounded, and fewer missing. It very nobly sustained the honor of the American volunteer soldier.

CHAPTER XIV.

RETURN OF THE REGIMENT.

THE ROUND ROBIN — ORDERED BACK TO THE UNITED STATES — SICK, WOUNDED AND WELL ON THE VOYAGE HOME—LANDING OF ROUGH RIDERS AT MONTAUK POINT — ANGELS OF MERCY IN THE HOSPITALS—MUSTERED OUT—BACK TO THE OLD LIFE, WHERE A ROUGH RIDER MAY RIDE.

The fighting was over. Spain had felt the force of a premonitory blow, and knew her house of cards would go down in a night if the strength of the young American giant were ever exerted to the full against her. The truce was followed with prompt orders for the Rough Riders to retire to the hills about El Caney, and go into regular camp; for peace was assured. There had been no assault on Havana, and the Morro Castle at the gate of that harbor had not been humbled with the stroke of cannon-shot, as American spirit had intended should be done. It had not been necessary to march the victorious army from the province of Santiago to the country

north and west. The isles of the sea, the heritage of the Spaniard, the present of Columbus to the crowns of Castile and Leon, had fallen at one blow into the possession of a stronger nation. No matter what were the terms of the peace; no matter what were the resolutions of Congress and the proclamations of executive officers; when General Toral surrendered the city of Santiago de Cuba a new realm had been added to the territory of the American republic.

July was the month of rains, and the soldiers suffered a good deal from exposure. From beginning to end they never had been given the wagons which regulations promise those who serve in the army. To each regiment are allotted twenty-five wagons. The Rough Riders did not always have one. At times they had as many as two, but never three. They were compelled to organize pack-trains of their own, as has been noted in an earlier chapter. But they were liable to lose these every day because superior officers would see the horses and want them. As a result, it had been impossible from the beginning of the occupation of the island for Colonel Roosevelt to get to the front supplies of clothing or medicine for his men. On the coast at Daiquiri still

stood heaps of barrels and bales and boxes of provisions of every kind that were needed in camp. But the problem of getting them over the fifteen miles to the front was one that defied solution.

As long as the fighting lasted the men were keyed up with excitement, and refused to yield to the pain or the weakness that attacked them. But when the strain was over they suffered the collapse which must in reason follow such an expenditure of vitality, and were especially susceptible to malaria. If they had received the food for which the Government had paid, the food which they should have had, it is likely the soldiers in Cuba would have come home in the best of health. As it was every man acquainted with the facts must realize that the officers were doing very well indeed to get back with half their commands.

The headquarters of the army at Washington were a good deal in a quandary as to the best disposition to make of the men. Some correspondents of newspapers, and some of the men themselves, with a prurient love for sensation, had published in the United States the untruth that the men were suffering from yellow fever.

It was one of the maladies of Cuban production, to escape which the war had been fought. It was to provide against the possibility of importing that undesirable product that many an argument for "free Cuba" had been made. The men did not have yellow fever at all. There was a camp far to the rear where a number of Cubans afflicted with this malady were confined. Once in a while the doctors in the camps of the American soldiers would be sure they saw a case of genuine yellow fever among the men, and would banish the unhappy wight to the hospital at the rear. In every such case yellow fever developed. Other cases, diagnosed in precisely the same manner, were held in the shabby camp hospitals, and not one of these men was ever afflicted with that malady. Every one of them proved to be suffering from malarial fever, and most of them recovered.

But it was by no means certain that any would long remain well. The continually enlarging hospitals were being more and more filled with soldiers who had not flinched either at danger or labor, and who were wholly disabled long before they would admit it. Hospital supplies were inadequate. Actually, no cots were

delivered until the day before the commands sailed from Cuba. It is doubtful if ever bungling officialdom used an army so shabbily.

One suggestion from Washington was to remove the troops to the high country, the mountains in the interior of Cuba. That, when there were no wagons to serve them ten miles from the shore! Then it was suggested to move the troops no longer needed for fighting to the level land west of Santiago. That was a sugar-cane country, subject to heavy rains against which the men had no protection. They were better off right on the hills of El Caney, where at least the water from the torrents that fell hourly could run down the gullies and leave the camp untroubled. But every officer knew the one thing needed was the removal of the troops back north —to American soil.

They all knew that, but few of them felt like telling the War Department what it ought to do. Colonel Roosevelt could see no reason why the truth should not be told. He knew his rank— not in the army alone, but among men, and in the hearts of his fellow citizens. So he was one of the field-officers who wrote out and signed and forwarded to Washington, through General

Shafter, the "Round Robin," by which the removal of the troops from the island was urged as the one means of saving them.

And three days later the command for the removal was received.

It may seem a curious thing that news of an early departure for home will operate as a curative for sick men; but it will. And many a man who had been really ill, in whose eyes were gathering the shadows which so often eclipse vision, arose from his improvised couch at El Caney and came to New York a well man. The knowledge that they were to be removed was medication to every man in the camp. Some were recorded as yellow fever patients, and these were left on the island. In nearly every case they died. Some in equally as bad health were taken aboard the transports, and these usually recovered.

August 7 the Rough Riders embarked at the Daiquiri iron mines, where they had come ashore seven weeks before. It was one of the shortest campaigns on record, and the most effective. For though peace was not yet declared, it was certain the United States could get any terms desired. There were better facilities for putting

the men on board than there had been for landing them, and the transport *Miami* sailed north in the afternoon with its closely stored cargo of human freight. The crowding was not nearly so great as on the *Yucatan,* coming down. In the first place, there were not so many men. It was almost exclusively a passenger list of Rough Riders. Some of the space taken up before was vacated. Over there in their graves at Las Guasimas, or on the sides of the hill of San Juan, were men who had pushed about full of health in the throng that covered the decks of the *Yucatan.* Some were still in the field-hospitals at El Caney, or in the yellow fever circle at the rear, who would rather have shared the graves of the fallen brave of July 1 than to have missed the trip home on the *Miami.*

Colonel Roosevelt had been advanced virtually to the rank of a brigadier-general at the close of service on the island, by reason of the engagements elsewhere of Colonel Wood, who had occupied that position since the truce began. And when the transport started on her homeward voyage he was entrusted with policing the ship and the management of the men. The ship was kept in good sanitary condition, and in spite

of the tremors that attacked timid people in the United States when they read in sensational papers of the yellow fever that the soldiers were bringing home, these men were inspected on arrival, and at once were permitted to land. Their physical condition was one that need terrify no one; and it certainly appealed to all that was humane in the hearts of their countrymen.

Shortly after leaving the island, the captain of the ship told Colonel Roosevelt that the stokers and engineers were inclined to disobey orders. A few of them had been drinking intoxicants, and there was the beginning of a mutiny among them. Colonel Roosevelt went straight at the root of the matter. He shrewdly guessed that many of his men had brought liquor on board, and he assembled them, the same as at roll-call, and told them there could be no drinking on the ship. There was too much at stake to permit such chances to be taken. He would take care of all the whisky his men would voluntarily give him, and would return it when they landed. After they had a chance to make this surrender, he would have a search of the ship, and would throw overboard all the liquor he found. As soon as the soldiers "broke ranks" they hurried

to bring their bottles. The search revealed a few other bottles, more or less skilfully hidden, and these were consigned to the sea. That was the end of the drinking. Then he took a number of his most reliable men to the engine-rooms, and told the mutinous people there if they failed for an instant to obey orders he would put them in irons, and set his own men to the task of providing power for the ship. "I could have drawn from the regiment sufficient skilled men to fill every position in the entire ship's crew, from captain to stoker," said the Colonel in commenting on the incident. But there was no further need of complaint. The sailors did their full duty, and the skilled men, serving in the ranks of the volunteer army, were allowed to go back to their rest and their pastimes.

It was a trying voyage, even for the men who were well. It was doubly distressing for the sick. Besides Colonel Roosevelt but one other officer in the regiment had escaped disease. Richard Harding Davis has told in admirable stories of the pathos of that home-coming for the men in "sick bay." As to the others, their occupations were various. A good many played cards. There was some gambling, and the commanding

officer knew it. He deprecated the practice, and never indulged in it. But he wanted the men to have as much occupation and relaxation as was possible, and believed that the loss of a month's pay would be less of a calamity to the men than the imposition of rigid restrictions. And so discipline was removed so far as was consistent with maintaining order and cleanliness. Every evening dozens of groups would form in every part of the ship, and the men who could sing were drafted into the service of entertaining their comrades. The musical instruments that had escaped destruction in the marches and loss in the handling of scattered baggage, were welcomed again. There were occasional dances, with extemporized adjuncts of dress which should distinguish the "men" from the "women." Occasionally there were courts-martial, in which culprits were accused of absurd offenses, and tried with all the rigors of a tribunal in actual war. Usually the forfeits were to be paid in dinners at some famous café in New York, when they should have reached "home."

The Rough Riders had started in with a number of mascots. One was a young mountain lion, brought by the Arizona men. Another was an

eagle from New Mexico, and a third was a very ugly, but very wise, little dog. All three had been lost time and again, but always recovered, and they made the return trip with the soldiers, the cougar trying continually to make a meal off either eagle or canine, and never succeeding.

The voyage occupied nine days. The only death on board was that of a trooper who had been indiscreet enough to imbibe a large quantity of Cuban whisky on the evening of June 30. He had not yet recovered next morning when the march began. The fatigue and heat were too much for him, and he succumbed. He never recovered, and on the third day out from Daiquiri he died. His body was wrapped in his hammock and covered with the stars and stripes, and then the burial service was read over him. At its conclusion the flag was lifted, and the hammock, weighted, was slipped over the side and into the sea. In the evening Colonel Roosevelt, making his regular rounds, noticed a certain lessening of customary activity. There was a somberness on the faces of the men which they had not worn even in the tragedy of battle. And, at the side of a gun he found a group to which one of the troopers was singing a fragment

caught from the flotsam of song that spreads over the land—

"We had no costly winding-sheet,
But we placed two round shot at his feet.
We wrapped him about in the flag of the brave,
And he was fit for a soldier's grave."

The selection of Camp Wykoff was probably the best that could have been made. It was not ideal, and the same lack of preparation was noted there as at Daiquiri, and everywhere else in the campaign. It is curious to reflect on the mountains of supplies for which the Government paid, and which were never placed at the disposal of the men. But that sandy beach toward the extreme east end of Long Island was healthy, if cool northern breezes, pure air and the welcome of friends could make it so. It is likely that a better physical condition resulted from their location there. The only criticism is that departmental ability seemed so shortened that a state of "unpreparedness" remained to the very end. It is curious that mills had time to manufacture, and railroads had time to deliver, and private citizens had time to act, and yet that millions of dollars' worth of provisions sorely needed never reached the men, or reached them only after the need had passed.

The month at Camp Wykoff provided an experience which was at least interesting. There was policing of camp, and the usual detail of barrack-keeping; but the war was over. There was no longer even a hope of further service about Havana, and no chance for a trip to Porto Rico. Spain had been driven from the West Indies, and had lost the Philippines as well. After five months of service or of waiting, the men could hope for nothing better than a return to the duties which had engaged them before that night in February when the *Maine* was destroyed. But there was no lack of occupation as the work of disbanding the army went on. For one thing, there were a good many horses at Camp Wykoff. That whole portion of the Rough Riders' command which had been left at Tampa joined the returning veterans, and most of the camp equipage and the regimental property was once more restored to its owners. In Cuba, of course, the title "Rough Riders" was a misnomer. The men did not ride, because they had no horses. Even Colonel Roosevelt, who had taken two horses to the island with him, lost one by drowning at the Daiquiri landing, and he abandoned the other, little "Texas," just as he

started at the head of his men for the rush up San Juan hill. So that a regiment that probably could have ridden through or over every opposing force in the island, had memories only of very laborious trudging on foot. But here at the eastern end of Long Island they had all the horses they wanted. They found the country back of their camps strikingly similar to the sand plains on which they had ridden before enlistment. And they took abundant exercise there.

The camp, in those days, was the Mecca for New York's millions. It seemed to the soldiers that all the population of the great city came out to see them. The day of privation had passed. There was an abundance not only of the substantial things of life, but of delicacies as well. Every mess was enriched with dainty offerings of admirers from the city. Every train on the shoddy little railroad brought visitors, and every visitor seemed to have made it a part of the errand to bring some offering "for the heroes of Santiago."

Besides, the men were permitted to go to the city whenever their health and prudent discipline would permit. And wherever they went in New York, with their khaki uniforms, and the insignia

of the Rough Riders, they were most welcome guests. They had started to the coast of Cuba, from the camp at El Caney, in a state of rags and tatters. The clothing issued at the beginning of their service had been wholly worn out, and many of the men went to Daiquiri for embarkation absolutely barefoot. At the coast they received the clothing that had been sent to the island for them, but which incompetence had not been able to give further transportation; so that they were fairly dressed when they came to their Northern camp. But some had brought along the rags of those earlier uniforms, and these tattered garments were souvenirs of pronounced value in the eyes of visitors. Everything that had been in Cuba with the Rough Riders was in demand. Autographs were constantly sought; and the men from the frontier, who were far more clumsy with a pen than with a revolver or a lariat, found their simple signatures were things of value. The more notable men among the Rough Riders could have employed all their spare time complying with requests for autographs; and some of them pretty nearly achieved that record.

There was another phase of the life at Camp

Wykoff which cannot be overlooked. It went to the deeper things of human life. Here were men in the vigor of splendid health, who had gone through grievous peril without flinching, men who had performed acts of splendid heroism and had come back scatheless. But there were wounded men, as well. There were men on whom disease had set its stamp, and who were fighting for a return to that health which they felt was their right. There was happiness, and pleasant occupation, and enjoyable pastime in the camp; but there was suffering, too. And among the thousands who came daily to the camp, there were very many whose errand was purely one of mercy. They left the lighter purpose of self-gratification, the whetting of curiosity, for others, and went themselves to the tents of pain. They brought such food as princes could hardly have commanded. They brought eminent physicians, who gently and nobly added their judgment and advice to the thoughtful care of the regimental surgeons. In many a tent beautiful women sat reading to sick soldiers through the September afternoons. Everything that care and gratitude and appreciation could suggest was placed at the disposal of the invalids.

Miss Helen Gould was one of those whose benefactions won notice at the time. They were different from others simply because they represented a greater expenditure of money; but they were of a kind with the service she rendered to the soldiers throughout the war. And the thought which prompted her to so kindly a series of actions was as lofty and pure as mind of man can imagine. It was related, in quality, to the sentiment which led the sons of the rich to enlist in the ranks. If she possessed great wealth, she gave as a woman of great wealth could, and so simple and genuine was her devotion that she won a place in the hearts of the soldiers which will hold to the end of life.

Her act was duplicated, perhaps in lesser degree but with like sincerity, by thousands. Rich men and women all over the country sent money to be expended for the comfort of the men. One millionaire sent an entire shipload of ice. President McKinley visited the camp with most of the members of his cabinet, employing the hours in walking through the streets of the "city of tents," talking with the soldiers, encouraging those who were sick, making sure that everything possible was being done for their comfort, and

leaving them with the profound expression of a nation's gratitude. The Secretary of War spent two days at the camp, sleeping in a tent one night, and sharing the experiences of those whose duty it was to remain.

On the day of Secretary Alger's visit a rather interesting event took place. Mounted drill had continued at intervals through the stay at Montauk Point, largely as a measure of giving employment and diversion to the men. One day while the members of the Third cavalry were getting ready for the work, a horse threw a trooper, and ran away. It was caught and returned, and a number of Rough Riders strolled over to see the second attempt. The trooper mounted again, and again was thrown. The horse was a huge, vicious sorrel, and what is known along the Rio Grande as a "bad bucker." None of the men of the Third could ride him. The Rough Riders jeered and mocked at them, and were dared to ride the horse, if they had any man in the command who was able. Sergeant Darnell was selected, and next day, in presence of the Secretary of War, the trial was made. In a big, open flat in front of Colonel Roosevelt's tent the big sorrel was led, and the whole camp,

LANDING AT MONTAUK POINT.
COLONEL ROOSEVELT AND GENERAL JOSEPH WHEELER

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together with hundreds of visitors, stood about watching the contest. The result was that after as fine a bit of rough riding as one would care to see, in which one scarcely knew whether to wonder more at the extraordinary viciousness and agile strength of the horse or at the horsemanship and courage of the rider, Darnell came off victorious, his seat never once having been shaken.

Colonel Roosevelt tells in graphic language of the final scenes of the Rough Riders as an arm of the Republic's military strength: "The last night before we were mustered out was spent in noisy but entirely harmless hilarity, which I ignored. Every form of celebration took place in the ranks. A former populist candidate for attorney-general in Colorado delivered a fervent oration in favor of free silver. A number of the college boys sang; but most of the men gave vent to their feelings by means of improvised dances. In these the Indians took the lead, pure bloods and half-breeds alike, the cowboys and miners cheerfully joining in and forming part of the howling, grunting rings that went bounding about the great fires they had kindled.

"Next morning Sergeant Wright took down

the colors, and Sergeant Guitilias the standard, for the last time. The horses, the rifles, the rest of the regimental property had been turned in. Officers and men shook hands and said good-bye to one another, and then they scattered to their homes in the North and the South, the few going back to the great cities of the East, the many turning again to the plains, the mountains and the deserts of the West and the strange Southwest. This was on September 15, the day which marked the close of the four months' life of a regiment of as gallant fighters as ever wore the United States uniform."

It was a scene never to be forgotten when the men filed past Colonel Roosevelt, and took their loved commander by the hand. Although the subordinate of Colonel Wood, he had been with the Rough Riders all the time—every hour of every day and night. He had been with them in camp, on rations precisely as short as their own, as wet and miserable as were they; he had faced bullets with them, he had shared the danger of charges, and taken even more than an equal allotment of the chances of war. And he had brought them home in triumph from a glorious campaign. They shook his hand, but they said

little. Generally they looked at him as they approached, but let their eyes drop as they touched his hand. And then the relation of commander and soldier was ended.

The service had been a little different from that obtaining in the regular establishment. Colonel Roosevelt had been a good deal of a dictator, when necessary under unusual circumstances. He cared little indeed for red tape and formalities. Results were all he demanded. He had inflicted summary punishment when a case required severe discipline, and had remitted sentence when heroism won favor for the one-time delinquent. They were very sure that he had administered absolute justice, and had given them the benefit of every possible consideration They had been "resolute to do well," and he had helped them.

There is an admirable passage at the conclusion of his book, "The Rough Riders"; and it so fittingly closes this portion of the story that it should be read in full: "It is difficult for me to withstand the temptation to tell what has befallen some of my men since the regiment disbanded: how McGinty, after spending some weeks in Roosevelt hospital in New York with an

attack of fever, determined to call upon his captain, Woodbury Kane, when he got out, and procuring a horse rode until he found Kane's house, when he hitched his horse to a lamp-post and strolled in; how Cherokee Bill married a wife in Hoboken, and as that pleasant city ultimately proved an uncongenial field for his activities, how I had to send both himself and his wife out to the Territory; how Happy Jack, haunted by the social methods obtaining in the best saloons of Arizona, applied for the position of 'bouncer-out' at the executive mansion when I was elected governor, and how I got him a job at railroading instead, and finally had to ship him back to his own territory as well; how a valued friend from a cow ranch in the remote West accepted a pressing invitation to spend a few days at the home of another ex-trooper, a New Yorker of fastidious instincts, and arrived with an umbrella as his only baggage; how poor Holderman and Pollock both died and were buried with military honors, all of Pollock's tribesmen coming to the burial; how Tom Isbell joined Buffalo Bill's show, and how on the other hand Rowland scornfully refused to remain in the East at all, writing to a gallant New Yorker

who had been his bunkie: 'Well, old boy, I'm glad I didn't go home with you for them people to look at, because I ain't no buffalo nor a rinoceros nor a giraffe, and I don't like to be Stared at, and you know we didn't do no hard fighting down there. I have been in closer places than that right here in Yunited States, that is better men to fight than them dam Spaniards.' In another letter Rowland tells of the fate of Tom Darnell, the rider—he who rode the bucking sorrel of the Third cavalry: 'There ain't much news to write except that poor old Tom Darnell got killed about a month ago. Tom and another fellow had a fight, and he shot Tom through the heart and Tom was dead when he hit the floor. Tom was sure a good old boy, and I sure hated to hear of him going, and he had plenty of grit too. No man ever called on him for a fight that he didn't get it.'

"My men were children of the dragon's blood, and if they had no outland foe to fight and no outlet for their daring and vigorous energy, there was always the chance of their fighting one another. But the great majority, if given the chance of hard or dangerous work availed themselves of it with the utmost eagerness, and though

fever sickened and weakened them so that many died from it during the few months following their return, yet as a whole they are now doing fairly well. A few have shot other men or been themselves shot; a few ran for office and got elected, as Llewellyn and Luna in New Mexico, or defeated like Wilcox and Brodie in Arizona. Some have been trying hard to get to the Philippines; some have returned to college or to the law, or to the factory, or the counting-room. Most of them have gone back to the mine, the ranch and the hunting camp; and the great majority have taken up the threads of their lives where they dropped them when the *Maine* was blown up, and the country called them to arms."

Perhaps no better conclusion could be found for this part of the recital than an extract from Major-General Joseph Wheeler's letter to Colonel Roosevelt when the army was disbanded. After sketching in outline the record of the Rough Riders, General Wheeler adds: "The valor displayed by you was not without sacrifice. Eighteen per cent., or nearly one in five, of the cavalry division fell on the field either killed or wounded. We mourn the loss of these heroic dead, and a grateful country will always revere

their memory. Whatever may be my fate, wherever my steps may lead, my heart will always burn with increasing admiration for your courage in action, your fortitude under privation, and your constant devotion to duty in its highest sense, whether in battle, in bivouac, or upon the march."

CHAPTER XV.

GOVERNOR OF NEW YORK.

EMPIRE STATE JUBILANTLY REWARDS COLONEL ROOSEVELT WITH ITS HIGHEST OFFICE — INAUGURATES REFORM IN EVERY BRANCH OF THE PUBLIC SERVICE — ESTABLISHES THE PRINCIPLE OF STREET FRANCHISE TAXATION — DEWEY DAY IN NEW YORK.

The fame of Roosevelt's Rough Riders had given their organizer and leader a popularity in the United States second only to that of Admiral Dewey, and for some time before he returned to New York he had been put forward prominently as a candidate for the Governorship of that State on the Republican ticket. Governor Frank S. Black had been elected by an enormous plurality two years previously, and according to all traditions should have been renominated. He was set aside, however, for the new hero, and in the convention at Saratoga held September 27, 1898, Colonel Roosevelt was nominated with great enthusiasm. The friends of Governor

Black had fought bitterly as long as there seemed a chance for success. The charge was made that Colonel Roosevelt was ineligible for the nomination, as he had relinquished his residence in New York when he went to Washington to enter the Navy Department. The leading politicians were opposed to Colonel Roosevelt for other reasons than those of precedent which they offered as an argument for their support of Governor Black. They had not forgotten the ways of the young man who overturned so many precedents on his entrance to the assembly nearly twenty years before, the tenacity with which he had held to his principles when in the Civil Service Commission, nor the quiet firmness with which he had refused to obey the demands of party leaders while he was president of the Police Board. He was not the man politicians were seeking. In fact they would have rejoiced had he found ranch life so fascinating that he could not have given it up at all. He was no more entertaining as a writer of wild adventure on the frontier than as an actor in the political arena; but the entertainment was of a different sort and the men who were serving their country for their own good liked the dashing colonel

far better as a hero at a distance than as a reformer in their assemblies. But the people had decided to have Colonel Roosevelt for their next Governor and the delegates to the convention did not dare deny them.

Senator Horace White, of Syracuse, was chairman of the convention in which Colonel Roosevelt was nominated. Judge J. R. Cady, of Hudson, nominated Governor Black, and the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew presented the name of Colonel Roosevelt in the following speech:

DEPEW'S SPEECH NOMINATING ROOSEVELT.

"Gentlemen: Not since 1863 has the Republican party met in convention when the conditions of the country were so interesting or so critical. Then the emancipation proclamation of President Lincoln, giving freedom and citizenship to four millions of slaves brought about a revolution in the internal policy of our Government which seemed to multitudes of patriotic men full of the gravest dangers to the Republic. The effect of the situation was the sudden and violent sundering of the ties which bound the present to the past and the future. New problems were precipitated upon our statesmen to solve, which were not to be found in the text-

books of the schools, nor in the manuals of traditions of Congress. The one courageous, constructive part which our politics has known for half a century solved those problems so successfully that the regenerated and disenthralled republic has grown and prospered under its new birth of liberty beyond all precedent and every prediction.

"Now, as then, the unexpected has happened. The wildest dream ever born of the imagination of the most optimistic believer in our destiny could not foresee when McKinley was elected two years ago the on-rushing torrent of events of the past three months. We are either to be submerged by this break in the dikes erected by Washington about our Government, or we are to find by the wise utilization of the conditions forced upon us how to be safer and stronger within our old boundaries, and to add incalculably to American enterprise and opportunity by becoming master of the sea, and entering with the surplus of our manufactures the markets of the world. We cannot retreat or hide. We must 'ride the waves and direct the storm.' A war has been fought and won, and vast possessions, near and far away, have been acquired. In the

short space of one hundred and thirteen days politicians and parties have been forced to meet new questions and to take sides upon startling issues. The face of the whole world has been changed. The maps of yesterday are obsolete. Columbus, looking for the Orient and its fabled treasures, sailed four hundred years ago into the land-locked harbor of Santiago, and to-day his spirit sees his bones resting under the flag of a new and great country, which has found the way and conquered the outposts, and is knocking at the door of the farthest East. . . . .

"The wife of a cabinet officer told me that when Assistant Secretary Roosevelt announced that he had determined to resign and raise a regiment for the war, some of the ladies in the administration thought it their duty to remonstrate with him. They said: 'Mr. Roosevelt, you have six children, the youngest a few months old, and the eldest not yet in the teens. While the country is full of young men who have no such responsibilities and are eager to enlist, you have no right to leave the burden upon your wife of the care, support, and bringing up of that family.' Roosevelt's answer was a Roosevelt answer: 'I have done as much as any one to bring on this war,

because I believed it must come, and the sooner the better, and now that the war has come I have no right to ask others to do the fighting and stay at home myself.'

"The regiment of Rough Riders was an original American suggestion, and to demonstrate that patriotism and indomitable courage are common to all conditions of American life. The same great qualities are found under the slouch hat of the cowboy and the elegant imported tile of New York's gilded youth. Their mannerisms are the veneers of the West and the East; their manhood is the same.

"In that hot and pest-cursed climate of Cuba officers had opportunities for protection from miasma and fever which were not possible for the men. But the Rough Riders endured no hardships nor dangers which were not shared by their colonel. He helped them dig the ditches; he stood beside them in the deadly dampness of the trenches. No floored tent for him if his comrades must sleep on the ground and under the sky. In that world-famed charge of the Rough Riders through the hail of shot and up the hill of San Juan their colonel was a hundred feet in advance. The bullets whistling by him are

rapidly thinning the ranks of those desperate fighters. The colonel trips and falls and the line wavers, but in a moment he is up again, waving his sword, climbing and shouting. He bears a charmed life. He climbs the barbed-wire fence and plunges through, yelling, 'Come on, boys; come on, and we will lick hell out of them.' The moral force of that daring cowed and awed the Spaniards, and they fled from their fortified heights and Santiago was ours.

"Colonel Roosevelt is the typical citizen-soldier. The sanitary condition of our army in Cuba might not have been known for weeks through the regular channels of inspection and report to the various departments. Here the citizen in the colonel overcame the official routine and reticence of the soldier. His graphic letter to the Government and the round robin he initiated brought suddenly and sharply to our attention the frightful dangers of disease and death, and resulted in our boys being brought immediately home. He may have been subject to court-martial for violating the articles of war, but the humane impulses of the people gave him gratitude and applause.

"It is seldom in political conflicts, when new

and unexpected issues have to be met and decided, that a candidate can be found who personifies the popular and progressive side of these issues. Representative men move the masses to enthusiasm and are more easily understood than measures. Lincoln, with his immortal declaration, made at a time when to make it assured his defeat by Douglas for the United States Senate, that 'a house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half-slave and half-free,' embodied the anti-slavery doctrine. Grant, with Appomattox and the parole of honor to the Confederate army behind him, stood for the perpetuity of union and liberty. McKinley, by his long and able advocacy of its principles, is the leading spirit for the protection of American industries. For this year, for this crisis, for the voters of the Empire State, for the young men of the country and the upward, onward and outward trend of the United States, the candidate of candidates is the hero of Santiago, the idol of the Rough Riders—Colonel Theodore Roosevelt."

There were other speeches for the candidates, and then came the call of the roll. The count stood seven hundred and fifty-three votes for

Roosevelt and two hundred and eighteen for Black. Judge Cady, who had placed Governor Black in nomination, immediately moved to make the nomination of Colonel Roosevelt unanimous, and Senator Hobart Krum, of Schoharie, who had been one of Governor Black's chief advisers, assured harmony in the party by saying: "On behalf of Governor Black and on behalf of every delegate who voted for him in this convention I say they will stand by the nomination of Colonel Roosevelt, as Colonel Roosevelt has stood by the country. More than that, we will take the executive chair for Colonel Roosevelt as he took the heights at San Juan." This was very eloquent, but the sequel proved that Colonel Roosevelt was himself obliged to go into the campaign and lead the forces if he wished to see victory perching upon his banner.

When the nomination was made, Colonel Roosevelt went in to win as he had always done, once he had decided to make the race. The campaign was as picturesque and as full of surprises as even the Gascon comrades of the hero of Las Guasimas could have desired. B. B. Odell, Chairman of the State Committee and since Governor of New York, was opposed to Colonel

Roosevelt's stumping the State in his own behalf. But the people wanted to see the Rough Rider and refused to show any enthusiasm for other speakers. It soon became apparent that if there was to be any "rousing of the hosts" in the campaign Colonel Roosevelt would have to do the rousing and the consent of the committee was reluctantly given for the candidate to make a tour of the State. The meetings that followed were a surprise to the oldest campaigners. The general apathy that had existed in the opening days of the campaign changed to the wildest enthusiasm. Colonel Roosevelt, by nature forceful, direct, and theatrical in his manner and method, went backward and forward, up and down New York, accompanied by a few of his Rough Riders, dressed in their khaki uniforms. These cowboys made speeches, telling usually how much they thought of their Colonel, and recounting incidents illustrative of his kindness, good-fellowship, *camaraderie* and brave deeds. The tour was one of the most successful political ventures ever attempted in New York State, and gave the party managers a new conception of the man who seemed destined to win in spite of them. Colonel Roosevelt was elected over

Augustus Van Wyck, candidate on the Democratic ticket, and the scion of another old Dutch family, by a plurality of about seventeen thousand votes.

In his conduct of the governorship Colonel Roosevelt was often at odds with Senator Platt and the leaders of the party in the State. But while he made demands on them that would have caused active rebellion with a less pronounced character in the chair, no open breach occurred and the Governor was able to carry through many measures on which he had set his heart. He nominated men of his own selection for the Department of Public Works—which had been the source of great scandal,—and for Adjutant-General and Surrogate of New York county. These men were selected for their special fitness to correct the evils in the office to which they were appointed, and were given the places against the claims of the party leaders' choice for the same positions. Efforts to secure the passage of a bill to improve the Civil Service in the State and to change the police system in New York city were fathered by Governor Roosevelt. While president of the Police Board of that city he had discovered that the

legislation secured by the machine politicians immediately after the new board was appointed to office, under the name of the "bi-partisan" or Lexow law, was designed to make it difficult for that board to get effective action. It modeled the government of the police force somewhat on the lines of the Polish parliament, providing for a four-headed board, so that it was difficult to get a majority, anyhow. "But," declares the author of "American Ideals," "lest we should get such a majority, it gave each member power to veto the actions of his colleagues in certain very important matters; and, lest we should do too much when we were unanimous, it provided that the chief of police, our nominal subordinate, should have entirely independent action in the most important matters, and should be practically irremovable, except for proved corruption; so that he was responsible to nobody. The mayor was similarly hindered from removing any Police Commissioner, so that when one of our colleagues began obstructing the work of the board, and thwarting its efforts to improve the force, the mayor strove in vain to turn him out. In short there was a complete divorce of power and responsibility, and it was exceedingly diffi-

cult either to do anything, or to place anywhere the responsibility for not doing it."

In Governor Roosevelt's endeavor to secure legislation which should remedy this mistake, and so further the efforts of the Police Board instead of being a hindrance to them, he was seconded by Senator Platt, who pushed the measures, but through the dereliction of Republican Senators the bills failed of passage. It was the hope that he might work these and other important reforms that made Governor Roosevelt so anxious for a second term and prompted him to fight so hard against being nominated for the vice-presidency later on. In fact he declared openly when that purpose was suggested that he would rather retire to private life than to be vice-president, qualifying that statement by saying "that he wished sincerely to be reëlected Governor of New York because there were things to be done there that he felt he could, and ought to do."

Among the achievements of Governor Roosevelt while Governor, was that of reforming the administration of the canals, making the Canal Commission non-partisan, and the application of the merit system in county offices. But the

measure that awakened the fiercest opposition, both without and within his party, was one intended to make the great corporations of the State pay their share of the general taxation. By a special message he induced the legislature in 1899, at the end of the session, to pass an act taxing as real estate the values of railroad and other franchises to use public streets. Corporations and Republican leaders protested, but the Governor said he would sign the bill as it stood unless they could improve it without destroying its essential features.

The fight over this measure was one of the most remarkable in the annals of legislation. Never was greater pressure brought to bear upon a body of men to force them to defeat an act that, in its every essential, attempted to place a fair and honest division of the burdens of the State upon rich and poor alike. But the great corporations had so long, through the use of an immense corruption fund, been able to escape anything like just taxation, that an effort to force them to pay their share for the protection afforded them by the Government seemed to them like an encroachment on their rights. To attempt the passage of a bill that antagonized all

the great corporations of the State of New York, and more than incidentally threatened those of all other States through the precedent, if it should be established, required a faith in his own prowess seldom found in public men. Governor Roosevelt seems not only to have had faith in his power to accomplish the needed legislation against all the odds, but to have resolved that the legislature should not escape doing its duty. He called an extra session, secured the passage of the bill in a modified form, and established the principle of street franchise legislation. And when the bill became a law he saw that it was enforced so that the State of New York was richer by many millions, and the burdens of taxation in a measure shifted from the shoulders of the poor to the pockets of the rich. Governor Roosevelt also gave his aid to the Tenement Commission in its work for the betterment of the poor in New York, and in breaking up the sweat-shops through the rigid enforcement of the factory law.

The remarkable popularity of Roosevelt as Governor was clearly shown at the time of the demonstration in New York in honor of Admiral Dewey in 1899.

For a week New York city was the Mecca of

hero-worshipers. Enthusiasm ran to a very frenzy of patriotic pride and the gray old sailor had his reward in a nation's praise. But it was observed that when the brilliant procession representing the army and the navy had passed along between the walls of cheers, the sounds were fairly lost in the shouts which burst from thousands of throats, as from one, when Roosevelt passed.

He was dressed in the sober garments of his citizenhood, and was in striking contrast to the plumed and glittering warriors in front and rear. But he sat his brown horse with a trooper's ease, and although he seemed to many only a modest and peaceful gentleman, something stirred, at his coming, in the hearts of the men and women along the line of march—some emotion, untranslatable except by cheers.

It was the same the day the victorious squadron sailed around New York harbor through a sea of dipping flags. The battle-ships moved in stately parade between saluting forts. Multitudes hurrahed from the shore and from all manner of craft afloat in the waters. But when a certain, ordinary East river steamer appeared in line with that black-coated figure leaning

against the rail, the *Olympia* herself, with the Admiral in full sight upon her bridge, could not hold the attention of the people.

"Roosevelt! Roosevelt!" they cried; until the Governor left his place and went below to keep those loyal voices from unthinking discourtesy toward the guest.

One quality which distinguishes President Roosevelt from all his predecessors, except Lincoln, is his keen and saving sense of humor. There never was a great and solemn ceremonial that did not have an element of comedy. And this man shows his delightful human side in the ready appreciation he has of a joke or an absurd situation. Sometimes this boyish desire to break into laughter proves annoying to himself; but his friends hold him dearer for it.

The presentation of a golden loving cup from the city of New York to the victor of Manila bay was one of the important features of the celebration. The morning following the water carnival, and countless other entertainments in his honor, found the hero weary and the skies coldly gray. The ceremony was appointed for nine o'clock but by seven a vast crowd had gathered and the space across from the city hall was filled with

the school children of Greater New York; each child with the notes of "America" caged in its little throat waiting but the signal to soar away. From a height by nine o'clock the crowd looked like a field of clover in bloom, set shivering by a cold breeze. Another hour and a dreary drizzle had begun to divert the attention of the crowd as a whole, from its aching feet to its defenseless head. No one could have gone home had he so desired. That concrete mass gave no chance for individual independence. In their flimsy frocks the little people still waited; but the song was in the clutch of croup, and never found its wings.

Then the waiting was over. Admiral Dewey and the gallant gentlemen of his own and other fleets arrived with the great landsmen, General Nelson A. Miles and General Joseph Wheeler and were met by Governor Roosevelt and Mayor Van Wyck on the platform over the steps of the city hall. All but the mayor faced the crowd. That gentleman, having his speech to make to the hero of the day, faced Dewey. He drew the manuscript from his pocket; and the moment Roosevelt saw its bulk a smile flickered over his features, only to be quickly suppressed and

replaced with an expression in keeping with the seriousness of the occasion. The Admiral, more fatigued with the honors than he had been by his matin fights at sea, looked as bored and sheepish as any bluff and valiant old soldier will when he has to stand and face the music of his own praise. He gnawed his gray mustache and gazed ahead in nervous agony. He stood on one foot and then the other, and finally, as the mayor read on and on, the subject of his eloquence gave vent to a sigh so dejected and profound that Roosevelt's face quivered again with an irrepressible smile. It was plain that he was longing to laugh while he was trying to repress the inclination. Then one of those unfortunate incidents occurred. A stranger, a spectator, suddenly caught his eyes and in that glance he broke down and burst into a laughter. It was over in a minute, and by the time the cup was really in the great sailor's hand the Governor was again all dignity. But that boyish laugh in the drizzle and chill of that day is a heartsome thing to remember.

Colonel Roosevelt, as Governor of New York, continued to keep in the public eye, as he had always done in every other position he had ever

held from the day of his election to the legislature of his native State. He was one of the most conspicuous figures in the country and his admirers freely prophesied for him the highest place in the gift of the people.

CHAPTER XVI.

ROOSEVELT IN CHICAGO.

GUEST OF HONOR AT THE HAMILTON CLUB APPOMATTOX DAY BANQUET—WONDERFUL MEMORY SHOWN IN HIS RECOGNITION OF INDIVIDUAL ROUGH RIDERS — CHARACTERISTIC INCIDENTS OF THE MAN — FIRST ENUNCIATION OF THE GOSPEL OF A STRENUOUS LIFE.

Governor Roosevelt's executive abilities were so clearly demonstrated by his acts before he had been a year in the Governor's chair that he became a pronounced factor in the sum of presidential possibilities. No slate was made without his name in the list. President McKinley was still the idol of a great majority of the people, but the advocates of a more virile administration were not satisfied with his pacific measures and turned naturally to the more active and outspoken Governor of New York. The West was anxious to see and hear more of the man who had defied the rulers in his own party while clinging to all the better traditions of that party. It would no doubt have given great pleasure to the politi-

cians of the Senator Platt school, had Governor Roosevelt followed the lead of Mr. Curtis, editor of *Harper's Weekly,* and other pronounced reformers, and gone into an independent fight outside party lines. There he would not have been so dangerous to their plans. But this Governor Roosevelt declined to do. He held that to accomplish anything worth while a man must be connected with some powerful organization. If the Republican party had faults, and that it did have serious faults he had proven over and over again, he believed in correcting them, not in attempting to destroy the whole structure.

At this time the Hamilton Club, of Chicago, resolved to answer the demand of the middle West to hear Governor Roosevelt, and at the same time secure the honor of bringing him prominently before the people as a possible candidate for the presidency. A delegation of the club was therefore sent to New York to invite Governor Roosevelt to be the guest of honor at the Appomattox Day banquet, to be given by the organization April 10, 1899, at the Auditorium. Mr. Roosevelt graciously accepted, and named as the subject of his address "The Strenuous Life." The other speakers were General John C. Black,

"Grant"; Honorable Even E. Settle, of Kentucky, "Lee"; Postmaster-General Charles Emory Smith, "The Union." The toast-master was Mr. Hope Reed Cody, president of the Hamilton Club. Preparations were made to entertain the distinguished guests on a large and sumptuous scale and the banquet proved to be a most noteworthy affair.

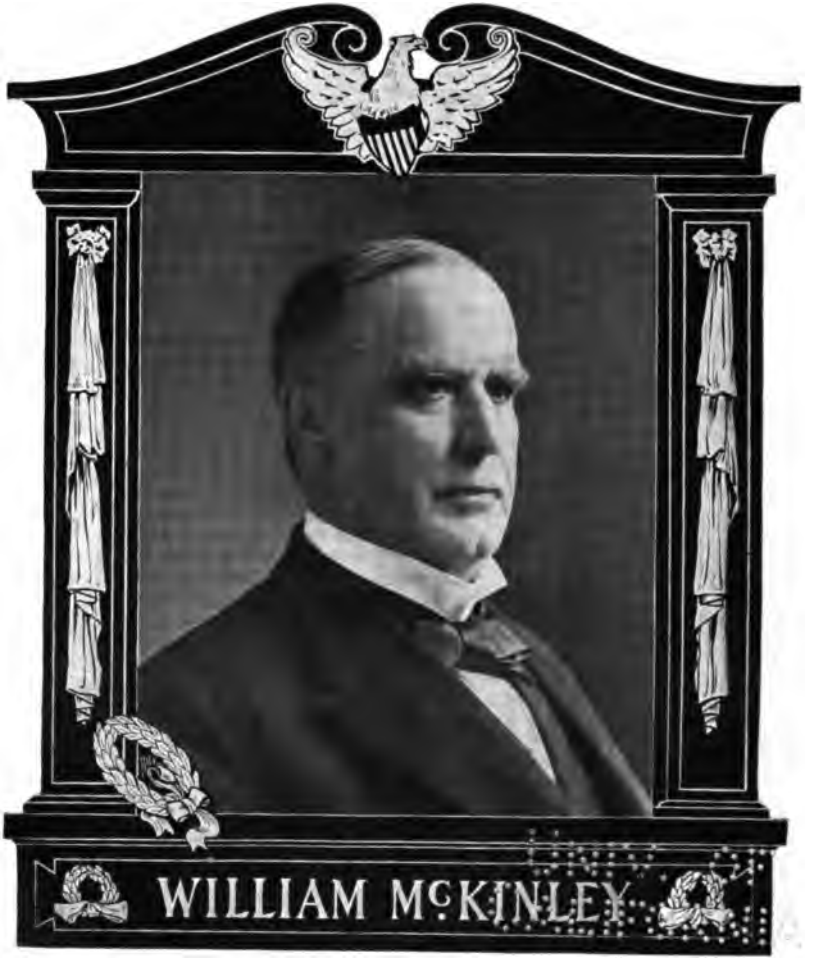
Governor Roosevelt arrived in the city on the evening preceding the banquet. A committee of the club met his train at Englewood and escorted the guest of honor to the city. At all the stations along the route the people were gathered in great numbers and the hero of the Spanish-American War was cheered to the echo whenever he appeared. At the station were hundreds of distinguished citizens wearing Hamilton Club badges, and a special reception committee of the most representative citizens was awaiting him. There was also a little company of six Rough Riders, who were then residents of Chicago. They wore their faded khaki uniforms that had seen service in Cuba. They were citizens of the humbler class and were given rather an inconspicuous place among the more prosperous and dignified representatives of the wealthy clubs

who were waiting to receive a possible President. As Governor Roosevelt stepped to the platform when the train stopped in the station his eye caught sight of the dust-stained uniforms and the cross sabers of the First United States Volunteer Cavalry in the campaign hats of his former comrades, crowded far to the rear of the waiting assembly. He waved his hand to them and, ignoring the proffered cards of the distinguished reception committee, shouldered his way through the crowd until he could grasp the hands of the Rough Riders. "How are you, boys?" "Basil, old man, I'm glad to see you." Each in turn he called by name and shook heartily by the hand. He seemed quite content to chat with them, forgetful of the anxious committees who were waiting to escort him to his carriage and through the city. "Come over to the Auditorium and have a visit," he called as he was forced to turn away. And later, in the richly furnished parlors of that magnificent building, ne gave more attention to those men, who would have found entrance into the polite circles of Chicago more difficult than to the blockhouse atop of San Juan hill, than to the wealthiest and most distinguished of his admirers.

The banquet was one of the largest ever given in Chicago. The great Auditorium theater, in which it was held, was a mass of color and light. The decorations were all suggestive of a reunited union. President Hope Reed Cody, in introducing the speakers, said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—Fellow Americans: The Hamilton Club welcomes you and joins you in extending most cordial greetings to our honored guests. As an organization the Hamilton Club is not ashamed of its partisanship, but it is proud of its patriotism. It stands not for candidates, not for the selfish ambitions of any man, but for undying principle. In the past it has many times found great pleasure in calling together vast audiences of Chicago citizens, in the heat of bitterly contested political battles, and discussing with them party policies, upon which we could not all agree. To-night it finds infinitely greater pleasure in having brought together this magnificent concourse of patriotic citizens, knowing that to the theme of this evening's celebration every heart in this hall beats in unison.

"Thirty-four years ago to-night it would, of course, have been impossible for the two sections


WILLIAM McKINLEY

of the country to join in celebrating Appomattox Day, but every day during the past generation the North and the South have been slowly but surely coming closer and closer and closer together, until in the year 1898 the attack of a foreign enemy tore down the curtain of sectional prejudice, and disclosed a united country.

"Thus is it possible for us to-night to entertain side by side at this banquet board, this General of the Northern army (General Black), this true representative of the loyal South (Mr. Settle), this statesman (Mr. Smith), member of the President's official family, representative here of the great patriot whose head and heart have so wisely guided us during the troublesome months just past, the President of these truly United States, William McKinley; and this American soldier, who was, during the Spanish War, the most notable and typical representative of the united arm[illegible], our honorary member, who, though dealing in ideals in American politics, is ever practical, whose leadership the Hamilton Club delights to follow, Colonel Roosevelt, the Governor of New York."

No man was ever given a more enthusiastic welcome than Governor Roosevelt on this occa-

sion. It was fully twenty minutes after he arose to speak before the cheering ceased. In his address Mr. Roosevelt stated clearly his position at that time on the questions that were dividing the parties of the country and forming new combinations in the political world. At this time, too, he enunciated the gospel of work with which his name has since been so closely associated. Mr. Roosevelt spoke as follows:

"In speaking to you, men of the greatest city of the West, men of the State which gave to the country Lincoln and Grant, men who preëminently and distinctly embody all that is most American in the American character, I wish to preach, not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life; the life of toil and effort; of labor and strife; to preach that highest form of success which comes, not to the man who desires mere easy peace, but to the man who does not shrink from danger, from hardship or from bitter toil, and who out of these wins the splendid ultimate triumph.

"A life of ignoble ease, a life of that peace which springs merely from lack either of desire or of power to strive after great things, is as little worthy of a nation as of an individual. I

ask only that what every self-respecting American demands from himself, and from his sons, shall be demanded of the American nation as a whole. Who among you would teach your boys that ease, that peace is to be the first consideration in their eyes—to be the ultimate goal after which they strive? You men of Chicago have made this city great, you men of Illinois have done your share, and more than your share, in making America great, because you neither preach nor practice such a doctrine. You work yourselves, and you bring up your sons to work. If you are rich and are worth your salt, you will teach your sons that though they may have leisure, it is not to be spent in idleness; for wisely used leisure merely means that those who possess it, being free from the necessity of working for their livelihood, are all the more bound to carry on some kind of non-remunerative work in science, in letters, in art, in exploration, in historical research—work of the type we most need in this country, the successful carrying out of which reflects most honor upon the nation. We do not admire the man of timid peace. We admire the man who embodies victorious effort; the man who never wrongs his neighbor; who is

prompt to help a friend; but who has those virile qualities necessary to win in the stern strife of actual life. It is hard to fail; but it is worse never to have tried to succeed. In this life we get nothing save by effort. Freedom from effort in the present, merely means that there has been stored up effort in the past. A man can be freed from the necessity of work only by the fact that he or his fathers before him have worked to good purpose. If the freedom thus purchased is used aright, and the man still does actual work, though of a different kind, whether as a writer or a general, whether in the field of politics or in the field of exploration and adventure, he shows he deserves his good fortune. But if he treats this period of freedom from the need of actual labor as a period not of preparation, but of mere enjoyment, even though perhaps not of vicious enjoyment, he shows that he is simply a cumberer on the earth's surface; and he surely unfits himself to hold his own with his fellows, if the need to do so should again arise. A mere life of ease is not in the end a very satisfactory life, and, above all, it is a life which ultimately unfits those who follow it for serious work in the world.

"As it is with the individual, so it is with the nation. It is a base untruth to say that happy is the nation that has no history. Thrice happy is the nation that has a glorious history. Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checkered by failure, than to take rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows neither victory nor defeat. If in 1861 the men who loved the Union had believed that peace was the end of all things, and war and strife the worst of all things, and had acted up to their belief, we would have saved hundreds of thousands of lives; we would have saved hundreds of millions of dollars. Moreover, besides saving all the blood and treasure we then lavished, we would have prevented the heart-break of many women, the dissolution of many homes; and we would have spared the country those months of gloom and shame, when it seemed as if our armies marched only to defeat. We could have avoided all this suffering simply by shrinking from strife. And if we had thus avoided it we would have shown that we were weaklings, and that we were unfit to stand among the great nations of the earth. Thank God for

the iron in the blood of our fathers, the men who upheld the wisdom of Lincoln and bore sword or rifle in the armies of Grant! Let us, the children of the men who proved themselves equal to the mighty days—let us, the children of the men who carried the great Civil War to a triumphant conclusion, praise the God of our fathers that the ignoble counsels of peace were rejected; that the suffering and loss, the blackness or sorrow and despair, were unflinchingly faced, and the years of strife endured; for in the end the slave was freed, the Union restored, and the mighty American Republic placed once more as a helmeted queen among nations.

"We of this generation do not have to face a task such as that our fathers faced, but we have our tasks, and woe to us if we fail to perform them. We cannot, if we would, play the part of China, and be content to rot by inches in ignoble ease within our borders, taking no interest in what goes on beyond them; sunk in a scrambling commercialism; heedless of the higher life, the life of aspiration, of toil and risk; busying ourselves only with the wants of our bodies for the day; until suddenly we should find, beyond a shadow of question, what China has already

found, that in this world the nation that has trained itself to a career of unwarlike and isolated ease is bound in the end to go down before other nations which have not lost the manly and adventurous qualities. If we are to be a really great people, we must strive in good faith to play a great part in the world. We cannot avoid meeting great issues. All that we can determine for ourselves is whether we shall meet them well or ill. Last year we could not help being brought face to face with the problem of war with Spain. All we could decide was whether we should shrink like cowards from the contest, or enter into it as beseemed a brave and high-spirited people; and, once in, whether failure or success should crown our banners. So it is now. We cannot avoid the responsibilities that confront us in Hawaii, Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines. All we can decide is whether we shall meet them in a way that will redound to the national credit, or whether we shall make of our dealings with these new problems a dark and shameful page in our history. To refuse to deal with them at all merely amounts to dealing with them badly. We have a given problem to solve. If we undertake the solution, there is of course, always dan-

ger that we may not solve it aright; but to refuse to undertake the solution simply renders it certain that we cannot possibly solve it aright. The timid man, the lazy man, the man who distrusts his country, the over-civilized man, who has lost the great fighting, masterful virtues, the ignorant man and the man of dull mind, whose soul is incapable of feeling the mighty lift that thrills "stern men with empires in their brains"—all these, of course, shrink from seeing the nation undertake its new duties; shrink from seeing us build a navy and army adequate to our needs; shrink from seeing us do our share of the world's work, by bringing order out of chaos in the great, fair tropic islands from which the valor of our soldiers and sailors has driven the Spanish flag. These are the men who fear the strenuous life, who fear the only national life which is really worth leading. They believe in that cloistered life which saps the hardy virtues in a nation, as it saps them in the individual; or else they are wedded to that base spirit of gain and greed which recognizes in commercialism the be-all and end-all of national life, instead of realizing that, though an indispensable element, it is after all but one of the many elements that go to make up

true national greatness. No country can long endure if its foundations are not laid deep in the material prosperity which comes from thrift, from business energy and enterprise, from hard unsparing effort in the fields of industrial activity; but neither was any nation ever yet truly great if it relied upon material prosperity alone. All honor must be paid to the architects of our material prosperity; to the great captains of industry who have built our factories and our railroads; to the strong men who toil for wealth with brain or hand; for great is the debt of the nation to these and their kind. But our debt is yet greater to the men whose highest type is to be found in a statesman like Lincoln, a soldier like Grant. They showed by their lives that they recognized the law of work, the law of strife; they toiled to win a competence for themselves and those dependent upon them; but they recognized that there were yet other and even loftier duties—duties to the nation and duties to the race.

"We cannot sit huddled within our own borders and avow ourselves merely an assemblage of well-to-do hucksters who care nothing for what happens beyond. Such a policy would defeat

even its own end; for as the nations grow to have ever wider and wider interests and are brought into closer and closer contact, if we are to hold our own in the struggle for naval and commercial supremacy, we must build up our power without our own borders. We must build the Isthmian canal, and we must grasp the points of vantage which will enable us to have our say in deciding the destiny of the oceans of the East and the West.

"So much for the commercial side. From the standpoint of international honor, the argument is even stronger. The guns that thundered off Manila and Santiago left us echoes of glory, but they also left us a legacy of duty. If we drove out a mediæval tyranny only to make room for savage anarchy, we had better not have begun the task at all. It is worse than idle to say that we have no duty to perform and can leave to their fates the islands we have conquered. Such a course would be the course of infamy. It would be followed at once by utter chaos in the wretched islands themselves. Some stronger, manlier power would have to step in and do the work; and we would have shown ourselves weaklings, unable to carry to successful completion the

labors that great and high-spirited nations are eager to undertake.

"The work must be done. We cannot escape our responsibility, and if we are worth our salt, we shall be glad of the chance to do the work—glad of the chance to show ourselves equal to one of the great tasks set modern civilization. But let us not deceive ourselves as to the importance of the task. Let us not be misled by vainglory into underestimating the strain it will put on our powers. Above all, let us, as we value our own self-respect, face the responsibilities with proper seriousness, courage and high resolve. We must demand the highest order of integrity and ability in our public men who are to grapple with these new problems. We must hold to a rigid accountability those public servants who show unfaithfulness to the interests of the nation or inability to rise to the high level of the new demands upon our strength and our resources.

"Of course, we must remember not to judge any public servant by any one act, and especially should we beware of attacking the men who are merely the occasions and not the causes of disaster. Let me illustrate what I mean by the army and the navy. If twenty years ago we had gone

to war, we should have found the navy as absolutely unprepared as the army. At that time our ships could not have encountered with success the fleets of Spain any more than nowadays we can put untrained soldiers, no matter how brave, who are armed with archaic black powder weapons against well-drilled regulars armed with the highest type of modern repeating rifle. But in the early 80's the attention of the nation became directed to our naval needs. Congress most wisely made a series of appropriations to build up a new navy, and under a succession of able and patriotic secretaries, of both political parties, the navy was gradually built up, until its material became equal to its splendid personnel, with the result that last summer it leaped to its proper place as one of the most brilliant and formidable fighting navies in the entire world. We rightly pay all honor to the men controlling the navy at the time it won these great deeds, honor to Secretary Long and Admiral Dewey, to the captains who handled the ships in action, to the daring lieutenants who braved death in the smaller craft, and to the heads of bureaus at Washington who saw that the ships were so commanded, so armed, so equipped, so well

engined, as to insure the best results. But let us also keep ever in mind that all of this would not have availed if it had not been for the wisdom of the men who during the preceding fifteen years had built up the navy. Keep in mind the secretaries of the navy during those years; keep in mind the Senators and Congressmen who by their votes gave the money necessary to build and to armor the ships, to construct the great guns, and to train the crews; remember also those who actually did build the ships, the armor and the guns; and remember the admirals and captains who handled battle-ship, cruiser and torpedo-boat on the high seas, alone and in squadrons, developing the seamanship, the gunnery and the power of acting together, which their successors utilized so gloriously at Manila and off Santiago. And, gentlemen, remember the converse, too. Remember that justice has two sides. Be just to those who built up the navy, and for the sake of the future of the country, keep in mind those who opposed its building up. Read the Congressional Record. Find out the Senators and Congressmen who opposed the grants for building the new ships, who opposed the purchase of armor, without which the ships

were worthless; who opposed any adequate maintenance for the navy department, and strove to cut down the number of men necessary to man our fleets. The men who did these things were one and all working to bring disaster on the country. They have no share in the glory of Manila, in the honor of Santiago. They have no cause to feel proud of the valor of our sea captains, of the renown of our flag. Their motives may or may not have been good, but their acts were heavily fraught with evil. They did ill for the national honor; and we won in spite of their sinister opposition.

"Now, apply all this to our public men of to-day. Our army has never been built up as it should be built up. I shall not discuss with an audience like this the puerile suggestion that a nation of seventy millions of freemen is in danger of losing its liberties from the existence of an army of one hundred thousand men, three-fourths of whom will be employed in certain foreign islands, in certain coast fortresses, and on Indian reservations. No man of good sense and stout heart can take such a proposition seriously. If we are such weaklings as the proposition implies, then we are unworthy of freedom in any

event. To no body of men in the United States is the country so much indebted as to the splendid officers and enlisted men of the regular army and navy; there is no body from which the country has less to fear; and none of which it should be prouder, none which it should be more anxious to upbuild.

"Our army needs complete reorganization—not merely enlarging—and the reorganization can only come as the result of legislation. A proper general staff should be established, and the positions of ordnance, commissary and quartermaster officers should be filled by detail from the line. Above all, the army must be given the chance to exercise in large bodies. Never again should we see, as we saw in the Spanish War, major-generals in command of divisions, who nad never before commanded three companies together in the field. Yet incredible to relate, the recent Congress has showed a queer inability to learn some of the lessons of the war. There were large bodies of men in both branches who opposed the declaration of war, who opposed the ratification of peace, who opposed the upbuilding of the army, and who even opposed the purchase of armor at a reasonable price for the battle-ships

and cruisers, thereby putting an absolute stop to the building of any new fighting ships for the navy. If during the years to come any disaster should befall our arms, afloat or ashore, and thereby any shame come to the United States, remember that the blame will lie upon the men whose names appear upon the roll-calls of Congress on the wrong side of these great questions. On them will lie the burden of any loss of our soldiers and sailors, of any dishonor to the flag; and upon you and the people of this country will lie the blame, if you do not repudiate, in no unmistakable way, what these men have done. The blame will not rest upon the untrained commander of untried troops; upon the civil officers of a department, the organization of which has been left utterly inadequate; or upon the admiral with insufficient number of ships; but upon the public men who have so lamentably failed in forethought as to refuse to remedy these evils long in advance, and upon the nation that stands behind those public men.

"So at the present hour no small share of the responsibility for the bloodshed in the Philippines, the blood of our brothers, and the blood of their wild and ignorant foes, lies at the thresh-

olds of those who so long delayed the adoption of the treaty of peace, and of those who by their worse than foolish words deliberately invited a savage people to plunge into a war fraught with sure disaster for them; a war, too, in which our own brave men who follow the flag must pay with their blood for the silly, mock-humanitarianism of the prattlers who sit at home in peace.

"The army and the navy are the sword and the shield which this nation must carry, if she is to do her duty among the nations of the earth —if she is not to stand merely as the China of the Western Hemisphere. Our proper conduct toward the tropic islands we have wrested from Spain is merely the form which our duty has taken at the moment. Of course, we are bound to handle the affairs of our own household well. We must see that there is civic honesty, civic cleanliness, civic good sense in our home administration of city, State and nation. We must strive for honesty in office, for honesty toward the creditors of the nation and of the individual; for the wisest freedom of individual initiative where possible, and for the wisest control of individual initiative where it is hostile to the welfare of the many. But because we set our own house-

hold in order, we are not thereby excused from playing our part in the great affairs of the world. A man's first duty is to his own home, but he is not thereby excused from doing his duty to the State; for if he fails in this second duty it is under the penalty of ceasing to be a freeman. In the same way, while a nation's first duty is within its own borders, it is not thereby absolved from facing its duties in the world as a whole; and if it refuses to do so, it merely forfeits its right to struggle for a place among the peoples that shape the destiny of mankind.

"In the West Indies and the Philippines alike we are confronted by most difficult problems. It is cowardly to shrink from solving them in the proper way; for solved they must be, if not by us, then by some stronger and more manful race; if we are too weak, too selfish or too foolish to solve them, some bolder and abler people must undertake the solution. Personally I am far too firm a believer in the greatness of my country and the power of my countrymen to admit for one moment that we shall ever be driven to the ignoble alternative.

"The problems are different for the different islands. Porto Rico is not large enough to stand

alone. We must govern it wisely and well, primarily in the interest of its own people. Cuba is, in my judgment, entitled ultimately to settle for itself whether it shall be an independent state or an integral portion of the mightiest of republics. But until order and stable liberty are secured, we must remain in the island to insure them; and infinite tact, judgment, moderation and courage must be shown by our military and civil representatives in keeping the island pacified, in relentlessly stamping out brigandage, in protecting all alike, and yet in showing proper recognition to the men who have fought for Cuban liberty. The Philippines offer a yet graver problem. Their population includes half-caste and native Christians, warlike Moslems, and wild pagans. Many of their people are utterly unfit for self-government and show no signs of becoming fit. Others may in time become fit, but at present can only take part in self-government under a wise supervision at once firm and beneficent. We have driven Spanish tyranny from the islands. If we now let it be replaced by savage anarchy, our work has been for harm and not for good. I have scant patience with those who fear to undertake the task of gov-

erning the Philippines, and who openly avow that they do fear to undertake it, or that they shrink from it because of the expense and trouble; but I have even scanter patience with those who make a pretense of humanitarianism to hide and cover their timidity, and who cant about 'liberty' and the 'consent of the governed,' in order to excuse themselves for their unwillingness to play the part of men. Their doctrines if carried out would make it incumbent upon us to leave the Apaches of Arizona to work out their own salvation and to decline to interfere in a single Indian reservation. Their doctrines condemn your forefathers and mine for ever having settled in these United States.

"England's rule in India and Egypt has been of great benefit to England, for it has trained up generations of men accustomed to look at the larger and loftier side of public life. It has been of even greater benefit to India and Egypt. And finally and most of all, it has advanced the cause of civilization. So, if we do our duty aright in the Philippines, we will add to that national renown which is the highest and finest part of national life; will greatly benefit the people of the Philippine Islands; and above all we will play

our part well in the great work of uplifting mankind. But to do this work, keep ever in mind that we must show in a very high degree the qualities of courage, of honesty, and of good judgment. Resistance must be stamped out. The first and all-important work to be done is to establish the supremacy of our flag. We must put down armed resistance before we can accomplish anything else, and there should be no parleying, no faltering in dealing with our foe. As for those in our own country who encourage the foe, we can afford contemptuously to disregard them; but it must be remembered that their utterances are saved from being treasonable merely from the fact that they are despicable.

"When once we have put down armed resistance, when once our rule is acknowledged, then an even more difficult task will begin, for then we must see to it that the islands are administered with absolute honesty and with good judgment. If we let the public service of the islands be turned into the prey of the spoils politician, we shall have begun to tread the path which Spain trod to her own destruction. We must send out there only good and able men, chosen for their fitness and not because of their partisan

service, and these men must not only administer impartial justice to the natives and serve their own government with honesty and fidelity, but must show the utmost tact and firmness, remembering that with such people as those with whom we are to deal, weakness is the greatest of crimes, and that next to weakness comes lack of consideration for their principles and prejudices.

"I preach to you, then, my countrymen, that our country calls not for the life of ease, but for the life of strenuous endeavor. The twentieth century looms before us big with the fate of many nations. If we stand idly by, if we seek merely swollen, slothful ease, and ignoble peace, if we shrink from the hard contests where men must win at hazard of their lives and at the risk of all they hold dear, then the bolder and stronger peoples will pass us by and will win for themselves the domination of the world. Let us therefore boldly face the life of strife, resolute to do our duty well and manfully; resolute to uphold righteousness by deed and by word; resolute to be both honest and brave, to serve high ideals, yet to use practical methods. Above all, let us shrink from no strife, moral or physical, within or without the nation, provided we are certain

that the strife is justified; for it is only through strife, through hard and dangerous endeavor, that we shall ultimately win the goal of true national greatness."

CHAPTER XVII.

HONORS THRUST UPON HIM.

NOMINATED FOR VICE-PRESIDENT AGAINST HIS EMPHATIC PROTEST—SINKS PERSONAL PREFERENCE AT THE CALL OF PUBLIC DUTY—STRIKING FIGURE IN THE CAMPAIGN—PRESIDING OVER THE SENATE—SEEKS RECREATION IN A POST-ELECTION HUNT FOR MOUNTAIN LIONS.

Man does not always dispose of his life as he wills. Governor Roosevelt, at the executive mansion at Albany, was in precisely the position he desired. From the beginning of his political career he had protested against the abuses that existed in administration of affairs. He had exerted all his powers, in each position occupied, to impress the people of his State with the wisdom of obeying the laws. It was not the low offenders against petty restrictive measures that offered menace to the commonweal; but those in enviable station—men to whom much had been given, and of whom the people had a right to expect much in the way of justice and of right. As legislator, as police commissioner, as expo-

nent of the merit system under national appointment, and in successive campaigns, his effort had always been for a reform in the public service of his State. Wherever his activities were employed he had been handicapped by the opposition of forces from which he had a right to expect assistance. He had been hampered by the inertia of a system which all men conceded was bad, but which few men in politics dared to see corrected.

As Governor of New York State he was in a position to put his reforms into practice. He had the power which he had lacked before. He was the dictator of the situation. Four years as chief executive of the Empire State would, it may confidently be assumed, have resulted in such a purification of public morals, such a reformation in official conduct, as the great Republic has never known. No one knew better than he the men and the forces against which he would have to contend, and it is not likely there was another man in the State so well equipped for that struggle as he was. It was—at least for that time—the goal toward which all his training and his effort had been tending. It was the work which he had all his life been trying to do, and it would probably have proven of greater benefit

to the nation, as illustrating sensible and substantial reform, than any other man could have contributed. It had been particularly gratifying to him, at the close of the war with Spain, to know that the people of his native State turned to him with the demand that he take charge of their public affairs as Governor; and it was with regret that he heard the premonitory summons to a higher but less useful office. As the time for the national Republican convention of 1900 approached, speculation regarding the ticket to be chosen was simplified. For first place but one name was commonly considered. President McKinley was to be given a second term. As to the choice for Vice-President, the politicians canvassed the chances of this man and of that man—but the people spoke with an increasing assertiveness for Theodore Roosevelt.

Something of the man's good fortune was again revealed in the situation. The "geographical consideration" was satisfied in his selection. Mr. McKinley was from the West—for Ohio is "west" to the dwellers in Atlantic States. What would have been the result if both had been from the same section cannot be conjectured. But he was at the same time at odds with fortune regard-

ing another consideration always of moment in the making of a ticket. He was by no means a rich man. It must not be supposed that he was a man of fallen fortunes, or that the estate which had come to him through generations of thrifty ancestors had been dissipated. That was not the case. Yet it will be remembered that the Roosevelts had never been among the magnates of the community. They had accumulated, but they had also enjoyed their wealth, and had always done good with it. There were scores of families in New York twenty times as rich as Theodore Roosevelt; and ordinarily at least one man of wealth has been regarded as necessary on the national ticket.

Here, then, were objections of his own, and other objections which his party friends were urging, all against his selection as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. Of course the fact of geography or of inadequate wealth were of small moment to him. If he had desired the place, he would have announced that desire, and have striven for it. But his life work was before him, ready to his hand. The opportunity for the great good which he desired to do had arrived. The means were in his possession. It seemed like

abandonment of duty, like turning back from trial and labor, like retreating in the face of an enemy to sanction in any way the suggestion that he was willing to leave that office for a greater. Nothing could be greater or more noble than the task he had set himself to perform.

So that there was no man in the nation so interested as he in silencing the demand for Theodore Roosevelt's candidacy for Vice-President. But there he encountered the very political opposition which he had set himself to oppose. The forces of his own party in New York which were not in accord with him knew that he should be removed from the gubernatorial chair at any cost. They had not wanted him there at the beginning, and had done all in their power to oppose him. They would do all in their power now to promote him. So, as the national convention approached, they encouraged that demand for Roosevelt. They extended the scope of their influence all over the country. In some places they went so far as to increase the clamor for his name at the head of the ticket—and many politicians are still willing to assert that he could have had the nomination for the Presidential office if he had manifested the slightest desire for

it. But the result of the machinations of the politicians coincided exactly with the desires of the people for honoring this man, and as June 19 approached, the day of the convention's assembling, it became more and more evident that he would at least have the offer of the second place in the gift of the nation.

There was no coy disclaimer, no shallow pretense of not wanting the honor. There was a rugged and honest declaration that he wanted to remain Governor of New York until his work there was completed. He constantly and diligently tried to discourage the "Roosevelt boom" that he found at Philadelphia. He was again one of the New York delegates to the convention, as he had been to the Chicago convention of 1884. And all the power and influence he possessed was exerted in opposition to his own selection. But it was fruitless. The nation had called him, and he could not but comply. So that the ticket was made up even before the convention was called to order.

As the work of the convention proceeded, Mr. McKinley was named for President, and Mr. Roosevelt rose to second that nomination. His speech was in part as follows: "I rise to second

the nomination of William McKinley, because with him as leader this people has trod the path of national greatness and prosperity with the strides of a giant, and because under him we can and will succeed in the election. Exactly as in the past we have remedied the evils which we undertook to remedy, so now when we say that a wrong shall be righted, it most assuredly will be righted.

"We stand on the threshold of a new century, a century big with the fate of the great nations of the earth. It rests with us to decide now whether in the opening years of that century we shall march forward to fresh triumphs, or whether at the outset we shall deliberately cripple ourselves for the contest. Is America a weakling, to shrink from the work that must be done by the world-powers? No! The young giant of the West stands on a continent, and clasps the crest of an ocean in either hand. Our nation, glorious in youth and strength, looks into the future with eager and fearless eyes, and rejoices, as a strong man, to run the race. We do not stand in the craven mood, asking to be spared the task, cringing as we gaze on the contest. No. We challenge the proud privilege of

doing the work that Providence has allotted us, and we face the coming years high of heart and resolute of faith that to our people is given to win such honor and renown as has never yet been granted to the peoples of the earth."

He was, beyond question, the one great character in the convention. The sessions were held in Philadelphia, a city hallowed by memories of trials in Revolutionary times, by the memories of the Declaration of Independence which had been signed there; hallowed by the memories of that earlier Republican national convention, in 1856, when Col. John C. Frémont was the first candidate of the party for the office. And all the traditions of that earlier age, when freedom and advancement called the best men in the nation to the public service seemed throbbing in the air of the big convention hall. There was no opposition to Mr. McKinley's selection. Yet until the Governor of New York took his place there on the platform and began his speech seconding the nomination, there were men who feared he would himself carry off first honors. Of course he was wholly incapable of such an act. It would have been a base treachery; but the men who feared him knew the limitless reaches of his power,

knew what an idol he had become in the public eye, knew that if he had been inspired by their own code of morals he would take advantage of even that great and sacred opportunity. But he was loyal to the chief of his party. And when he had concluded his speech of seconding, his critics knew they had heard a man who was giving up an office which he wanted for the certainty of one not at all to his liking, and that no consideration on earth could induce him to be either a traitor or a coward. It is doubtful if any man in political life in this country has ever stood in a position similar to that occupied by Governor Roosevelt at the Philadelphia convention. It is certain none has acquitted himself more honorably.

When the cheers over the naming of the President had died away, there was a demand for Roosevelt for second place. No effort was needed to make his nomination sure. Not even his own opposition could prevent it. And when the roll of the convention was called, every member but one voted for Theodore Roosevelt for nomination to the office of Vice-President. That one member did not vote. It was Mr. Roosevelt himself.

His letter, published a month later, accepted

COLONEL ROOSEVELT DURING THE CAMPAIGN OF 1900

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the honor thrust upon him, and sounded the key-note of his party, the sentiment of his country, in language too vigorous and clear to be misunderstood. Partisan though he was, he still held to the position of a patriot; and there was no speaker or writer in the campaign less offensive to his political enemies than was this man who had proved his right to talk plainly to his fellow-countrymen.

In compliment to his service in the war, numerous bands of peaceful "Rough Riders" were organized all over the nation. They included men from every walk of life. Farmers and bankers, lawyers and laboring men rode side by side in parades, all clad in the khaki suits resembling those worn by the soldiers at San Juan. It was a campaign device more useful than the "log cabins" of 1840, or the "tanners' clubs" of 1868. Having accepted the nomination, Governor Roosevelt threw himself into the campaign with all the ardor of his nature, and contributed more largely, perhaps, to the election of the ticket than any other man in the nation. As a public speaker he was a most pronounced success. It can hardly be said he possesses the graces of a polished orator. There were scores of

men in his party and in the opposition who could compose an address of far greater literary finish. There were many men who understood the arts of the elocutionist, and could round a period with a nicer sense of dramatic requirements. But there was none, on either side, who spoke so directly to the hearts of the people, or from whose speaking the people carried away so much to remember. The campaign which he made has never been equaled in the number of States covered, the interest excited or in the number of persons addressed. A famous weekly newspaper has said: "The campaigns of Douglas in 1856, of Greeley in 1872, and of Blaine in 1884 were historic in those respects; but not one of the candidates in those years made a tenth as many speeches as Roosevelt did in 1900. He traveled 22,000 miles, delivered 673 addresses, most of them of more than an hour's duration, visiting 567 towns, and speaking to 3,500,000 people. Most of his itinerary was in the Middle West and the trans-Mississippi region, throughout all of which Governor Roosevelt has always been a favorite. One of these gatherings was especially notable for its size, its exuberance, the number of elements it represented, and the impartiality with

which it voiced the feelings of all sections. It was in St. Louis, that central point of the meridians and the parallels, the mingling-place of the North and the South, the West and the East. The meeting was in the Coliseum, the largest auditorium entered by Governor Roosevelt on his tour. In the vast hall were crowded fifteen thousand people. As many more were close to the building on the outside, eager to catch a glimpse of him as he passed in and out. As he entered the hall, the cheers shook the structure, and the thousands of flags and handkerchiefs waved like a forest in a tornado. The audience sang 'America,' in which the orator joined. The bands successively and miscellaneously played 'John Brown's Body,' 'The Bonnie Blue Flag,' 'Marching Through Georgia,' 'Maryland, My Maryland,' 'The Red, White and Blue,' 'Dixie,' and 'The Star-Spangled Banner.' It was a striking exhibit of the number and variety of ingredients which form the composite called the American. The demonstration was a magnificent tribute to the popularity of Governor Roosevelt, particularly in the West."

As Rowland, the Rough Rider, had said: "We didn't do no hard fighting down there"—refer-

ring to the Santiago campaign. Governor Roosevelt would have been the last man to pretend the conflicts at San Juan hill and at Las Guasimas were great battles. The percentage of fatality was larger than at Waterloo, it is true; but in the sense that Hohenlinden, Gravelotte or Gettysburg were battles, he would have been first to enter a disclaimer. Yet so far as heroism is concerned, a battle is an individual affair, and those men who went up that hill at San Juan, or through the jungle at Las Guasimas, were equal in courage and in execution to the men who charged under Cardigan at Balaklava or with Pickett at Cemetery Ridge. There is a broad and generous sense of fairness in the minds of the American people; and they rated as a hero this man who had led the fighting force. They felt, and they always will feel, that whatever success was accomplished in those hot days on the land side of Santiago was the work of Roosevelt. They were not sure how much good had been secured by the victory, nor what disposition would be made of the positions gained. But they did know that American prestige had been advanced, and that the great Republic had been lifted in the eyes of the world, and in their own

eyes. So they rallied to the standard of this man who was strenuous in peace and efficient in war, and pledged their allegiance to him.

The day of voting came, and McKinley and Roosevelt were elected. The man who contributed largely to that success, as to most in which he had at all been a factor, resigned the work in New York State which he would have preferred to follow, and devoted himself to the less trying —and less useful—duties of the Vice-Presidency. It has been said he was not offensive even to his political opponents in the campaign. There was a day in Colorado when a hoodlum crowd jeered at him, and when a number of irresponsibles whom shame has hidden treated this candidate for the second office in the nation much as they might have treated a bad actor. But there never was a day when they planted in his mind an antipathy against them as members of the great body of American citizens. He knew the stress of partisan hatred in the heat of a campaign. He knew the West in particular; and the incident which affronted the nation waked no lasting resentment in the mind of Roosevelt. When he had been elevated to his high office, he was Vice-President of the United States—not the favored

choice of a party. He was an expression, so far as his office went, of the will and the desire, the purpose and the destiny, of the whole nation. Not one lingering trace of resentment lurked in his bosom. He was the elected of the whole people. He refused to harbor enmity.

When Congress assembled, he became the presiding officer of the Senate. No one knew better than he the small modicum of initiative accorded that officer. Yet there is something almost prophetic on this point in one of his articles, written in 1896. It was long before he could have had any thought of being elected to the office, and the point of view is, therefore, entirely outside the personal equation. Speaking of the nomination of some Vice-Presidential candidates previous to 1896, he said: "It will be noticed that most of these evils arise from the fact that the Vice-President, under ordinary circumstances, possesses so little real power. He presides over the Senate, and he has in Washington a position of marked social importance; but his political weight as Vice-President is almost *nil*. There is always a chance that he may become President. As this is only a chance it seems quite impossible to persuade politicians to give it the proper weight.

This certainly does not seem right. The Vice-President should, so far as possible, represent the same views and principles that have secured the nomination and election of the President; and he should be a man trusted and able in the event of any accident to his chief, to take up the work of the latter just where it was left."

It is a little curious that a man who could have said that in 1896 should have been the first Vice-President thereafter to realize that "chance of succeeding to the Presidency."

Through the months of his incumbency of the office, in the winter session, little can be said for Vice-President Roosevelt other than that he was fair in his judgments, courteous in his relations with the Senators, and always cognizant of the dignity of his position as next to the official head of the nation. Little can be said, except this: There was never a day when any band of politicians felt for a moment that he was under obligation; that he was owned. As he had been a stalwart and honest man from the beginning, so he continued in his high office. And the forces of the Senate knew that its presiding officer could neither be fooled nor flattered. He was still a member of his party, but he was at the same time

a Vice-President of the United States; and no influence could make him less than that!

When Congress adjourned, when the work of that notable session had ended, Vice-President Roosevelt took advantage of the vacation to engage in a hunt which he had been contemplating for years, and which possessed all possible attractiveness for a man of his mettle. Of the few big animals in the United States, still wild and defiant of the hunter, the grizzly bear and the mountain lion, the latter commonly called the cougar, are the most distinctive. He had made trial with the grizzly, and the result of his hunting has been told. There was a section of the country, in the wilds of Colorado, where the cougar had not been much hunted; and there he went in the late winter and early spring of 1901. He found a hunter who possessed the necessary pack of hunting-dogs, and who knew where the dangerous animals could be found. And there the two of them hunted for a month. In that time Mr. Roosevelt killed fourteen cougars, some at the expense of great peril, all at the expense of hardship and exposure. The story of that hunt has been admirably told by Mr. Roosevelt in *Scribner's Magazine* for October, 1901.

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But, lest the imputation of an unwarranted lust for hunting should lie against him, it must be stated that natural history is greatly the gainer because of his hunt. He tells of the varying characteristics of the animals; of their range and habits and peculiarities; and he sent to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington the skulls of all the animals killed, so that their measurements might be taken and added to the slender sum of information possessed by Americans as to this most distinctive of American animals. The interesting feature as to all his enterprises is that he looks below the surface. Here, at a time when he might have been pardoned for resigning himself utterly to the delights of the chase, he was studying the characteristics of the creatures he encountered, comparing them with the rather limited data already published, and establishing the truth as existing facts provided the means.

He returned from that hunt to enjoy a short summer of rest, perhaps the first he had really known since that distant day in the Murray Hill congressional district of New York, when he concluded to go to the assembly; and from it he was called—abundantly prepared, yet tearfully reluctant—to the chief magistracy of the nation.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT MC KINLEY.

LEON CZOLGOSZ STRIKES DOWN THE HEAD OF THE NATION — COUNTRY PLUNGED IN SORROW — HOPE AND DESPAIR ALTERNATE — "NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE" — END OF A NOBLE LIFE—THE REPUBLIC PAUSES WHILE ITS PRESIDENT IS LAID TO REST.

The Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo was in successful progress September 5, 1901, when President McKinley left his home in the White House in Washington in the company of his wife and the members of his cabinet, together with a party of other friends, for a visit to that "magic city" by the Falls of Niagara. September 6 was "President's Day," and an immense number of people had gathered to greet the chief executive of the nation. In the afternoon of that day President McKinley took his stand in the Temple of Music, with his personal and official friends about him. The crowds of people formed themselves in line, and passed for the handshake which has long been a part of executive custom, and to pay their respects to one whom all hon-

ored, whatever their political prejudice may have been.

All about him were the accessories of harmonious sounds. A little to one side stood the mighty organ which had but an hour before breathed forth the tender passages from "The Messiah"; and the whole atmosphere seemed attuned to the sentiment of that angel band which sang to the shepherds: "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Hundreds had walked slowly past, shaking the hand of the President, and moving into the wider grounds, to await his reappearance for the drive from the plaza. Farmers, business men, manufacturers, sailors and soldiers, young and old, women and children, all were represented in the lines that pressed up for the greeting and the coveted handshake. In that line, unmarked by anything that could publish his purpose to those charged with the President's safe-keeping, came Leon Czolgosz, a young man of twenty-four, in the conventional dress of the well-to-do mechanic or artisan. His right hand was half concealed beneath the breast of his coat, and about the wrist was wound, in such manner as to be observable by all, a handkerchief. It was as

though the hand were disabled, and had been bound up. In consequence of that, he extended his left hand for the greeting; and President McKinley, always observant of misfortune, always tender in his consideration for those who suffer, took the left hand gently in his right, the quick sympathy beaming from his face as he bent above the citizen.

In that instant, with his naked palm pressing the hand of his President, Leon Czolgosz drew from beneath his coat a revolver, and fired two shots into the body before him.

Czolgosz's hat, carried under his arm, and pressed against his side with his elbow, fell to the ground. There was an instant of unspeakable silence, in which the most trivial of details impressed themselves on the memory of those who stood about. The report of the shots had not been heard outside of the building. Those nearest the President recovered in a fraction of a moment, and one of them leaped on the culprit —who, however, made not the slightest attempt to escape. He was thrown to the ground. He was grasped and buffeted by a score who were tardily recognizing the enormity of his frightful crime. The President staggered back, and was

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT CONFERRING WITH SENATOR HANNA ON THE WAY TO THE MILBURN HOUSE, BUFFALO, N. Y.

caught in the arms of those nearest him. Of all in the building, he was first to understand. And the words which welled to his whitening lips, even before the waking of conscious pain, were: "May God forgive him!"

He was assisted to an armchair, and physicians were summoned. His attention was first attracted to the assassin, who was being hustled vehemently from the building. "Don't let them hurt him," he said. Then, in a moment: "Do not tell my wife of this. Or, if it must be done, do not frighten her."

He was removed to the emergency hospital, where it was found the first ball had inflicted but a slight flesh wound, but that the second had penetrated the stomach. After a surgical operation, rendered instantly necessary, the President was removed to the residence of a friend, where he had been a guest since arriving in Buffalo.

And there, after seven days, he died.

His assassin had never before seen President McKinley. He had no personal ends to gain by the act, and no sense of revenge to gratify. He stated later in jail that he was an anarchist; that he believed all kings and rulers should be "removed," and that he had come to Buffalo for the

express purpose of killing President McKinley. He had voted for that gentleman in 1896, but since then had listened to the speeches of Emma Goldman, a leader among the anarchists of the country, and had read the publications of their societies. He at no time denied his act, and at most times appeared composed and sane. When arraigned, he pleaded "guilty," although the law of New York State refuses to accept the plea in capital cases. Beyond that, little is known of Czolgosz, except that he was a native of the United States, and that his father was an immigrant from Russian Poland. The family had lived at different places in the lower peninsula of Michigan, and no member of it had ever risen to public notice, with the exception of the father, who in 1876 made one of a party that attacked a tyrannical landlord of the neighborhood, and killed him. This landlord was a nobleman from central Germany, and had brought to America quite a fortune in money. He established himself on an island near the east shore of Lake Michigan, and set up a sort of old-world barony. He regarded himself as vastly the superior of his neighbors, and imposed upon them grossly. He indulged in a life of lawlessness and brazen

debauchery at his island home, and scandalized the whole community. His habits became unbearable, and his abuse of the settlers about the place continued until, driven to desperation, they gathered one night, and fired a fusilade of bullets into his house. He was instantly killed, and the perpetrators of the deed escaped without a trial. It was the sense of the region that the dissolute and abusive nobleman had received precisely what he deserved, and the matter dropped there. The father of Leon Czolgosz was a member of that party, and a number of the family relatives still live in Alpena county, where these incidents occurred. Later the father of Leon moved to Detroit, and there the lad attended public school. He is said to have been a timid child, a cowardly boy through all his years up to manhood. He has himself complained that he "never had any luck." In many respects he became a complete realization of degeneracy. He read books relating to anarchy, and advocating that doctrine. He listened to addresses by a number of the more prominent exponents of anarchy, and readily agreed with them in their denunciation of law. It is possible that the story of slaying the German baron was told and approved in his

father's family, and that Leon came naturally to think that substantial justice could best be done without regard to the forms of law, and on the judgment of individuals who may feel themselves aggrieved. True, he was not aggrieved as an individual in this case; but a man who advances "ill luck" as an excuse for failure in life is likely to regard all successful men as his enemies. It is then easy to apply the other rule: that a man should settle with his enemies in such manner as will best gratify his sense of their crime's enormity.

There may have been a plot among anarchists of the country, and that Czolgosz was deputed by fellow-malcontents to "remove" the President. For a man habitually "out of luck," he certainly rode around the country a good deal. He was in Chicago ten days before the assassination, and there learned that the President was going to Buffalo October 5. He paid his fare from the Western to the Eastern city. He had kept up his dues in the anarchist "lodges" to which he belonged. He had been a worker in iron, but had left that occupation because of ill health. For two years he seems not to have had any very lucrative occupation, yet he had money.

All these incidents support the theory that Czolgosz was an emissary of the organized haters of law, in spite of his own statement that he committed the crime on his own account, and with not even a suggestion from any one else. Just what is the truth, the future will most likely tell. Certainly there was not even the harebrained reason existing in the case of Guiteau, nor the passionate motive of Booth.

It happened that a number of very excellent physicians were close at hand when the President was shot, and they gave him immediate attention. Specialists were summoned, and every step in the treatment was taken on the judgment and approval of the men best qualified to decide. All that first night the suspense throughout the country was painfully intense. The President had not been instantly killed, and a gleam of hope came from the sick chamber when it was known he still lived at dawn. The hope grew next day when signs of improvement were detected, and published throughout the world. Messages of condolence from every capital in every land were followed with other messages of cheer at the apparent start toward recovery. Through six days each bulletin was fairer than the last, and

it was with a double sorrow that the nation was advised on the following Friday—a week from the day of the shooting—that the President was very much worse, and could hardly hope to recover. And a little past midnight on the morning of Saturday he died.

President McKinley knew that his end was approaching, and he fronted the grim fate with all the courage which a man of such life should have possessed. He bade farewell to his friends, and the members of his official family, and his parting with his wife was sorrowfully tender. He spoke encouraging words to all, and particularly to the woman who had been his "half of life" for more than thirty years.

When the end came an examination was made by the physicians. The bullet which had penetrated his stomach had never been removed. The surgeons thought the patient would be exposed to less risk by this course than if they should subject him to the exhausting ordeal of further probing. But in the autopsy it was found that the course of the bullet was marked with gangrene. Whether this was the result of some substance applied to the bullet before firing, or whether the gangrene was due to another cause, could not

EXTERIOR OF MR. ANSLEY WILCOX'S RESIDENCE, AT BUFFALO, WHERE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TOOK THE OATH OF OFFICE

be determined. But the apparent improvement in President McKinley's condition had been deceptive. In the absence of the gangrene, he would almost certainly have recovered. With it there, death had begun from the instant the wound was inflicted.

Through Sunday the body of the dead President lay in the house of his friend, and sermons were delivered throughout the country extolling his virtues, and deprecating the horror of his taking off. The whole nation was bowed with the terrible sorrow. Mr. McKinley had always been a strong partisan, and yet he had been so gentle in manner, so courteous even to his opponents, and so manly and honorable in his business and social life, that there was no bitterness in any heart toward him. Those who had differed with him in policy cheerfully conceded his uprightness and sincerity. But, above all, there was a sentiment, more evident here than in any other case, that this man was the President of the whole nation; that he was, in some sense, the expression of the purpose and the dignity of every law-abiding man and woman. It was the perfection of the *national* sentiment; and every citizen felt a personal sense of bereavement, of indignation

at the felon who had stricken down this official, and of horror at the deed. Almost the last words of the President had been: "God's will be done!" And the general sorrow was tempered with a reverent regard for the uncomplaining victim of unreasoning crime.

Monday morning the body, inclosed in a casket upon which the flag of the nation was laid, started for Washington. The journey was made on a special train, which was given the right of way. All along the line were evidences of the general grief. In cities and towns bells were tolled, and flags were at half-mast. Along country roads families of farmers, and pupils from district schools assembled, and waved their tearful salute as the crape-covered train hurried past. In Harrisburg a great choral society sang "Nearer, my God, to Thee"—a hymn which had been well loved by the President. Thousands gathered at the station in Washington, and followed respectfully and silently through the night as the casket was carried to the White House. It remained there until morning, and then was removed to the rotunda of the capitol, where a funeral service was conducted in presence of a thousand friends of the late President, and offi-

cials of the various governments represented in Washington. At the conclusion of the service the great bronze doors were thrown open, and the public was admitted. For six hours the people filed past, and then the doors were closed again, and the great coffin was carried back to the executive mansion.

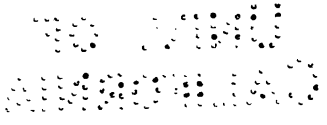
Thursday the body of President McKinley was consigned to a vault in the cemetery at Canton, Ohio, the home he had chosen when a young man. The little city was crowded beyond all precedent. More than a hundred thousand people had come to attend the last sad rites. The entire population of Canton was but thirty thousand, and accommodations for entertainment were far from adequate. But there was no complaint at discomfort. An inclination on the part of certain citizens to make money in consequence of the nation's grief—as by renting their windows, and charging exorbitant prices for food—was noted, and passed without comment.

The final funeral services were held in the Canton church at which Mr. McKinley had been an attendant, of which he had been a member through all his adult life; and then the last journey began. Nominally, it was a private funeral.

Actually it was a national demonstration. More than twelve thousand marching men were in line. About half were the citizen soldiery of Ohio. The rest were old soldiers, or members of the civic and fraternal organizations from all over the country. The head of the cortège arrived at the cemetery at 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon. The roadway from the gate to the receiving vault was strewn with flowers. From the hill-tops the President's salute of twenty-one guns, fired at intervals of a minute, boomed his last official recognition. As the casket was lifted from the hearse the gathered throngs stood with bared heads; and when the door of the vault was reached, eight buglers, brought from the regular army, joined in sounding "taps"—the soldier's good-night. Mrs. McKinley, who had been in delicate health for years, was unable to accompany the body of her husband to its last resting-place, and remained in the Canton home which his industry had provided, and his love had glorified to her using.

The funeral was made the more impressive by an unprecedented action taken throughout the country. While the coffin was being transferred from hearse to vault, and while the last prayers

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT AT THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT'S CASKET



were being said, industry of all kinds, in every city of the Republic, was absolutely suspended. Of all the tributes paid to the dead President, none approached in majesty and impressiveness that utter abandonment of all occupation. From the Atlantic to the Pacific not a wheel turned in any mill, nor on any railroad, for the five minutes of that final ceremony. Engineers, firemen, conductors, crews, paused for a period in their occupation, turned devoutly toward the little town where the last sad rites were being performed, and sent their thoughts to join in the hushed farewell. That stopping of America, that pause of the United States, that wait of every citizen while the body of one dead was laid away, is impressive past all power of description. Of it a famous author has said: "Five minutes taken out of life! Five minutes snatched from activity, lost to productive effort, subtracted from material struggle! It is an amazing thing in the most energetic, the most thrifty nation on the face of the earth. And yet that five minutes, taken from the total money value of the day, brought in return a sense of tenderness, of fraternity with all the other millions waiting, bowed and reverent, which nothing else could have pro-

duced. That five minutes was the best investment that busy lives could possibly make. It brought them nearer all that was noble in the life that had been ended. It gave them a better confidence in the citizenship of America. It enacted anew the law of love, and blessed with its swift ministrations the purer patriotism. Silence and tears for the victim of malignant hate; new resolves for the upholding of law and the extension of real liberty; unbounded faith in the stability of our republican institutions; an impressive warning to the foes of order—such was the moment's meaning to every loyal American, and to the world.

"Eighty millions of people, gathered about a bit of earth, six feet by two! That is the spectacle bought at a price so matchless."

CHAPER XIX.

SUCCEEDS TO THE PRESIDENCY.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT TAKES OATH OF OFFICE—INFORMED OF HIS CHIEF'S DEATH WHILE HUNTING IN THE ADIRONDACKS—SOLEMN SCENES AT THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE SUBLIME OBLIGATION—DECLARES HE WILL CARRY OUT MC KINLEY'S POLICY.

Theodore Roosevelt became President of the United States on Saturday, September 14, 1901. The oath of office was administered by Judge John R. Hazel, of the United States District Court, at 3:32 P.M., in Buffalo, New York, in the residence of Mr. Ansley Wilcox, a personal friend of the Vice-President, who had been his host earlier in the week when the physicians thought President McKinley would recover from the wounds inflicted by the assassin.

When the President was shot Colonel Roosevelt was at Isle La Motte, near Burlington, Vermont. He had just finished an address when he was informed of the dreadful tragedy. He hastened at once to the side of his wounded chief, where he remained until the physicians, deceived

as to the deadly nature of the wounds, gave him assurance that the President would live. Then, worn by the terrible strain of the situation, he retired to the solitude of the mountains, praying that the prediction might be fulfilled.

To no one of all the hosts of President McKinley's warmest admirers was the shock of the nation's tragedy so severe as to him who was nearest in honor and counsel. During all his later years of public life Mr. Roosevelt had been in the confidence of President McKinley. During the preceding campaign they had been drawn closer and closer together and a friendship had grown up between them that was closer than any that ever existed between two men similarly situated. The President found in this strong, energetic man a comrade he could trust in every particular. He admired his fearless espousal of practical reforms and seconded his efforts in that direction on every possible occasion. On the other hand, Mr. Roosevelt saw in President McKinley what many of his closest friends failed to recognize: the expansive mind that led the people onward toward the heights of civil government, but in such a gentle way and with such marked deference to their wishes that

they often believed they themselves were leading him. Colonel Roosevelt recognized the true greatness of William McKinley almost from their first introduction, and loved him always as a younger brother might have done. The attempt upon the life of the President unnerved him as nothing else had ever done. When he was told of it he turned white, and, strong man as he is, would have fallen had he not been supported. When urged to speak he said: "I am so inexpressibly grieved and shocked, and horrified, that I can say nothing."

How great was the strain on the minds of every one during those first hours immediately following the shooting is beyond description. Some who had never looked upon the wounded President lost their reason under the stress of it. Then came the assurance of the physicians that the President would live and the pendulum swung the other way. There was praise and thanksgiving everywhere.

In full confidence that the President would recover, Vice-President Roosevelt retired into the solitude of the forests to add his supplications to those that were being offered up to the Author of All from every pulpit, as well as from every fire-

side in the land, for the President's recovery. Nature is his cathedral, and in her solitudes he felt himself nearer to Him who holds the fate of all nations and all peoples in the hollow of His hand.

When the relapse came and the physicians were forced reluctantly to inform the world that the President could live but a few hours, a message was sent to inform the Vice-President. He was in the Adirondacks, the nearest telegraph station being North Creek, New York. As soon as the message arrived at the station a number of guides were secured, and, having been given copies of the dispatch, were hurried away in search of the Vice-President. One of them found him a little before sundown at the top of Mount Marcy and delivered the sorrowful summons. The Vice-President immediately started for the Tahawas Club, some miles distant. From the club-house to North Creek station it is thirty-five miles. He reached there at 5:21 the following morning and went at once aboard a special train that was being held in readiness for him. At seven o'clock the party was in Albany, where Vice-President Roosevelt was officially informed by Secretary of State Hay of the death of President McKinley.

THE MOUNTAIN GUIDE FINDS MR. ROOSEVELT IN THE ADIRONDACKS, AND SUMMONS HIM TO THE DYING PRESIDENT'S BEDSIDE

The journey from Albany was continued over the New York Central Railroad. The special train was rushed across the State, arriving in Buffalo at 1:35 P.M. Instead of alighting at the Union station, where there was sure to be a crowd assembled, Mr. Roosevelt left the train at the Terrace station, where he was met by Mr. Ansley Wilcox and Mr. George Williams, with Mr. Williams' carriage, together with a detachment of the Fourth Signal Corps and a squad of twenty mounted police. With the police and the military moving at a rapid trot in front of the carriage and behind it, Mr. Roosevelt drove swiftly up Delaware avenue to the house No. 641, which has now become one of the historic mansions of the country.

It is a brick house, painted white, with a row of six stately pillars in front of a deep veranda, in the old-fashioned style of a hundred years ago. It is in one of the most beautiful parts of beautiful Delaware avenue, and is surrounded by tall, overbranching trees, which throw a deep shade upon the handsome lawn all the way down to the terrace, five or six feet high, which rises from the sidewalk, and upon which elevation above the street the house stands.

Away back in the early part of last century the house was used by the United States officers in command of the military post at Buffalo, and stood in a large park or square that was a part of the military reservation.

The people who gathered about the house as the cavalcade came clattering up stood by in silence as the Vice-President left the carriage, walked rapidly up the terrace steps and entered the house. The people of Buffalo had stood silent for so many days, as if listening for the heart-beats in that wounded body of the martyred President lying in the Milburn house, that the least word seemed an intrusion on the prayerful silence. There was none spoken now as the man on whose shoulders had suddenly fallen all the burdens of State passed among them. Only the uncovered heads, bowed low, paid tribute to the dignity of his great office.

Vice-President Roosevelt remained in the house but a few moments. His first thought was of the woman whose ever-loving and gentle helpmate had been suddenly taken away, and he started at once to pay his respects to her, and offer what consolation lay in his power. As he returned to the carriage his eye lighted on the

military and police escort still drawn up in the street.

"Send them away," he said quickly, "I do not like the idea of a guard."

As he turned to enter the carriage the Vice-President saw that his wishes in reference to the escort were being disregarded. The military was lining up behind the carriage.

"Halt," he said. He spoke low and quietly, but there was a military ring in the voice that commanded obedience. "I will not have a military guard," he said. "These two policemen may go with us if you think best. No more." The orders were obeyed this time, and the carriage moved away with no other escort than the two policemen, one riding on either side.

Nearly all the Cabinet ministers were at the Milburn house when Vice-President Roosevelt arrived, but he met them only as a private citizen mourning the loss of a very dear friend. The hour was too full of grief for words and the Vice-President, after a few moments, returned to the Wilcox residence. He was followed soon after by the members of the Cabinet, and at their request took the oath of office which made him President of the United States.

The new President assumed the duties of the first magistrate of the land in the library of the Wilcox home. The room was rather small, but picturesque, with heavy oak trimmings, and massive bookcases lining the walls. Those present when Mr. Roosevelt took the oath were: Elihu Root, Secretary of War; Ethan Allen Hitchcock, Secretary of the Interior; John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy; Charles Emory Smith, Postmaster-General; Judge of the Court of Appeals Haight; Mr. John N. Scatcherd; Mr. and Mrs. Ansley Wilcox; Miss Wilcox; Mr. George P. Sawyer; Doctors Mann, Park and Stockton; Mr. and Mrs. Carleton Sprague; Mr. and Mrs. John G. Milburn; Secretary to the President, Mr. William Loeb, Jr.; Secretary to the deceased President, Mr. George B. Cortelyou; Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Carey; Mr. R. C. Scatcherd; Mr. J. D. Sawyer, and Mr. William Jeffers, official telegrapher, in addition to Judge John R. Hazel, of the United States District Court, who administered the oath.

The scene was a most affecting one. Secretary Root, who, twenty years before, had been present at a similar scene, when Vice-President Arthur took the oath after the death of President Garfield, almost broke down when he requested

LIBRARY OF MR. ANSLEY WILCOX AT BUFFALO, WHERE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TOOK THE OATH OF OFFICE

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Mr. Roosevelt, on behalf of the members of the Cabinet, to take the prescribed oath. There were tears in the eyes of all when Mr. Roosevelt, standing in the pretty bay window, with its stained glass and heavy hangings forming a soft background, lifted his hand to take the sublime obligation. He was pale, and his eyes were dim with tears, but the uplifted hand was as steady as though carved in marble. Then in low, but firm tones, he repeated after Judge Hazel the constitutional oath of office:

"I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

With the final words the hand of the speaker dropped to his side and for an instant his head was bowed as if for the Divine blessing. The impressive silence was broken by Judge Hazel:

"Mr. President, please attach your signature." Turning to a small table he wrote "Theodore Roosevelt" at the bottom of the prepared parchment. Then standing erect, the solemn dignity of the great office upon him, he said slowly:

"In this hour of deep and terrible bereavement, I wish to state that it shall be my aim to continue absolutely unbroken the policy of President McKinley for the peace and prosperity and honor of our beloved country."

The President then invited the members of the Cabinet present to remain in office, urging upon them the necessity of their doing so that he might the more fully carry out his pledge. He said he had been assured that the absent members of the Cabinet would retain their portfolios. After a moment's consultation among themselves the Secretaries informed the President that they had decided to forego the usual custom of presenting their resignations and would remain as he had requested.

Thus President Roosevelt, at the very outset, paid the highest possible tribute to the late President McKinley's genius and worth by adopting his policy and expressing his intention of carrying out all his plans of a public nature that he had outlined in any way.

CHAPTER XX.

CHIEF EXECUTIVE OF THE NATION.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT TAKES THE HELM OF GOVERNMENT IN WASHINGTON—FIRST OFFICIAL ACT—AIMS TO BREAK UP SOLID SOUTH BY NEW METHODS—SUMMONS BOOKER T. WASHINGTON TO A CONFERENCE—APPOINTS REFORM DEMOCRATS TO OFFICE—FRIEND OF LABOR.

President Roosevelt brought to the duties of his high office a personality with which the politicians of his party found at once they had to deal, whether or not they wished to do so. All the character-building of his life since, when a delicate boy, he had been inspired to virtue by the glorious writings of that sage, Plutarch, through the years of struggle and adventure faintly chronicled in the previous chapters of this book, up to this most important epoch in his remarkable career, now resulted in a poise that marked him at once as a wise man of lofty vision and patriotic motives; a man to whom the word *duty* meant more than all else in life: duty to God, duty to country, duty to man, duty to home. His

initial acts when he had taken in his hands the helm of government answered to his nature, growth and development as the overture of a grand opera answers to the theme that has gone to its creation. "I am going to be President of the United States and not of any section," was his first declaration to the politicians. "I don't care the snap of my fingers for sections or sectional lines." To a group of Southern members of Congress he said: "When I was Governor of New York I was told I could make four appointments in the army. When I sent in the names three of the four men were from the South and the other was from New York. They were brave men, who deserved recognition for services in the Spanish War, and it did not matter to me what States they were from."

The first official act of importance performed by President Roosevelt following the initial Cabinet meeting, was signing the papers appointing Mr. William Barrett Ridgley, of Springfield, Illinois, Comptroller of the Currency. The office had been previously held by Charles Gates Dawes, of Chicago, who had resigned to enter the race for United States Senator. President McKinley had already announced his intention of

appointing Mr. Ridgley and President Roosevelt gave an earnest of his intention to carry out the wishes of his predecessor at the first opportunity.

His next step was to prove his fealty to the merit system. This he did in a most characteristic way. Booker T. Washington was invited to come to Washington and give his views to the President concerning the best way to reform the political abuses of the South. Mr. Washington is a negro, but in the founder of the Tuskegee industrial school for the people of his race, and in his manner of conducting it President Roosevelt discovered a kindred spirit, one who believed in beginning at the root of things and working toward a definite end along practical lines. He knew Professor Washington to have a better understanding of the affairs of the South than almost any other living man. He also had reason to believe in his honesty and was convinced of the soundness of his judgment. The President was not looking for prejudiced opinion, but for honest, outspoken counsel. He was seeking truth, and his sincerity and fearlessness in pursuit of it were never better exemplified than when he asked advice from this representative of an inferior race.

When Booker T. Washington arrived in the capital of the United States upon the invitation of the President, he went, as was his custom, to a small hotel kept for negroes, named the Southern. All the more pretentious hotels in the capital were closed to negroes, even though it might be one honored by the President with a summons that would have turned the head of many a public man high in the councils of his party. To this hotel President Roosevelt sent a summons from the White House. The President of the United States sought this negro, not because he was a negro, but because he was an old friend, whose judgment he regarded as better than that of most men on some questions which were of great importance to him as Chief Executive of the United States. The problem he had in mind was the distribution of federal patronage in the Southern States. Twenty-five years of experience had not improved the political situation in the South. The distribution of federal patronage, albeit through no fault of the President who had distributed it, had become a scandal which honest citizens of all sections deplored, but for which no adequate remedy had been found. This patronage had been the bone of profit over which

the so-called leaders of both parties snarled and fought, paying no heed to those questions which were so vital to the interests of the people they pretended to serve. For all their boasted strength these men had rather weakened than strengthened the parties for which they stood. It was to their advantage to do so. Democrats and Republicans alike had used the patronage placed in their hands to keep down party following rather than build it up. They did not desire a large party following, because that meant more ambitious party workers entitled to a share in the spoil.

Beside the two dominant parties in the South there were, in the Republican party at least, two factions that were as bitterly opposed to each other as the rival parties could possibly be. Each faction claimed to control the negro vote, and when it came to Presidential nominations the faction that espoused the cause of the winning candidate demanded the distribution of all the offices. They were opposed by the other faction in every act, and nothing was done or left undone that did not provoke bitter opposition.

All this was familiar to President Roosevelt. He had seen it exemplified in every national con-

vention for twenty years. In the campaign of 1896 these two factions of white Republican leaders had espoused the cause of McKinley or that of Reed. The party conventions were mere struggles for control by the leaders. The negro voters would have been satisfied with either McKinley or Reed for the candidate. But when the former was nominated and elected, the white men who had supported him in convention claimed control of the federal patronage. This was not different from the claims of politicians in other States. The difference appeared in the fact that these few white men claimed the offices themselves. They did not recommend negroes to office. What right had the negro to an office? The spoils belonged to those who controlled the negro vote and not to the negro who gave the vote to his controller.

These white leaders were professional politicians. They lived by politics, and when they were on the winning side, fed well. When they were out they made up for their hunger by abusing those who were in. There had been in each Southern State about twice as many Republican politicians as there were federal offices. There were two white men claiming each available

THE WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

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place, and contesting for it. The one that got it was the other's political enemy, fighting him during the administration. The man who was out tried to destroy the man who was in. These contests between professional office-seekers who claimed to control the negro vote had made the whole subject of federal patronage in the South a public scandal.

These white leaders had not strengthened the Republican party in the South. On the contrary, they had weakened it. The white leaders desired to keep the Republican party a negro party under their control, because they could use the prejudice against the negro to prevent him from seeking office, and leave the whole question of patronage to them.

President Roosevelt's purpose was to change all this and, if possible, make the South as free politically as the North, at least. In the merit system he saw a way to reform the present abuse. He proposed to put the office-seeker from the South to the same test as the office-seeker from the North. He wanted primarily good men for office-holders. He wanted the postmaster named for any town or community to possess the confidence of the people he served. He wanted men

of good ability and good reputation for collectors, marshals and judges. He did not care whether they controlled the negro vote or not. He preferred they should not come with such a claim. He doubted the qualifications of such men for office. He did not propose to ignore the negro in politics. The negroes had been ignored by the men who pretended to lead them, and this the President desired to correct in so far as he was able.

For these reasons he sent for Booker T. Washington. He felt he could trust this man. And the President of the United States and the son of a slave sat for several hours in the White House discussing problems of the greatest importance to future generations of both races. And when they parted the negro bore in his hand an invitation to ex-Governor Thomas Goode Jones, of Alabama, a Democrat, to accept the appointment of a district judgeship.

"If I cannot make the Republican party in the South the dominant party, I can at least make it respectable," the President is reported to have said. "I can appoint good men to office, even though I have to select Democrats." He demanded that the men appointed to federal offices

should be men above reproach, and that their appointments should be made without regard to the race question. Professor Washington told President Roosevelt that he could not recommend a single man for appointment, but he named some men in whom he saw the qualities necessary to the settlement of the grave questions confronting the nation in the South. Those men were Democrats. They had acted with the Democratic party, not because they believed in its national politics, but because they would not act under the leadership of patronage brokers who controlled the Republican organization in their States.

Professor Washington convinced President Roosevelt that some of these men saw the danger to popular government in the present system, and that they were patriotic enough to help him to change it for a better system. The President decided to try and build up a Republican party in the South that should be self-respecting and independent. His first move in that direction was the message to ex-Senator Jones. As soon as he was assured that the appointment would be accepted the President tendered the district judgeship to the patriotic and able citizen of Alabama. In doing this President Roosevelt chal-

lenged all the precedents of party, and struck out on new and original lines. Judge Jones's qualifications for the office were of the best, and no complaint could be made on that score. But the fact that President Roosevelt, at the very outset of his administration, should make such a wide departure from the practice previously adhered to, caused great consternation in the camps of the professional politicians, both North and South, and the President was deluged with protests from all quarters. But Mr. Roosevelt took no further heed of this demand of the partisans who still clung to the theory that "to the victors belong the spoils" than he had to the same class of men who appealed to him when he was Police Commissioner of New York. He replied that the merit system was as binding on the President of the United States as on the head of any of the departments, and proceeded in his search for able, honest and sincere men to fill the offices.

President Roosevelt carried into his work at Washington all the tireless industry that had distinguished him in every vocation. He was at his desk at 9:30 in the morning and gave himself no rest until 4:30 in the afternoon, with the exception of a short break at the noon hour, when he

walked home for luncheon. A correspondent thus describes the President's activities:

"President Roosevelt is out of bed by 7 o'clock and as a rule is at the breakfast table shortly after 8 o'clock. He leaves for the White House as soon as breakfast is over. Once he is in his big working room things begin to buzz. Mr. William Loeb, who is in reality his secretary, his stenographer and his confidential friend, hands him the letters necessary for him to see. These he reads, dictates replies and sees visitors all at the same time."

This was during the first few days in Washington, while he was making his home with his brother-in-law, Commander Cowles, of the navy. Meanwhile the children were investigating the rooms in the executive mansion, which was to be their future home. They ran up and down the long halls, rode in the elevators, chose the coziest corners for their future playing grounds, and enjoyed themselves as only children can when taking possession of things that are new and strange. Both the President and Mrs. Roosevelt believe in giving the children as much liberty as possible, trusting to wise instruction beforehand to keep them within bounds, and there are few

families in the world where gladness is so pronounced as in this household. Jacob A. Riis, who has long been a close friend of President Roosevelt, writes thus simply and familiarly of him to the *Sunday School Times:* "He is far from being a hard man. His heart is as tender as a woman's where it may be, as hard as steel where it must be. He loves his children as William McKinley did. When he was Police Commissioner of New York, we would sometimes go together to the Italian school of the Children's Aid Society, or some kindred place, and I loved of all things to hear him talk to the little ones. They did, too. I fancy he left behind him on every one of those trips a streak of little patriots to whom, as they grow up, their hour with 'Teddy' will be a whole manual of good citizenship. I know one little girl out on Long Island who is to-day hugging the thought of the handshake he gave her as the most precious of her memories. And so do I, for I saw him spy her—poor, pale little thing, in her threadbare jacket—way back in the crowd of school children that swarmed about his train, and I saw him dash into the surging tide like a strong swimmer striking out from the shore, make a way through the

shouting mob of youngsters clear to where she was on the outskirts, looking on hopelessly, lift and shake her hand as if his very heart were in it, and then catch the moving train on the run, while she looked after it, her face one big, happy smile. That was Roosevelt, every inch of him.

"Is such a man safe as the executive of this country of blessed homes? His own is one of the happiest I know of, for love is at the helm. It is his harbor of refuge, which he insists on preserving sacred to him and his, whatever storms rage without. And in this also he is faithful to the highest of American ideals, to his country's best traditions. The only time I saw him so angry as to nearly lose his temper was when he was told that his enemies in the police department, who never grasped the kind of man they had to do with, or were able to do it, were shadowing him nightly from his office to his home, thinking to catch him in some wrong. He flushed hotly:

"'What,' he said, 'going home to my babies?' But his anger died in a sad little laugh of contempt. That was their way, not his. When, soon after, the opportunity came to him to pay them back in their own coin, he spurned it with loathing. He fought fair even with scoundrels.

"That kind of a man is he who has now become the chief of our great nation. A just man and fair; a man of duty and principle, never by any chance of expediency, political or personal; a reverent man of few public professions, but of practice, private and public, ever in accord with the highest ideals of Christian manliness. In fact, I know of no one who typifies better the Christian gentleman."

This is the tribute of a man who knows the President as well as one man can know another. They worked together for two years trying to crush out vice and banish poverty from the unfortunate of the great city of New York. It was a place to try men's souls, and whatever was bad or dangerous in a man was sure to come out there. And he who was his close companion through that battle of morals against vice declares: "In no man's hands that lives and owns American citizenship to-day are the country's honor and welfare safer than in Theodore Roosevelt's."

One of the first men to have the ear of President Roosevelt was Leonard A. Wood, Governor-General of Cuba. They had been comrades since they first met in Washington, when neither had

BABY QUENTIN, THE YOUNGEST OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S FAMILY

Classified

any great chances for political preferment. They had gone out to war together, and now they sat in the White House, the one at the top of the ladder, and the other with like responsibilities of a less weight upon his shoulders. President Roosevelt expressed a great desire to know as much as possible about the situation in Cuba. He believed in giving the Cubans full power over their country, and then leaving it to them whether they should finally become a part of the United States or not.

President Roosevelt welcomed the representatives of labor, and told them he was anxious to talk with them, to know their plans, to help them in every way to better the condition of honest toil. He gave ready audience to every citizen who came to him with any purpose, being as democratic in his ideas and practice as it is possible for any one to be. In a word, he was carrying out his promise concerning the policy of his predecessor, and at the same time fulfilling the pledge he made to the country that he was "going to be President of the United States."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FUTURE.

WHAT MAY REASONABLY BE EXPECTED FROM SUCH A PRESIDENT OF SUCH A NATION—BELIEVING IN THE MONROE DOCTRINE AND AMERICAN CONTROL OF THE CANAL AT THE ISTHMUS, IN RECIPROCITY AND EXPANSION, MR. ROOSEVELT IS STRONG, UPRIGHT, HONEST AND AGGRESSIVE, AND IMPLICITLY TRUSTED BY A UNITED PEOPLE—AMERICA'S GOLDEN ERA.

The life of a nation is much like the life of a man. It begins with an infancy of weakness, of reliance upon others, a seeking for guidance in the experience of those who are older, in the conservation of all the forces available, and the development to a strength which is not taken seriously by the neighbor nations of the earth. Extension of territory and accumulation of wealth follow, with increasing time for the arts and luxuries which opportunity brings, and then the serene stages where full growth is achieved, and when the hot passions of youth have faded into the dignified serenity of established position. In this period is the nation's peril. Shakespeare

has told us of the "Seven Ages of Man"; of the progress from infancy, through strength, to the period of decay, when human senses all have vanished, yet life still lurks in the slowly-pulsing heart; and after that comes dissolution, and the gathering again of elements in other formations; the disappearance of factors as they had been known before, and their reassembling in newer combinings, that shall begin again the strange experiment of life. Some flash into glorious promise, and pass before that promise is fulfilled. Some linger superfluous upon the stage, the glow of a splendid past behind them, the certainty of extinction before.

So with the nations that have made procession across the page of history. It is fair to gather from the record of those that have vanished some rules that must apply to those that still exist; for those departed have trod one way, and all their exits have led through a single gate.

This nation we call the United States has seen its time of infancy. It passed impetuous boyhood in 1812. It proved adventurous in 1848. It came to quick blows in its full maturity, and reveled in the exuberance of unmeasured strength from 1861 to 1865. Then came the time of judg-

ment, of serene self-valuation, of conscious equality with any other, and then utility arrived. Opportunity was seized—opportunity was made. All the resources that lay in the land, that lurked in the air, that thrilled in the brains and the hearts of men were developed, until the nation in wealth, in power and in magnificence stood at the very apex of existence. After that one thing of two must come. In Rome, riches and culture crumbled the foundation stones of empire; and she who from her seven hills had ruled the world passed through the gate, and was buried in that cemetery of the nations beside Greece, and Babylon, and distant Nineveh. There was a time in each when its armies marched whithersoever they pleased, and when its ships came from every port in the known world with gold in the ingot, with silks in the bale. But a nation drunk with power or debauched with vice is a nation diseased and hurrying on to death.

Perhaps no country in the whole lapse of time has possessed the genius, the wealth or the power of the United States at the beginning of the twentieth century. If the leaders of the nation should abandon themselves to the gratification of sense, if the corrosion of idleness should eat at the

iron of vigor and the wine of indulgence dissolve the pearls of purity, there could be but a single ending to the history so splendidly begun, so magnificently maintained. It is providential that in an era of great possibilities—for either good or evil—the happier fate should be assured by the rise of this man; that whatever of moral malaria might have fastened upon the civic health of the people was corrected by the presence of a man of vigorous right, a prophet of the strenuous life, a citizen who teaches the doctrine "Trust in God, and help yourself." It is providential that the right man came to the nation at the juncture in its history when it needed him. And it is a matter worthy of reflection that his whole life seems to have been dedicated to a preparation for the work which now engrosses him. Combined in his veins, as Mrs. Boylan has well said in her splendid poem, runs the blood of master races. He comes of a family which flourished on American soil long before the American nation was dreamed of. His parentage, his youth, his training, his education up to arrival at manhood, have all been steps in his preparation, as clearly as was the anointing with oil which set apart the son of Jesse for the throne of

Israel. His political training, his experience in office, his hunting, his conduct of business affairs, his virile, manly strength and heroic soul—all are the attributes which the man of the hour needed—which the man of the hour must have, or the opportunity of the hour will have vanished forever. In an unusual degree the arrival of this man, so equipped, and at the time, is of the very greatest value to the nation. There can be no tendency to idleness or enervation while the industry and energy of such a man provide an incentive to worthy deeds for the youth of America.

Patrick Henry, in that wonderful speech before the Virginia convention, said: "There is but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience." The citizen of the United States can know no better rule by which to decide what shall be the mission and achievement of his country than to study the tendency of the past, and the probable course of the men in control at critical stages. America's history is, or should be, in the possession of the sons of the Republic. It has been a steady progress toward a definite objective, from the very beginning. In a way, that progress has been more a

result of extraordinary conditions than of cohesive, concerted planning. The critical time came with the close of the nineteenth century. With power at the flood, with influence untried, with every faculty up to maturity fully developed, there waited possibilities for immeasurable good, for unlimited growth abroad, and consequent unlimited advancement at home; or the probability of growth's cessation—with the inevitable beginning of deterioration, moral and physical, which has come to every people who, content with achievement, has abandoned progress.

With that history and tendency known, with the mighty forces understood, the manner of men at the head of affairs in the crisis completes the data required in forming judgment as to what the future of the nation shall be. Very fortunately, Theodore Roosevelt has placed himself on record as to the course he believes his country should follow, and a definite pledge as to the direction in which his influence shall be exerted. At Minneapolis, Minnesota, he delivered a speech September 2, before the blow at his chief had fallen at Buffalo; and in those lines the lamp by which the student may be guided is set aflame.

From that speech the following illustrative passages are taken:

In his admirable series of studies of twentieth-century problems, Dr. Lyman Abbott has pointed out that we are a nation of pioneers; that the first colonists to our shores were pioneers, and that pioneers selected out from among the descendants of these early pioneers, mingled with others selected afresh from the old world, pushed westward into the wilderness and laid the foundations for new commonwealths.

They were men of hope and expectation, of enterprise and energy; for the men of dull content or more dull despair had no part in the great movement into and across the new world.

Our country has been populated by pioneers, and therefore it has in it more energy, more enterprise, more expansive power than any other in the wide world.

You whom I am now addressing stand for the most part but one generation removed from these pioneers. You are typical Americans, for you have done the great, the characteristic, the typical work of our American life. In making homes and carving out careers for yourselves and your children, you have built up this State. Throughout our history the success of the homemaker has been but another name for the upbuilding of the nation.

We have but little room among our people for the timid, the irresolute, and the idle; and it is no less true that there is scant room in the world at large for the nation with mighty thews that dares not to be great.

Sometimes we hear those who do not work spoken of with envy. Surely the wilfully idle need arouse in the breast of a healthy man no emotion stronger than that of contempt—at the outside no emotion stronger than angry contempt. The feeling of envy would have in it an admission of inferiority on our part, to which the men who know not the sterner joys of life are not entitled.

THE NEW WHITE HOUSE ACCORDING TO MR. AND MRS. MCKINLEY'S PLANS AND APPROVED BY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

Poverty is a bitter thing, but it is not as bitter as the existence of restless vacuity and physical, moral and intellectual flabbiness to which those doom themselves who elect to spend all their years in that vainest of all vain pursuits, the pursuit of mere pleasure, as a sufficient end in itself.

The wilfully idle man, like the wilfully barren woman, has no place in a sane, healthy and vigorous community. Moreover, the gross and hideous selfishness for which each stands defeats even its own miserable aims. Exactly as infinitely the happiest woman is she who has borne and brought up many healthy children, so infinitely the happiest man is he who has toiled hard and successfully in his life work.

The work may be done in a thousand different ways; with the brain or the hands, in the study, the field, or the workshop; if it is honest work, honestly done, and well worth doing, that is all we have a right to ask.

Every father and mother here, if they are wise, will bring up their children not to shirk difficulties, but to meet and overcome them; not to strive after a life of ignoble ease, but to strive to do their duty, first to themselves and their families, and then to the whole State; and this duty must inevitably take the shape of work in some form or other.

It is not possible ever to insure prosperity merely by law. Something for good can be done by law, and bad laws can do an infinity of mischief; but, after all, the best law can only prevent wrong and injustice and give to the thrifty, the far-seeing and the hard-working a chance to exercise to the best advantage their special and peculiar abilities.

No hard and fast rule can be laid down as to where our legislation shall stop in interfering between man and man, between interest and interest.

All that can be said is that it is highly undesirable on the one hand to weaken individual initiative, and on the other hand that, in a constantly increasing number of cases, we shall find

it necessary in the future to shackle cunning as in the past we have shackled force.

It is not only highly desirable, but necessary, that there should be legislation which shall carefully shield the interests of wage-workers, and which shall discriminate in favor of the honest and humane employer by removing the disadvantage under which he stands when compared with unscrupulous competitors who have no conscience, and will do right only under fear of punishment.

There is but the scantiest justification for most of the outcry against the men of wealth as such, and it ought to be unnecessary to state that any appeal which directly or indirectly leads to suspicion and hatred among ourselves, which tends to limit opportunity, and, therefore, to shut the door of success against poor men of talent, and, finally, which entails the possibility of lawlessness and violence, is an attack upon the fundamental properties of American citizenship.

Our interests are at bottom common; in the long run we go up or go down together.

Yet more and more it is evident that the State, and, if necessary, the nation, has got to possess the right of supervision and control as regards the great corporations which are its creatures; particularly as regards the great business combinations which derive a portion of their importance from the existence of some monopolistic tendency.

The right should be exercised with caution and self-restraint, but it should exist, so that it may be invoked if the need arises.

So much for our duties, each to himself and each to his neighbor, within the limits of our own country. But our country, as it strides forward with ever-increasing rapidity to a foremost place among the world powers, must necessarily find, more and more, that it has world duties also.

There are excellent people who believe that we can shirk these duties and yet retain our self-respect; but these good people are in error. Other good people seek to deter us from

treading the path of hard but lofty duty by bidding us remember that all nations that have achieved greatness, that have expanded and played their part as world powers, have in the end passed away. So they have; so have all others. The weak and the stationary have vanished as surely as, and more rapidly than, those whose citizens felt within them the life that impels generous souls to great and noble effort.

This is another way of stating the universal law of death, which is itself part of the universal law of life. The man who works, the man who does great deeds, in the end dies as surely as the veriest idler who cumbers the earth's surface; but he leaves behind him the great fact that he has done his work well. So it is with nations. While the nation that has dared to be great, that has had the will and the power to change the destiny of the ages, in the end must die, yet no less surely the nation that has played the part of the weakling must also die; and, whereas the nation that has done nothing leaves nothing behind it, the nation that has done a great work really continues, though in changed form, forevermore. The Roman has passed away, exactly as all nations of antiquity which did not expand when he expanded have passed away; but their very memory has vanished, while he himself is still a living force throughout the wide world in our entire civilization of to-day, and will so continue through countless generations, through untold ages.

It is because we believe with all our heart and soul in the greatness of this country, because we feel the thrill of hardy life in our veins, and are confident that to us is given the privilege of playing a leading part in the century that has just opened, that we hail with eager delight the opportunity to do whatever task Providence may allot us.

We admit with all sincerity that our first duty is within our own household; that we must not merely talk, but act, in favor of cleanliness and decency and righteousness in all political, social and civic matters. No prosperity and no glory can save a nation that is rotten at heart. We must ever keep the core

of our national being sound, and see to it that not only our citizens in private life, but above all, our statesmen in public life, practice the old, common-place virtues which from time immemorial have lain at the root of all true national well-being.

Yet while this is our first duty, it is not our whole duty. Exactly as each man, while doing first his duty to his wife and the children within his home, must yet, if he hopes to amount to much, strive mightily in the world outside his home, so our nation, while first of all seeing to its own domestic well-being, must not shrink from playing its part among the great nations without.

It is both foolish and undignified to indulge in undue self-glorification, and above all in loose-tongued denunciation of other peoples. Whenever on any point we come in contact with a foreign power I hope that we shall always strive to speak courteously and respectfully of that foreign power.

Let us make it evident that we intend to do justice. Then let us make it equally evident that we will not tolerate injustice being done us in return.

Let us further make it evident that we use no words which we are not prepared to back up with deeds, and that, while our speech is always moderate, we are ready and willing to make it good. Such an attitude will be the surest possible guarantee of that self-respecting peace, the attainment of which is and must ever be the prime aim of a self-governing people.

This is the attitude we should take as regards the Monroe doctrine. There is not the least need of blustering about it. Still less should it be used as a pretext for our own aggrandizement at the expense of any other American State.

But most emphatically we must make it evident that we intend on this point ever to maintain the old American position. Indeed, it is hard to understand how any man can take any other position now that we are all looking forward to the building of the isthmian canal.

Commercially, as far as this doctrine is concerned, all we wish is a fair field and no favor; but if we are wise we shall strenuously insist that under no pretext whatsoever shall there be any territorial aggrandizement on American soil by any European power, and this, no matter what form the territorial aggrandizement may take.

We most earnestly hope and believe that the chance of our having any hostile military complication with any foreign power is small. But that there will come a strain, a jar, here and there, from commercial and agricultural—that is, from industrial—competition is almost inevitable.

Here, again, we have got to remember that our first duty is to our own people, and yet that we can get justice best by doing justice. We must continue the policy that has been so brilliantly successful in the past, and so shape our economic system as to give every advantage to the skill, energy and intelligence of our farmers, merchants, manufacturers and wage-workers; and yet we must also remember, in dealing with other nations, that benefits must be given when benefits are sought.

Throughout a large part of our national career our history has been one of expansion, the expansion being of different kinds at different times. This expansion is not a matter of regret but of pride. It is vain to tell a people as masterful as ours that the spirit of enterprise is not safe. The true American has never feared to run risks when the prize to be won was of sufficient value.

No nation capable of self-government and of developing by its own efforts a sane and orderly civilization, no matter how small it may be, has anything to fear from us. Our dealings with Cuba illustrate this, and should be forever a subject of just national pride.

We speak in no spirit of arrogance when we state as a simple historic fact that never in recent years has any great nation acted with such disinterestedness as we have shown in Cuba. We freed the island from the Spanish yoke. We then earnestly

did our best to help the Cubans in the establishment of free education, of law and order, of material prosperity, of the cleanliness necessary to sanitary well-being in their great cities.

We did all this at great expense of treasure, at some expense of life; and now we are establishing them in a free and independent commonwealth, and have asked in return nothing whatever save that at no time shall their independence be prostituted to the advantage of some foreign rival of ours or so as to menace our well-being. To have failed to ask this would have amounted to national stultification on our part.

In the Philippines we have brought peace, and we are at this moment giving them such freedom and self-government as they could never under any conceivable conditions have obtained had we turned them loose to sink into a welter of blood and confusion, or to become the prey of some strong tyranny without or within. We are not trying to subjugate a people; we are trying to develop them and make them a law-abiding, industrious and educated people, and we hope ultimately a self-governing people. We have done our duty to ourselves, and we have done the higher duty of promoting the civilization of mankind.

The first essential of civilization is law. Anarchy is simply the hand-maiden and forerunner of tyranny and despotism. Law and order enforced by justice and by strength lie at the foundation of civilization. Law must be based upon justice, else it cannot stand, and it must be enforced with resolute firmness, because weakness in enforcing it means in the end that there is no justice and no law—nothing but the rule of disorderly and unscrupulous strength.

Without the habit of orderly obedience to the law, without the stern enforcement of the laws at the expense of those who defiantly resist them, there can be no possible progress, moral or material, in civilization. There can be no weakening of the law-abiding spirit at home if we are permanently to succeed; and just as little can we afford to show weakness abroad.

Barbarism has and can have no place in a civilized world. It is our duty toward the people living in barbarism to see that they are freed from their chains, and we can only free them by destroying barbarism itself. The missionary, the merchant and the soldier may each have to play a part in this destruction and in the consequent uplifting of the people.

Exactly as it is the duty of a civilized power scrupulously to respect the rights of all weaker civilized powers and gladly to help those who are struggling toward civilization, so it is its duty to put down savagery and barbarism.

As in such a work human instruments must be used, and as human instruments are imperfect, at times there will be injustice; at times merchant, or soldier, or even missionary may do wrong. Let us instantly condemn and rectify such wrong when it occurs, and if possible punish the wrongdoer. But, shame, thrice shame to us if we are so foolish as to make such occasional wrongdoing an excuse for failing to perform a great and righteous task.

So it must be in the future. We gird up our loins as a nation with the stern purpose to play our part manfully in winning the ultimate triumph, and therefore we turn scornfully aside from the paths of mere ease and idleness and with unfaltering steps tread the rough road of endeavor, smiting down the wrong and battling for the right as Greatheart smote and battled in Bunyan's immortal story.

September 5, 1901, the day before his assassination, President McKinley delivered a speech at the Pan-American Exposition, in Buffalo, which fairly and clearly expressed his view of the nation's obligations and duties, and his estimate of the Republic's immeasurable possibilities. The address has become prophetic. The views

must be regarded as the crystallized sentiment of the nation, and the policy as that which the American people will resolutely follow. From that notable speech these words are chosen:

Expositions are the timekeepers of progress. They record the world's advancement. They stimulate the energy, enterprise and intellect of the people and quicken human genius. They go into the home. They broaden and brighten the daily life of the people. They open mighty storehouses of information to the student. To the commissioners of the Dominion of Canada and the British colonies, the French colonies, the republics of Mexico and of Central and South America, and the commissioners of Cuba and Porto Rico, who share with us in this undertaking, we give the hand of fellowship and felicitate with them upon the triumphs of art, science, education and manufacture which the old has bequeathed to the new century.

Isolation is no longer possible or desirable. The same important news is read, though in different languages, the same day in all Christendom. The telegraph keeps us advised of what is occurring everywhere, and the press foreshadows, with more or less accuracy, the plans and purposes of the nations. Market prices of products and of securities are hourly known in every commercial mart, and the investments of the people extend beyond their own national boundaries into the remotest parts of the earth.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was not a mile of steam railroad on the globe. Now there are enough miles to make its circuit many times. Then there was not a line of electric telegraph; now we have a vast mileage traversing all lands and all seas. God and man have linked the nations together. No nation can longer be indifferent to any other. And as we are brought more and more in touch with each other the less occasion is there for misunderstanding and the stronger

the disposition when we have differences to adjust them in the court of arbitration, which is the noblest forum for the settlement of international disputes.

Our industrial enterprises, which have grown to such great proportions, affect the homes and occupations of the people and the welfare of the country. Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously and our products have so multiplied that the problem of more markets requires our urgent and immediate attention. Only a broad and enlightened policy will keep what we have. No other policy will get more. In these times of marvelous business energy and gain we ought to be looking to the future, strengthening the weak places in our industrial and commercial systems that we may be ready for any storm or strain.

By sensible trade arrangements which will not interrupt our home production, we shall extend the outlets for our increasing surplus. A system which provides a mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential to the continued healthful growth of our export trade. We must not repose in fancied security that we can forever sell everything and buy little or nothing. If such a thing were possible it would not be best for us or for those with whom we deal. We should take from our customers such of their products as we can use without harm to our industries and labor.

Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development under the domestic policy now firmly established. What we produce beyond our domestic consumption must have a vent abroad. The excess must be relieved through a foreign outlet, and we should sell everywhere we can and buy wherever the buying will enlarge our sales and productions, and thereby make a greater demand for home labor.

The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals. Reciprocity treaties are in har-

mony with the spirit of the times; measures of retaliation are not.

If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and promote our markets abroad?

Then, too, we have inadequate steamship service. New lines of steamers have already been put in commission between the Pacific coast ports of the United States and those on the western coast of Mexico and Central and South America. These should be followed up with direct steamship lines between the eastern coast of the United States and South American ports.

One of the needs of the times is direct commercial lines from our vast fields of production to the fields of consumption that we have but barely touched. Next in advantage to having the thing to sell is to have the convenience to carry it to the buyer.

We must encourage our merchant marine. We must have more ships. They must be under the American flag, built and manned and owned by Americans. These will not only be profitable in a commercial sense; they will be messengers of peace and amity wherever they go.

We must build the isthmian canal, which will unite the two oceans and give a straight line of water communication with the western coast of Central and South America and Mexico. The construction of a Pacific cable cannot be longer postponed.

In the furtherance of these objects of national interest and concern you are performing an important part.

The good work will go on. It cannot be stopped. These buildings will disappear; this creation of art and beauty and industry will perish from sight, but their influence will remain to

> "Make it live beyond its too short living
> With praises and thanksgiving."

Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe

prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of earth.

The day of President McKinley's death, the day Theodore Roosevelt assumed the duties and recorded the oath which made him chief executive of the nation, he pledged himself to carry out the policy of his predecessor, in every detail which went to the peace and prosperity, the liberties and the laws of his country. Here, then, is the "lamp" by which a forecast may be fashioned. The United States will maintain, in its domestic economy, the policies which had affected trade and commerce in the past. There will be a readjustment of tariff duties, a removal of the tax where it is no longer necessary, a reduction where that can be done in accordance with public interest, and an extension and encouragement of trade with the nations beyond our borders. There will be a jealous preservation of the Monroe doctrine, yet a maintaining of peace in the family of nations. And the canal across the Central American isthmus will be built by Americans, financed with American money, and kept within the control of Americans, whether peace or war shall come.

We know the materials which constitute the

nation. We know the tendency of public men in this portentous era. And we know the temper of the man whose influence, above that of other men, shall direct the advance of the great Republic. Nothing more conclusively illustrating President Roosevelt's position in this juncture can be presented than his recent remarks when the subject of his reëlection to his high office was suggested to him, and was used as a means of inducing him to appoint to office a man whom he had learned was unfit.

"I am going to select the best men for public positions. Men appointed to high public places must be high in morals and in many other respects. If the American people care to show their approval of my course as President during the three years and a half I have to serve, by placing me at the head of the Republican ticket in 1904, I should feel deeply grateful. It would be an honor it would be difficult for any man to decline. But if I have to pander to any cliques, combinations, or movements for their approval, I would not give a snap of my finger for it, or a nomination for it under such circumstances. My endorsement must come from the people of the country."

When an earlier triumph came to him, Mr. Roosevelt was asked by a friend what had been his motto through life, and he replied: "I have never had any motto, except this: 'What thy hands find to do, do it with thy might.' "

This is the story of Theodore Roosevelt, twenty-sixth President of the United States, in the hour when the nation enters its golden era.

THE END.

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